



Map
SHOWING THE TRAVELS
OF JONATHAN BRADFORD
THROUGH THE SLAVE STATES
1852-53

CANADA

MAINE

V. E. R.
N. H.
MASS.
CONN.

Boston
Worcester
Albany

NEW YORK
Rochester
Syracuse
Buffalo

Chicago

ILLINOIS
Jacksnville
Springfield
Alton

INDIANA
Indianapolis

OHIO
Cincinnati

Cleveland

PENNSYLVANIA
Harrisburg

N. J.

New York

Philadelphia

Chambersburg
Gettysburg
Harpers Ferry
Washington

MD.
BALTIMORE
Annapolis

VIRGINIA
Richmond
Petersburg

KENTUCKY
Ovto P.

MISSOURI
St. Louis

TENNESSEE

NORTH CAROLINA
Danville

ARK.

Wilmington

Columbia

ALABAMA
Columbus
Montgomery

Atlanta

Augusta

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston

Beaufort

Savannah

Georgetown

Charleston

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Ashley R.

Cooper R.

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Philip Van Doren Stern

THE DRUMS OF MORNING

BOOKS BY
PHILIP VANDOREN STERN

THE DRUMS OF MORNING



THE MAN WHO KILLED
LINCOLN



THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

PHILIP VANDOREN STERN

*THE DRUMS
OF
MORNING*



1942

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN AND COMPANY, INC.

Garden City, New York

PRINTED AT THE *Country Life Press*, GARDEN CITY, N. Y., U. S. A.

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COPYRIGHT, 1942
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FIRST EDITION

To all those
who have fought for freedom anywhere;
to all those who are now oppressed
and who wait in silence for
the day of liberation
to come





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BOOK ONE

Martyr's Blood

ILLINOIS, 1837



talking to you. You're as fanatical as that mob up at the Tontine."

Elijah Lovejoy smiled at him, his deep-set eyes glowing in the firelight. "I've always regarded myself as a man of peace," he said gently. "I can hardly be accused of bringing on this attack."

"There's no use going into that now. I'm tired of your arguments. If you'd taken your Abolitionist paper away from here when we warned you, you wouldn't have brought all this trouble to Alton. You're a troublemaker, Mr. Lovejoy. You made trouble in St. Louis, and then you came here with your press to make more trouble. You're attacking the very institution that gives us bread and butter."

"Illinois is a free state," Lovejoy protested. "There's no slavery here."

"But Alton's dependent upon the South. We can't antagonize our customers. This is a commercial town, and if it's ever going to amount to anything it's because we can outrade St. Louis. Leave us alone, and we'll be the biggest river port on the upper Mississippi."

Lovejoy stood up. West promptly backed away from him. "I don't want to get in another argument with you, Mr. Lovejoy. I came here to talk to Winthrop Gilman—he's a businessman, and he speaks my language." He looked toward the stairway where he heard someone coming down the wooden steps. He saw Gilman and rushed over to him.

"Winthrop," he began hurriedly, "maybe I can make you listen to reason. That mob at the Tontine is drunk and nasty. The men they've brought here from St. Louis are out for blood. If there's violence here tonight it's going to give our town a bad name—and that'll hurt business. Mr. Lovejoy's press has been smashed up three times already. Those boys at the Tontine just won't tolerate his bringing another press in here. They know he landed one last night and that it's up in your attic now. They know——"

Gilman placed his hand on West's shoulder. "Well, Henry, what do you want me to do—let them destroy this one too?"

West evaded the direct question. "It's unfortunate—this

whole affair is unfortunate. I can't understand why good churchmen let themselves get mixed up in a thing like this. You know I'm no proslavery man, but we're living on the edge of slave country. We've got to deal with slaveholders, and we can't let a reformer like Mr. Lovejoy come here and ruin our down-river trade. It isn't bad enough that he issues his paper here—he has to go and hold an antislavery convention right in our town. What do you think our Southern customers are going to say? We've got to——”

“Just wait a minute, Henry,” Gilman said heavily. “This is hardly the time to talk about that. We're besieged here by some of your Southern customers. Mr. Lovejoy didn't begin hostilities. He's under attack, and we're here to defend him. If you want to do any persuading why don't you go to the Tontine and talk to that mob of drunks? They're the real troublemakers.”

“You know they won't listen to reason. I'm not taking sides—I just want to preserve the peace.”

“Then you should be in here fighting with us. That's what we're trying to do—preserve the peace. Mr. Lovejoy's Constitutional rights are at stake. You believe in law. Help us uphold it.”

“Now, Winthrop, you've got to be practical. It's all very well to talk about law and Constitutional rights—and understand, I heartily support 'em—but you're facing a real situation tonight. Those men out there mean business. They're out to get hold of this press, and they're drunk enough not to care who gets hurt. Let's be sensible. Give 'em the press. Sure they'll break it up, but there's plenty more printing presses in the world. In fact, if Mr. Lovejoy will surrender his press peaceably I'll guarantee to take up a collection to buy him another—providing, of course, that he promises not to set it up in Alton.”

“I'm afraid you don't understand what Mr. Lovejoy's fighting for,” Gilman said calmly. “This press isn't just a piece of machinery—it's a symbol of free speech.”

“I know, I know. I've heard that sort of talk before, and I'm sure it's all very fine. But we've got to be practical. Mr. Lovejoy can have all the free speech he wants if he'll move farther North. I want to prevent violence here tonight. Let the mob

have the press. Then there won't be any bloodshed, and tomorrow Mr. Lovejoy can——"

Lovejoy strode forward, protest straining his features. West held up his hand. "Now, all I want to suggest is that we let Mayor Krum come in here to serve as a sort of mediator. I'll send Keating out for him and——"

Lovejoy's face was contemptuous. "Krum! That weakling! He blows north and south with every turn of the wind."

"He's our mayor, and he's highly respected. You folks have got to settle things, and you've got to settle 'em fast. I happen to know that those men from St. Louis have brought a keg of powder with 'em, and there's talk of their blowing up this building!" He paused dramatically, watching the consternation among the men around the stove. "Winthrop, you've got valuable merchandise in here. You stand to lose it. You men may get hurt or killed. And for what? For a lot of cast iron that can be bought again tomorrow for a few hundred dollars. Come on, be sensible. Let 'em have the press, and everything'll be all right."

The men around the stove began to argue among themselves. West whispered to Keating to summon the mayor. Before anyone could object, Keating was gone, and his employer sat down with a self-satisfied smile.

Lovejoy went back to the stove and stood facing it. The red glow threw his features into strong relief. His eyes looked tired, but his mouth was set in a stubborn line.

Another long wait began. Everyone was jumpy, and the few jokes that were attempted fell flat. When one of the guards posted in the attic dropped his musket, a dozen men started up in alarm. After that it became so silent that the big clock in Gilman's office could be heard ticking off the slowly passing seconds. The fire began to die down. George Bradford gently brushed past Lovejoy to throw some wood into the stove.

"I'm worried," the minister whispered to him. "Some of these men may lose their lives before the night's over. I don't want their blood on my hands."

"They're not fighting for you," Bradford said bluntly. "They're fighting against slavery."

"But I can't help feeling responsible. Some of them have wives and children."

Bradford stared gloomily into the flames leaping up behind the mica windows of the stove, thinking of his own motherless son. He had sent the nine-year-old boy to stay at the home of a neighbor.

"Keating's taking his time all right," Henry Tanner commented.

"Likely he's havin' trouble findin' our dear mayor," leant-faced Amos Roff said. "Krum's prob'ly hidin' under a bed somewheres."

There was a snicker from the men. Bradford held up his hand for silence. They heard someone running toward the door.

"Maybe it's Krum," Roff grunted. "Can't imagine him bein' in such a hurry to get here though."

There was furious pounding at the Water Street door. When it was opened, the picket they had placed on the road rushed in.

"They're comin'!" he yelled. "The whole lot of 'em. I could see 'em walkin' along under the bluff. Must be a couple of hundred of 'em."

Henry West jumped up with a frightened expression on his round face. No one paid any attention to him. George Bradford was busy giving the men their final orders. Gilman got up and mounted the attic stairs.

The men on the ground floor could hear the heavy tread of their comrades' feet as they rushed to their firing posts on the upper stories. The benches around the stove were deserted; West sat down apprehensively on one of them, huddling close to the fire.

Lovejoy picked up the long musket he had kept on the floor beside him. He touched George Bradford's arm. "If we've got to fight, tell the men to let the attackers come in close so we don't waste any shots."

Bradford nodded and went to one of the Water Street windows. He climbed up on the flour bags and peered out of the narrow opening under the ceiling. A long line of men were marching in the shadow of the bluff. When they reached the

level ground near the warehouse, they walked boldly into the moonlight, spreading out in a silent circle around the building.

Someone was at the river entrance. Winthrop Gilman pushed open the attic door and leaned out. "I'm up here," he said. "What do you want?"

"You know damned well what we want," a voice answered from the darkness. "We want that Abolitionist press. Give it up, and there won't be any trouble."

"That press was consigned to me by its manufacturers," Gilman told him. "I can't deliver it to anyone except the person to whom it was addressed."

There were hoots of derision from the men along the river. Someone blew a tin horn.

"We don't want to make any trouble for you, Gilman. We know you've got a lot of valuable merchandise stored in there, and we wouldn't like to see anything unfortunate happen to it. Now, are you going to give up the press?"

"No," said Gilman coolly, "the press doesn't belong to me, and I can't give it up."

"Then, by God, we'll take it! And you'll be responsible for anything that happens. We've given you fair warning."

"Fair warning of what? That you intend to break the law?"

A stone crashed through one of the lower windows. Fragments of glass tinkled down. Gilman hurriedly tried to shut the heavy attic door. Before he could close it, a stubby little man rushed forward waving a pistol.

"Don't let that Abolitionist bastard get away!" he yelled and fired wildly at the rapidly closing door. The bullet plugged into the frame. Gilman let the door go and leaped back. It swung open, leaving a square black hole through which the men outside began to empty their guns. Others fired at the windows. More stones were thrown, and in a few minutes every pane of glass in the windows on both ends of the long building was shattered. None of the bullets hit anyone inside the warehouse, for the men there had thrown themselves flat on the floor at the first report, and the bullets passed harmlessly over their heads.

As soon as the attackers stopped to reload, George Bradford went from floor to floor, telling his men to shoot back at will. When he arrived in the attic he took an iron rod, caught the door with it, pulled it shut, and bolted it fast. Guns began to blaze from the warehouse windows. The banging seemed terribly loud in the closed space, and the acrid odor of burning powder filled the building.

The attackers fell back beyond range, taking refuge in the shadows of the bluff. In a few moments firing on both sides died away.

"They may be discouraged now they see we mean business," Lovejoy said hopefully.

Bradford grunted. As they stood together in the darkness, they heard the bell of the Presbyterian church begin to toll. Its steady ringing sounded ominous in the still night air.

"Mrs. Graves is giving the alarm, God bless her," Lovejoy said. "Perhaps some of the townspeople will come to our aid."

The same thought had evidently occurred to the attackers, for they began shooting again. Bullets buried themselves in the door and window frames and ricocheted angrily when they hit stone. The men on the upper stories of the warehouse fired back at the flashes of guns in the darkness, but Bradford ordered his followers on the first floor to keep their guns ready to repel any attempt to rush the doors.

The attackers gradually ceased firing. Someone said they were massing together under the bluff. Bradford ran through the warehouse telling everyone to be prepared for a direct assault.

But nothing happened for a long while. The glow from the mica window in the stove became fainter as the fire died down. The defenders shifted about uneasily at their posts; a group formed around Henry Tanner who was sprawled out on top of a pile of flour bags barricading one of the Water Street windows. He could see what was taking place on the river front, and he kept telling the men behind him that the attackers were still conferring.

The fire in the stove went out, and only the candle shining

down the stair well gave any light. Lovejoy's eyes were closed, and his lips were moving in prayer. George Bradford began to pace up and down nervously.

There was a hoarse shout from the top story, followed by a series of shots. Henry Tanner whooped excitedly and fired; the report of his gun was muffled by the flour bags. He slid down to reload, and George Whitney took his place.

"This is it, boys!" Tanner yelled, swabbing out his musket with frantic haste. "They're swarming now." He spilled powder on the floor and swore at his own clumsiness.

Everybody fired at the dark figures running toward the warehouse. One of them screamed and fell, clawing madly at the ground. Two others hastily dragged the wounded man out of the line of fire to the side of the warehouse.

While he was being taken away, everything stopped. Lovejoy's followers thought they had driven the attackers away for good, but when they tried to open the Water Street door, the sharp ping of a bullet warned them that the building was still under fire. They settled back, guns in hand, to wait for the next development.

It was not long in coming. Henry Tanner announced from his window post that someone was approaching the building with a white cloth tied to a pole. When the door was opened, Mayor Krum came in, trying to show an air of authority, but he was obviously frightened. He brushed Henry West aside.

"You've killed a man," he said nervously, "That fellow you shot was dead before they reached the Tontine with him."

"Who was he—an Alton man?" Bradford asked.

"No, he was from St. Louis," the mayor said. "His name was Lyman Bishop."

"Lyman Bishop!" Lovejoy exclaimed. "He was one of the thugs who drove me out of St. Louis. The Lord has punished him. He——"

"I don't know anything about him," Krum said, "but those men out there are pretty mad."

"He was leading an armed attack on us," Gilman said bitterly. "We had to defend ourselves."

"Yes, but——"

"But what?"

"Well, this'll give our town a bad reputation. It'll go up and down the river that Alton's a dangerous place. Now, I've been talking to Dr. Hope and some of his men out there. I've arranged to settle the whole matter."

"Yes?" Gilman said quietly. "What did you arrange?"

"Well, they're willing to call the fight off even now if you'll be reasonable."

"And what do they call reasonable?"

"They want you to give up the press, and then they'll let you go home."

Lovejoy pushed forward angrily. "You call yourself mayor of this town, and yet you have the impudence to come here advising us to surrender rights guaranteed us by the Constitution. Why don't you maintain the law instead of running errands for men who are breaking it?"

The mayor looked at him sullenly.

Lovejoy went on, his voice scornful. "I have asked for nothing but to be protected in my rights as a citizen. I have broken no law. I have injured no one. If I have committed any crime, you can easily convict me for it. You say you have public sentiment with you. Why don't you bring me to trial? I stand ready to answer for anything I've done."

"Well, now it's not that you've done anything exactly. It's just that some of our people don't think you ought to print that paper here. You can't convict a man for publishing a newspaper—but I wish you'd take it away from here."

"I won't do it," Lovejoy said firmly. "I have sought counsel with my God, and I intend to stay here and insist upon the protection of my civil rights as a citizen of the United States. If you, as mayor, refuse to protect those rights, I must look to my friends to help me protect them by force of arms. We don't want violence, but violence has been thrust on us."

"I don't say you're wrong in protecting yourselves," the mayor countered. "I just came here to give you a message. Those men out there are kind of wrought up about Lyman Bishop.

They swear they're going to destroy this building. You wouldn't want that to happen, would you?" he said, turning to Gilman. "You have a much greater investment in this property than Mr. Lovejoy has in his printing press."

"I'm not sure I have," Gilman said. "Mr. Lovejoy is fighting for something more important than merchandise. I can't turn his press over to a mob."

Mayor Krum retreated to the doorway. "You're making a mistake, Mr. Gilman," he said. "You can't hope to win. They've got you outnumbered. Why they can just wait and starve you out of here if they want to."

"With all that?" George Bradford waved toward the barrels and cases of food.

"All right," the mayor snapped, "they'll burn you out then. There's no one to stop them. They've taken over the whole town. I can't do anything."

Someone standing far back in the shadows booed. The mayor flushed and pushed open the door. "I've done my best," he protested. "And I've warned you now." He fled with West following at his heels.

Lovejoy took Gilman's hand. "I don't know how to thank you, Winthrop. I can only hope that——"

"Nonsense," Gilman said. "I did only what I had to do."

Lovejoy sighed and picked up his musket again. He was praying silently as he poured a charge of powder down the long barrel and rammed a bullet home.

There was an angry shout from the water front when the mayor delivered his message. Henry Tanner was watching at the window post. Suddenly he fired and yelled: "Here they come! They've got a ladder with 'em now."

There was a solid thump against the side of the building as the ladder was dropped into place. The warehouse had no doors or windows on its long sides; the attackers could come close to the building there without running any danger of being shot.

"Stand by the roof scuttle!" Bradford yelled. "If anybody tries to come through—shoot him."

But no attempt was made to open the door in the roof. The men in the attic waited anxiously, wondering what was happening. They could hear a faint rustling noise at the base of the wooden roof; then they heard crackling sounds, and they smelled smoke.

"They're setting the roof on fire," one of them cried. "Those shingles'll go like tinder."

A hurried consultation was held in Gilman's office. "We've got to go out and drive 'em away from the ladder," George Bradford said. "They'll burn the place down over our heads."

The candle on Gilman's desk lighted the crowding faces with its yellow flame. No one spoke; then Lovejoy stepped forward. "I'll do it," he said. "This is my battle, and there's no reason why any of you should take such a risk."

"One man would never get through," Bradford told him. "It'll take a body of us to reach the ladder. I'll go, and we'll need a few others. Who else'll go?" He looked around at the men.

Royal Weller and Amos Roff held up their hands. Old Deacon Long insisted that he, too, be allowed to go.

George Bradford ordered the others to return to their posts and keep up a lively fire to draw the attackers' attention away from the river entrance.

The five men gathered around the door, waiting for the firing on the upper floors to reach its height. Then they rushed out, holding their guns ready.

There was enough moonlight for them to see a crowd standing at the foot of the ladder. Halfway up a man was carrying a bundle of straw. When Amos Roff shot at him, he came tumbling down. He picked himself up cursing and followed his companions, limping as he ran. The others fired at the fleeing crowd, and then Bradford led his little band back to the warehouse to reload.

"Keep a sharp lookout now," he warned them. "They'll be expecting us this time. I'll go first. You come after me and keep them from knocking the ladder down while I'm on it."

They waited in the shelter of the doorway until the firing

from the upper floors again reached a climax. Then they started for the ladder.

As they passed the woodpile, there was a sudden movement behind it. A gun barrel glistened in the moonlight. Amos Roff screamed a warning, but it was too late. Deacon Long scrambled back inside the doorway, but the others could not escape. The shotgun roared out, spitting a thick red flame. Buckshot hit Royal Weller in the leg; Bradford received a single ball in the chest; Lovejoy was hit in the side. He sank to his knees with a moan, then suddenly righted himself and walked uncertainly toward the door, coughing as he went. When he got inside he was so dazed that he kept on going, walking like a man in a trance. He headed for the candlelight streaming down the stairs from Gilman's office. His face was as pale and expressionless as a head carved out of marble, and there was a dribble of blood running from his mouth, but he continued up the stairs. Winthrop Gilman was peering down at him anxiously. Lovejoy spoke to him, saying simply: "I'm shot." Then his hands clutched at the side rails, and his knees gave way. He collapsed and rolled down to the floor. He was dead before anyone could pick him up.

Deacon Long was the first to reach him. He turned the body over, examining it in the dim candlelight. A long wail of anguish went up from him to stop every gun in the warehouse from firing. There was a rush of feet on the upper floors, and the startled defenders of the press hurried down to see what had happened. Gilman brought the candle from his office, shading its flame with his hand.

"Where's George Bradford?" he asked querulously. "Didn't he come back?"

"I saw him goin' toward the ladder," Roff said. "He must be out there yet, or maybe he's dead. Christ, I don't know." He tried to question Royal Weller, but Weller was sitting on the floor nursing his leg. He grunted that he had not noticed anything after the bullet hit him.

Gilman kept staring at Lovejoy's body. "I guess that finishes it," he said.

George Whitney touched the deacon on the shoulder. The old man looked up vacantly.

"There's nothing left to fight for, Deacon. The press means nothing without Mr. Lovejoy."

"That's right," Henry Tanner said. "It's just a lot of metal now. There's no use shedding more blood over it."

There was a murmur of agreement from the others. Deacon Long looked hopefully at Winthrop Gilman. When he saw Gilman nod in acquiescence, his face quivered, and he clutched the body of his friend, making a queer, dry noise in his throat.

Gilman signaled to a man standing on the stairs. "Go up to the roof scuttle," he said, "and tell them we'll surrender if they'll let us out of here safely."

They all listened to the footsteps going up flight after flight of stairs to the attic. Then they heard the roof scuttle thrown open. When Lovejoy's death was announced there was a shout of exultation from the mob. The request for safe conduct was greeted with yells of disapproval, and voices began calling for blood.

The man on the roof could not make himself heard. Something had to be done. Amos Roff, who was well acquainted with Dr. Hope, the leader of the proslavery men, volunteered to go out to appeal to him. He went to the river door and opened it. There was a single sharp report from a rifle. Roff screamed as a bullet smashed the small bones of his ankle. He stumbled through the doorway and sank to the floor, his face contorted with pain. The shouting of the men on the water front grew louder, and a hail of stones was thrown at the door Roff had just closed.

Amos Roff was moaning while he tried to stop the bleeding from his wounded foot. Everyone looked to Winthrop Gilman for a solution to their plight. He put the candle down on a barrel and went to the attic.

"Men of Alton! I appeal to you," he cried from the open roof scuttle. "Do you want a massacre here? You've done enough damage already. We're willing to give you the press. What more do you want—the lives of all these men?"

There were cries of assent from the mob, but Gilman went on speaking. "Dr. Hope—come to the Water Street door, and we'll let you in. You've got to stop this madness."

Without waiting for a reply, he started down the stairs. By the time he had reached the ground floor, Dr. Hope and a group of his local supporters were at the door. They came in, facing their neighbors sheepishly. One of them lit a lantern and hung it from a ceiling hook. They all crowded forward to examine Lovejoy's body. Deacon Long was still crouching over it.

The doctor signaled to his followers to disarm the defenders of the press. Then he went to Lovejoy's body and pulled the protesting deacon away from it. He bent down to examine the wounds.

"Buckshot," he said briefly. "Five of 'em—one must have gone through the heart." He glanced carelessly at the blood-streaked mouth. "Well, that's one Abolitionist who won't be able to print lies about us any more. He's dead—and a good thing, too." He stirred the body with his foot. Deacon Long broke away from the men who were holding him.

"Don't you touch him!" he screamed. "You ain't fit to touch him!" His voice stopped abruptly as a hand was clapped over his mouth. He struggled, but he was no match for the younger men who held him firmly and pushed him toward the door.

"Get these people out of here," the doctor said. "I don't want more trouble with 'em. We've settled this argument in the only way it can be settled. Come on, get 'em out!"

The defenders of the press were herded toward the door. Deacon Long was thrust outside first. He stood up straight in the moonlight, his white hair flying around his head as he called down the wrath of Heaven on the men who had killed his friend. His voice, rising and falling in Biblical cadences, reached the doctor inside the warehouse. "Go out there and shut that old banshee up," he ordered. Several of his followers hurried out the door. Others were sent up to the roof to put out the fire. The two wounded men were still lying on the floor, unable to walk. The doctor went over to them and offered to dress their wounds.

"I want none of your help," Royal Weller said curtly. "I'd rather die than be touched by a murdering slaver like you." Roff, too, declined the doctor's services, refusing even to talk to him.

"Put these two out with the others," Hope said contemptuously. "Let 'em crawl home if they want to."

The two men were dragged to the door, where some of their comrades were still waiting for them. Then the whole party began to move off along the riverbank. A few of the attackers ran after them, firing over their heads and jeering. Deacon Long stumbled along behind the others, weeping and waving his fist impotently at the armed men following them.

As soon as the warehouse was cleared, Dr. Hope ordered Lovejoy's body to be moved into the office, where it was thrown unceremoniously on a couch. Then he turned to his followers. "All right, boys, we have work to do now. But there's one thing I want you all to remember. We've got to stick together in this. If anybody asks you what happened here tonight, you don't know. You weren't here. You were all home asleep, and you're good sound sleepers." He winked at them and motioned toward the attic stairs.

II

GEORGE BRADFORD HAD SENT his son Jonathan to stay with the Whitneys. His own home was near the warehouse, and he was afraid it might be attacked. Certainly it was no place for a young child on a night when no Abolitionist's household could be considered safe. The Whitney house was high up on the hill above Alton, and there was a little colony of antislavery people near it.

Jonathan was awakened by the first shot fired at the warehouse, and he was up, half-dressed and eager to go, when Mrs. Whitney came to his room. There was enough light for her to

see his thin, dark face and tousled black hair. She tried to conceal her own fear by assuming irritation.

"Why, Jonathan, what's the matter with you?" she cried. "You go to sleep again and pay no attention to any ruckus you hear in town. There's a lot of bad men down there——"

"Yes'm. I know all about it," he said solemnly. "They're out to break up Mr. Lovejoy's press."

"I'm sure our folks can take care of it all right. You stay in bed. You're too young to go out alone at night." She tucked the covers in around the protesting boy, not noticing that he was partly dressed.

"Don't you worry about it," she said gently. "Everything'll be all right."

"My father's down there, ma'am."

"I know he is. But this is a man's affair. Children should be asleep at this hour."

Jonathan looked up at her disdainfully. It was useless, he knew, to argue with a woman about such matters as shooting and danger. They were all afraid of exciting things. Even his mother, whom he could remember dimly, had been scared to death every time his father went out on one of those mysterious missions that were somehow concerned with the fight against slavery.

He sighed and lay still as if he were trying to fall asleep. Shots cracked out again. Mrs. Whitney suppressed a startled exclamation and hurried to the front of the house, where there were windows facing the river.

As soon as she was gone, Jonathan got up again. He took his school coat and his long red scarf, and a minute later he was creeping silently down the stairs. He paused for a moment in the kitchen to put on his coat and tie the scarf around his neck, fumbling with excitement when he heard another volley of distant shots.

The bright moonlight made it easy for him to cut across fields and find his way through brush-grown thickets as he went downhill toward the river. The gray walls of the penitentiary on the bluff above the boat landing stood out sharp and clear

in the greenish light. As he cautiously made his way along the big limestone blocks at the base of the prison wall he could hear the guards in watchtowers calling to one another. There was a loud burst of shots just below him. He hurried forward to the corner of the wall; the river lay stretched out below him, its muddy water gleaming in the moonlight.

Godfrey and Gilman's big warehouse was almost opposite him. The doors and windows facing him were black holes from one of which a musket suddenly shot out a streak of flame. It was answered by a fusillade from the base of the bluff. The church bell farther up on the hill was ringing madly. Men were running from shadow to shadow on the level ground between the foot of the bluff and the river. Jonathan watched eagerly, hoping for a tremendous salvo of fire from the warehouse that would annihilate the proslavery men surrounding the building. He had heard his father denounce Dr. Hope and his followers as enemies of the human race. He hated them, and he wondered why God let them live, for he could easily bring down lightning from heaven to punish them. But as he looked up at the cold November sky he saw only the moon and no sign of thunder clouds.

When the next attack began, and a man running forward suddenly tumbled to the ground, Jonathan began to edge along the crest of the bluff to see what had happened. As he passed a group of bushes a long arm reached out from among the dry leaves and seized him by the shoulder. He found himself confronted by Anson Platt, a boy of sixteen who worked as a clerk in the local hardware store.

"What're you doin' out here?" Anson demanded.

"Let me go," Jonathan whispered, trying to free himself from the older boy's grasp.

"This ain't no place for kids. They're shootin' real bullets. I ought to know, 'cause I made 'em myself."

"I don't see you down there helping in the warehouse," Jonathan taunted.

"I woulda been, but my paw wouldn't let me."

"Does he know you're up here?"

Anson grinned and relaxed his grip. "Guess he's too busy right now to think about it. Where you goin'?"

"I want to see what's happened to that fellow they shot. Maybe he's killed."

"He prob'ly is," Anson said coolly. "I make right good bullets."

"They're carrying him away. I want to——"

"You better run back home and jump in bed. You might get hurt around here."

Jonathan looked at him scornfully. "I'm going to follow 'em. Come on—or are you afraid?"

"They're prob'ly goin' to the Tontine with him," Anson said, glancing down at the group of men carrying their wounded comrade along the foot of the bluff. "You better stay away from 'em. They're all liquored up."

"Afraid?"

"I ain't afraid of nothin', but I'm goin' to stay right here and watch the fun."

"All right, you stay here, then—fraidy cat. I'm going after 'em."

Jonathan slipped away and began running. By the time he had reached the narrow streets near the Tontine Coffee House the men had vanished inside, and he was sorry he had left his vantage point on the bluff, for he could hear more shooting at the warehouse. The men came out of the little building and started back to the water front, murmuring angrily among themselves. They headed for the river landing, while Jonathan had to follow them along the top of the bluff, where the going was much harder. When he came in sight of the warehouse, there was a bright circle of flame burning on its roof. He heard several shots and hurried forward to rejoin Anson Platt, but the place where the older boy had been was deserted. Someone was beating out the flames on the warehouse roof, and the door to the big building stood open with the light from a lantern streaming out of it. He had missed everything by going to the Tontine.

He ran along the crest of the bluff to the prison wall. From

there he could look straight across to the upper part of the warehouse, which was less than a hundred feet away. As he stood watching, the top-story door swung open. There were lights in the attic, where dark figures were moving around. One of them came to the door with a small wooden case and threw it out. Men hurried up from the river front to gather in a cheering group as the heavy cases crashed on the pavement one after another. The circular iron framework of the press landed on the paving stones with a ringing sound, but it did not break. Eager hands picked it up and rolled it toward the river. Meanwhile, others were taking the smaller parts of the press from their broken cases. Sledge hammers were brought into play, and as each piece was reduced to fragments, volunteers dumped them into the water.

Jonathan saw Anson Platt among the townspeople who were watching the destruction of the press. He climbed down and asked him what had happened.

"They gave up," Anson said briefly. "Mr. Lovejoy was killed, and the others gave up."

"My father too?"

"I guess so. They all gave up and ran home."

Jonathan was shocked. "My father wouldn't do that. Maybe he's inside somewhere."

"There ain't nobody in there," Anson said impatiently. "They all went home—even two men who were wounded."

"Which way did they go?"

"Down along the river." Anson waved his arm vaguely. "The others kept shooting after 'em, but I don't think they hit anybody. Leastways, I ain't heard of it. Your father's prob'ly home in bed now. You better go home too. This ain't no place for a little boy."

Jonathan looked up at him angrily. There was a loud cheer from the crowd as the last section of the press was thrown into the river. Men started coming toward them. Jonathan ducked back into the shadows and hurried up the bluff.

He didn't want to return to the Whitneys', and he was afraid

to go home. If his father saw him, there would be trouble. But he was worried, so he decided to risk the trouble.



Jonathan went up the little-used dirt road that ran to his father's house. The small frame building stood forlorn and white in the moonlight. Flower bushes planted by his mother had grown into a tangle of shrubbery in the four years since she had died. There were no lights showing, and when he approached the kitchen door he noticed that it was half open. It made him uneasy, for his father was always very careful about closing it.

The kitchen side of the house was in deep shadow. Jonathan went cautiously up the three steps to the door and entered the dark room. At the foot of the narrow stairway leading to the bedroom, he stopped and listened.

At first he heard nothing, and he thought that perhaps his father had not yet come home. Then he noticed a faint sound—a sound of breathing with a queer sighing in it. He started up the stairs noiselessly, using both hands to steady himself. There was a streak of moonlight across the room. As his head came above the level of the bed, he saw his father sprawled on the coverings, lying face upward and fully dressed. The sighing sound was much louder now.

Jonathan approached the bed carefully. His father's eyes were open, staring up at the ceiling.

"Jonathan?" the man lying on the bed asked hoarsely.

The boy gulped. "Yes, sir," he said in an awed voice.

"What are you doing here? I thought——" Then he raised his hand and motioned to his son to come closer. "Never mind. I'm glad you came. I've been shot," he said in a choked voice. "Shot through the chest. I dragged myself up here without their noticing me."

Jonathan stood at the bedside, gazing down at the terrifying sight of his invincible father lying there helpless.

"I'll run out and get a doctor," he stammered.

His father raised a protesting hand. "All the doctors in this

town are proslavery men. I want none of them. Besides, a doctor can do nothing for me now."

Jonathan noticed dark froth on his father's lips. He brought a towel and cleaned the bubbly stuff away. George Bradford reached out, groping for his son's hand. "What happened at the warehouse?"

"They killed Mr. Lovejoy," Jonathan said dully. "The others gave up and let them smash the press. I saw them do it." His father's hand tightened, and they did not speak for a long while. Jonathan sat on the bed, listening to the dreadful sound of his father's breathing. Once the wounded man tried to wipe the blood from his mouth. His son had to help him again.

George Bradford began to speak again in a gasping voice with long pauses between his words. "Jonathan," he said, "you're going to have a hard time of it now, but so did I. God help you—you'll have to fight for everything you get." The tired voice stopped for a moment and then went on. "Perhaps the Whitneys will take you in. Or maybe the men who fought with me tonight will do something for you. I wish I could talk to them. Somebody'll take care of you. I'm sure of it. But I hope they don't put you into an orphan asylum—I know what they're like."

There was another long period of silence. "You'll manage somehow. Our family has always made its own way. But there's one thing I want you to remember. The slave power that has orphaned you is orphaning thousands of black children. Don't forget those other children, Jonathan. I can hear their cries in my ears now. Don't ever stop fighting slavery. It's the one big fight of our time. I want you to promise you'll take part in it."

The boy promised in a subdued voice. Then his father began to pray. His mind seemed to wander, for he spoke of his wife as though she were still alive.

The moon sank down behind the trees, and the room became darker. Jonathan wanted to get up to light a candle, but he was afraid to disturb his father. He remained still for a long while in a cramped and uncomfortable position, listening to the breathing that was becoming more labored and difficult. There

was a bubbling, choking sound; the intervals between each painful intake of air became longer and longer. Then, after one dreadful gasp, there was absolute silence.

Jonathan shook his father gently. When there was no response, he shook him more forcefully, putting both his hands on his shoulders and shaking the limp, still body in a desperate effort to get an answer. He seized the lifeless hand and rubbed it briskly, but there was no sign of life.

He jumped up hysterically, not knowing what to do. The dark form on the bed had suddenly become a terrifying thing. He backed away from it and crouched in a corner, too frightened to move.

He must have remained there for hours, half-conscious and paralyzed with cold and fear, for when he heard voices outside the house, the dim light of early morning filled the room. Someone was knocking at the kitchen door. He stood up on numbed legs and caught a glimpse of his father's body lying dreadfully still on the white coverings of the bed. There was a dark stain around the quiet mouth, and the pillow was mottled with blood. Then he fled down the stairs to the kitchen, where someone was calling out his father's name.

Owen Lovejoy, the younger brother of the murdered minister, was at the door, and behind him was George Whitney. They needed only one glimpse at the boy's face to realize what had happened.



When breakfast was served at the Whitney house, Jonathan could not eat. He sat silent and disconsolate at the table, sickened by the smell of food. The early sun was fast becoming obscured by clouds. George Whitney looked up at the graying sky and said he thought it would rain before the day was over.

It did rain; it rained with the steady persistence of a wet day in November. Water dripped from the eaves of the house and formed muddy pools in the dooryard. Rivulets ran down the hill, furrowing deep into the soil. Visitors had to take their boots

off and enter the kitchen in stockinged feet, shaking the water from their clothes.

Jonathan sat at the window, apparently paying no attention to his elders' conversation. But when one of the visitors said something about the funerals that were to be held that day, he pricked up his ears.

Deacon Long was mumbling in an angry monotone. "It's a pretty pass when God-fearing men can't be given a decent funeral. I don't see why they've got to be laid away as if they was criminals. Why, a hanged man 'ud get better treatment. I don't hold with it. I say bury 'em proud and open, and slavers be—be damned!"

The deacon had never been known to swear before. His oath produced a noticeable effect on his listeners. Jonathan heard Owen Lovejoy's deep voice reply.

"We're afraid they may dig up their bodies and desecrate them. Remember—you're dealing with a lot of drunken, vicious men. I've been told that they stayed up all night at the Tontine, drinking to their victory."

"How's Mrs. Lovejoy taking it?" someone asked.

"I haven't had the heart to tell her," Owen said. "She's lying up there in bed, asking when her husband'll be home. I don't know what to say."

"It'll be bad for the child," Mrs. Whitney commented. Then all the voices suddenly were lowered. Jonathan caught the word "expecting," but before he could hear any more, Mrs. Whitney came to him, suggesting that he go upstairs to lie down. He went reluctantly, hoping that he would be able to listen to the rest of the conversation from the top of the stair well, but Mrs. Whitney closed the kitchen door, and he could hear nothing but a confused murmur of voices. He lay down on the bed, firmly determined not to sleep, but he must have dozed off, for it was lunchtime when Mrs. Whitney came to his room to persuade him to eat something.

At the last moment Elijah Lovejoy's funeral had to be postponed. When the news of his death was announced to his widow she carried on so terribly that it was feared she would lose her child. A midwife was summoned, and the people who had gathered at her home to attend the funeral of the dead minister were told to go instead to George Bradford's house, where his body was awaiting burial. Two carpenters with whom he had worked had spent the morning knocking together a plain pine coffin. In this product of Bradford's own trade his body was placed, its face cleaned of blood, and its limbs clothed in the one good suit he had owned. Jonathan was not brought to the house until all the preparations for the funeral were completed. Then he was ushered into the little parlor where a group of people whose clothes smelled of rain and mud watched him walk up to the open coffin.

The familiar features seemed oddly shrunken and different. Jonathan could hardly convince himself that this dead thing was his father. He stared at the rigid face, dry-eyed and solemn. The funeral visitors regarded him disapprovingly. It was not seemly for a young boy to be so unmoved by such a sight. The women began to whisper to one another. Owen Lovejoy led Jonathan away.

The Rev. Mr. William Harned began a hurried service. He uttered a short prayer for the man who had died in battle, praising his courage and his devotion to a righteous cause. Jonathan listened to him as if he were speaking in a foreign language. It was only when Owen Lovejoy read the Seventy-fourth Psalm that he became aware of what was being said, for it had been one of his father's favorite Biblical passages. "Have respect unto the covenant: for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. O let not the oppressed return ashamed: let the poor and needy praise thy name. Arise, O God, plead thine own cause: remember how the foolish man reproacheth thee daily. Forget not the voice of thine enemies: the tumult of those that rise up against thee increaseth continually."

The coffin lid was placed over George Bradford's face, shut-

ting it away from the light forever. Owen Lovejoy guided Jonathan's left hand to the top of the coffin. The rough pine board was damp and sticky under his palm; Jonathan tried to hold his trembling fingers steady by pressing them firmly against the wood.

He heard Lovejoy speak to him gently. "Jonathan," he said, "you're old enough to understand why this has happened. You have seen the slave power strike down your father and my brother. We are all of us here willing to give our lives to combat this power—to free the millions of human beings it holds in bondage. I'm going to ask you to join us. I want you to work with us until the last slave in America is freed."

Jonathan nodded, his voice choked by emotion. "I will," he said. "I promised my father I would."

Lovejoy asked him to raise his right hand and repeat after him a solemn oath: "I swear to dedicate my life to freedom—to the conquest of the power that would keep men enslaved. I will let nothing stop me in this battle, and I will work until this great task is accomplished. So help me God!"

Jonathan spoke the words in his childish voice, trying to give them the same rich intonation Owen Lovejoy did. The women smiled and patted him on the shoulder. Then Mrs. Whitney led him into the kitchen while his father's body was being removed from the house. As soon as it was gone, she took him to her own home. She sat with him at the window for a long while, watching the raindrops fall from the eaves. Jonathan's face was sober, for he was wondering what would happen to him. Suddenly an unhappy thought about his father crossed his mind. He pulled at Mrs. Whitney's arm. When she turned to look at him, she could hardly face the earnestly questioning eyes that were searching hers.

"Will they bury my father in the wet ground with all the mud?" he asked.

She lied bravely. "No, of course not." She turned to the window again, trying to hide her tears. "They keep it dry—somehow they always manage to keep it dry—with boards and things."

But her voice quavered, and Jonathan knew she was not telling him the truth.

III

NEWS OF THE ALTON RIOTS spread slowly across the country, taking several weeks to reach the Atlantic seaboard. People in the North were aroused as they never had been before by any event connected with slavery. Meetings were held in cities and villages; newspapers denounced the men who had murdered Elijah Lovejoy. The South remained discreetly silent, although a few editors in the border states condemned the mob's action. The sentiment for gradual emancipation which had once been moderately strong even in the South was dying out as cotton acreage in the new Gulf areas increased and the price of slaves rose yearly.

The people of Alton at first were ashamed. But then, as condemnation of the town grew stronger, and settlers were warned away from Alton as a lawless place where life and property were not safe, the townspeople became defiant. The defenders of the press were brought to trial on the curious charge of inciting to riot. The jury found them not guilty. Then similar charges were brought against the men who had attacked the press. They were also found not guilty. This double acquittal, as Mr. Gilman pointed out, proved that no attack had been made, that no one had been killed, and that the whole affair had no existence in the eyes of the law.

But even though Alton succeeded in making the Lovejoy riot a legal fiction, it remained a hard fact which others refused to ignore. They avoided Alton, and the town which had started out to rival St. Louis as a river port never recovered from the unfavorable attention drawn to it by the murder of an obscure editor whose paper became nationally known only after it had ceased to be published.

Many people, moved by the plight of George Bradford's

orphan son, wrote to Alton, offering to adopt him. Mrs. Whitney wanted to take Jonathan into her family, but the men who had fought with his father felt that Alton was no place for the child. Life would be intolerable for him in a community where he would always be pointed out as "George Bradford's boy—the one that was orphaned in the Lovejoy riot."

Edward Beecher, the president of Illinois College, wrote from Jacksonville to inform the committee in charge of Jonathan's welfare that one of his faculty members, Mr. William Bushnell Moore, professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology, would be glad to adopt the homeless boy. The Moores had two children, but they had lost a son during the previous summer, and they wanted Jonathan to take his place. They were Pennsylvania people, not wealthy, but able to give Jonathan a good education. Beecher, who had attended the antislavery convention at Alton just before Lovejoy's death, said that he would regard it as a personal favor if the boy were placed with this family. He would then be able to supervise his upbringing himself, and he admitted that he felt a certain responsibility for the child.

George Bradford's tools and household effects were sold at auction; some of the money owing him for his work was collected, and his savings, which amounted to several hundred dollars, were put together to make up a fund for his son's education. Winthrop Gilman added enough to bring the total to five hundred dollars. This was dispatched to Beecher for safekeeping, and it was then arranged that Jonathan should take the coach to his new home in Jacksonville, Illinois.

One briskly cold morning late in November, he was led to the public square to meet the northbound coach. Mrs. Whitney had cut down his father's greatcoat for him, and she had bundled him up in a shawl brought from the East by his mother. A small wooden box contained all his belongings.

Jonathan had been depressed for days at the thought of being sent to a strange place to make his home among strange people, but now that the actual moment of departure had come, he was excited at the prospect of the two-day journey. Owen

Lovejoy had arranged with Peter Wooley, the driver of the coach, to let him sit on the box. This was a rare privilege, and Jonathan was conscious of the honor conferred upon him.

He was lifted up into the high seat from which he could look down at the faces of the people who had come to see him off. The final farewells were said; Mrs. Whitney waved tearfully; Owen Lovejoy called out a last word of encouragement; old Peter cracked his long whip over the horses' backs; and the big yellow coach got off to a flying start. The horses trotted briskly until they came to the steep slope of Alton Hill; there they had to slow down to a walk. As they plodded up the long slope, Jonathan had a chance to look back at the town lying below him along the muddy waters of the Mississippi.

He could see the house he had lived in, the gray walls of the prison, and, beyond them, Godfrey and Gilman's warehouse. A patch of new shingles on the roof was the only sign of what had happened there. But he knew that somewhere among the bare-branched oak trees his father and Elijah Lovejoy lay buried in the frozen earth.

Peter Wooley, disturbed by the boy's silence, turned to him suddenly and winked his left eye with great solemnity. Jonathan smiled back at him shyly. The old man's grizzled face cracked into a wide grin.

"I been hearin' quite a lot about you," Peter said. "You're George Bradford's boy, ain't you?"

Jonathan nodded.

"Well, you're goin' to a fine town. Yes, sir, Jacksonville's a fine place. Some of the nicest country in Illinois around there. It'd tempt a man to settle down—if he was the settlin' kind."

"Aren't you the settlin' kind?"

Peter Wooley snorted. "I never sleep in the same bed twice if I kin help it. I like to be up and goin' while I kin still move around. Maybe when I get old and creaky I'll have to stay put, but I've got a lot of roads to travel before then."

"That's what I want to do when I grow up," Jonathan confided. "I want to travel and see the country. I'm an Abolitionist."

"Are you now?" Peter said, grinning. "I wouldn't've thunk it. There don't seem nothin' wrong with you."

Jonathan looked at him curiously, wondering what he meant. Peter explained.

"Well, over in Missouri they say Abolitionists have horns and breathe fire. Down in Kaintuck they claim you kin tell 'em by their smell—sorta brimstone-like. And on down the river they shoot 'em on sight—that is they would if they ever found one. They'd know him, they say, 'cause he'd have a forked tail."

Jonathan was incredulous. "Have you been in all those places?"

"I've been in every state between here and the Gulf, but I never did see no Abolitionists down that way. You'd better stay up North, if you ask me. It ain't healthy fer an Abolitionist below the Mason and Dixon line."

"I'm going there anyway," Jonathan said. "My father told me it's silly to be afraid of anyone, because the other man is probably just as scared as you are."

"Did he now? Well, that do make sense, don't it? Yes, sir, that do make sense. But if you go a-travelin' in the South, you better keep a tight mouth, fer if you let 'em know you're an Abolitionist they're likely to ride you out o' town on a rail. They're gittin' kind o' techy 'bout sech things."

Jonathan began to question Peter about his experiences in the Southern states. He found that the old man had fought with Andrew Jackson against the British in 1814, and that he had actually been in the Indian country of the Southwest. As they rode along, following the frozen ruts of the road, Jonathan listened to tales of frontier warfare and stories about New Orleans and the Delta country. Peter Wooley had come to Illinois shortly after it had been made a state, but he now felt that it was becoming much too settled for comfort. He pointed disdainfully to the occasional farmhouses scattered among groves of trees on the prairie and said they were spoiling the land. Once there had been no fences anywhere in Illinois, and the grass grew higher than a man on horseback. Now everything was

becoming civilized, and a bill had recently been passed in the Legislature to finance the building of railroads which would probably drive the coaches out of business. Neither he nor Jonathan had ever seen a steam engine, but the old man painted a graphic picture of its horrors, saying that the very sight of it drove horses insane, and that its terrific speed made people lose their breath and die of strangulation.

The miles that were left behind them as they kept heading northward were forgotten while Jonathan listened to Peter's accounts of forty years of wandering. When lunchtime came, he shared his food with the garrulous old driver, who let him take the horses' reins so he could use both hands to hold a chicken leg. During the afternoon, they discussed the probable future of the country as it would be when railroads and civilization had overrun it. The Far West was its only salvation, Peter said. There were millions of miles of fine new land there and huge mountains that no railroad could ever hope to cross.

The sun's rays were level, throwing every curve and rise in the rolling land into high relief by the time they came to Carlinville, where they were to spend the night. They drove into the town with a flourish, and the passengers got out, shaken and tired from being tossed about on the uneven roads.

When the tavernkeeper's wife heard that this was the nine-year-old boy who had lost his father in the Alton riot, she made much of Jonathan and insisted that he sleep on a trundle bed in the same room with her and her husband. They had arrived only recently from western Virginia, which they had left to escape the competition of Negro labor. They were not Abolitionists, but they had had their fill of slavery.

Jonathan was awakened at dawn to be given an early breakfast and a warm farewell by the wife of the tavernkeeper. She handed him a parcel containing his lunch and refused to take any pay for his lodging. Peter Wooley greeted him with much jesting about the conquest he had made.

"You better watch out," he said, "or some woman'll grab you before you're much older. Then you won't git a chance to travel. I've seen that happen to lots of fellers. They just settle

down and git nowhere—except rich, maybe. And what good does that do 'em? They just sit in one place and watch the grass grow under their feet."

Jonathan promised to avoid all feminine entanglements until he had had an opportunity to see the world for himself. They kept going north, driving through rich farm country that was still only partly settled. Prairie chickens were plentiful, and once or twice they saw a deer, but Peter Wooley complained that no game worth shooting was left—the settlers had driven it all away. When a man had to walk half a day to find a deer he might just as well stay home and eat pork.

The sad condition into which Illinois was falling bothered Jonathan, and he cast about for some solution to the problem. He was particularly depressed by what Peter had told him about the coming of the railroads. If they could keep them from blighting the countryside there might be some hope left for the state. His fertile mind began to develop an elaborate scheme for perpetuating the coach routes. What was needed, he explained to Peter, was a better system of coach travel.

They spent the afternoon working out a plan to form a unified system with routes criss-crossing the state in every direction. There would be gangs of men patrolling the roads to keep them in good condition. New and smoother-riding coaches would be built—coaches that would be so comfortable people could not resist traveling in them.

"That's it!" Peter cried enthusiastically. "Give 'em coaches that are better'n private veehickles. Who'd want to ride in an old boneshaker like this unless he had to git somewheres mighty bad?"

One of the inside passengers had evidently overheard him, for he leaned out of the window and suggested that if Peter would walk his horses on the rough stretches there would be fewer bones shaken. He slowed his horses down with a grin. "There's no pleasin' 'em," he whispered to Jonathan. "They'll put up a howl now if they're late gittin' into Jacksonville. No, sir, if you're goin' to do it, you got to do it right. Not only good coaches but good roads. Then we kin beat them steam devils

from comin' in here. We could even cut the fare in half to discourage 'em."

Jonathan puzzled over this suggestion. Finally he said: "But if we spend a lot of money to fix up the coach lines and then cut the fares in half, how can we make a profit?"

Peter looked at him in disgust. "You're not plannin' this jest to make money?"

"No, of course not," Jonathan said heatedly. "But if we don't make money, how are we going to fix up the roads and the coaches?"

Peter flicked the ear of the lead horse with his whip. "That's your worry, my lad. I drive the coaches. You handle the business end. I never had no use for business anyhow."

There was a long period of silence while Jonathan struggled with the problem. Before he could solve it, they came in sight of a good-sized town whose church steeples rose white against the northern sky.

"That's Jacksonville," Peter said. "We ought to make it before it gits real dark."

When they reached the edge of the town, he stopped his coach to light the two side lamps. They drove on in the gathering darkness; the horses whinnied loudly and broke into a fast trot of their own accord, and the coach rattled and bumped over streets that were in worse condition than the open road.

Several people were waiting at the station. Jonathan looked apprehensively at the men standing there, trying to guess which one was Mr. Moore. When Peter brought the horses to a stop, a man hurried forward to speak to him. As he came within the circle of light cast by the coach lamp and threw back his head to peer up at them, Jonathan saw a long thin face on which there was a quizzical expression of half-earnest, half-jesting inquiry. High cheekbones and a dark complexion made the stranger look like an Indian, but no Indian ever had the big, full-lipped mouth that was drawn up into a welcoming smile. And the eyes, set far apart and deep brown in color, were as bright and merry as a child's.

"Have you a passenger by the name of Jonathan Bradford?"

he asked Peter in a voice which seemed to indicate that he was vastly amused at this way of finding a new son in the darkness of a coach station. Peter jerked his finger toward the small boy sitting on the box with him. "That's him," he said. "Come round t'other side, and I'll hand him down."

Jonathan remained very still, huddled under the blanket, until the stranger reached his side of the coach. His mind was in a turmoil, wondering what this new father would be like.

A pair of strong arms swung him to the ground. "Welcome to Jacksonville," his foster father said cordially. "Did you have a good journey?"

"Yes, sir, I did," Jonathan replied in a formal voice. "You're Mr. Moore, aren't you?"

"I am. And now if I can get your baggage, we'll be ready to start for home."

Jonathan stood eying him warily while Peter Wooley took down his cord-bound box of clothing. Moore picked up the little wooden case by one handle and weighed it judiciously. "It's light enough," he said, "but it'll get tangled up in my legs if I try to carry it alone."

"I could help," Jonathan said eagerly. "I'm strong enough to hold up my end."

"That's good," Moore chuckled. "I like people who can hold up their own end. We'd better take it slowly, though. I warn you that you have an ordeal ahead of you, young man. Mrs. Moore has prepared a turkey dinner in your honor, and she'll be considerably put out if you don't do it justice."

Jonathan said good-by to Peter Wooley; then they started for the college campus, which was a mile outside the town. By an adroitly managed series of questions, Moore kept the boy's mind so occupied that he had no time to think about himself. They were at the house before he realized it.

The kitchen door was thrown open; light streamed out, silhouetting the figures of a woman and two small children, a five-year-old boy and a girl of three. Jonathan could not see their faces until he was led into a log-walled room filled with the odor of roasting turkey. The little boy scurried past him to

get to the fireplace before the turkey burned. He seized the spit handle and turned it, grinning good-naturedly at Jonathan.

The girl, a tiny creature with auburn curls and a chubby frightened face, clutched at her mother's skirts when she was told to kiss her new brother. After much coaxing, she reluctantly went to Jonathan and hurriedly brushed his cheek with her lips. Then she backed away and started to cry. Her mother picked her up and put her on a chair near the fireplace, where she sat watching the intruder with wide, suspicious eyes.

Mrs. Moore was a little woman with a placid, serious face; she wore a white cap pinned down on straight brown hair that was parted in the middle and drawn down over her ears. Like her Quaker forebears, she dressed always in gray; on this special occasion she had put on a woolen dress with a white collar and cuffs. She asked Jonathan to help her set the table.

It was a sumptuous meal. Bowls of steaming hot beef-marrow soup were followed by the huge turkey, which was taken off the spit and brought to the table slightly charred around the edges but well cooked and stuffed with chestnut dressing. With it came baked potatoes and bright yellow squash. There were side dishes of wild-fruit jellies, candied watermelon rind, and nuts which the children had gathered in the forest groves. For dessert they had apple pie and sugar candies. Jonathan had never eaten so much. His long coach journey had given him a good appetite, and Mrs. Moore kept filling his plate. It was very different from his father's house, where food had been something dished out of a pot, put on a plate, and eaten as quickly as possible.

Moore evidently guessed what he was thinking. "No, Jonathan," he said, twisting his mouth into its habitually curious smile, "you won't be fed like this all the time. This is a special occasion. You'll have cold turkey as long as it lasts, and then we'll have to go back to our usual diet of—let's see, what shall it be next week?—stewed crow's feet or pemmican?"

Jonathan's face fell.

"Now, William, you must not tease the child," Mrs. Moore said. "He's not used to your ways, and he doesn't know how

you carry on. We eat well enough, Jonathan. Mr. Moore is a good provider, so we never go hungry, although we don't have turkey every night."

Jonathan spoke hardly a word throughout the whole meal. He studied the faces of the people around the table and listened to the children's chatter about the family's daily activities. Little Lucy kept staring at him, but every time he looked toward her she turned away in embarrassment. Danny talked about boys whose names meant nothing to Jonathan. Mr. and Mrs. Moore paid a great deal of attention to the newcomer, but he felt lonely and unhappy, so he stuffed himself with food to hide his discomfort.

When the dinner was finished, everyone helped with the dishes and the cleaning up. Then the two younger children were put to bed, and William Moore led Jonathan to the parlor, where he had started a fire to take the chill off the little-used room.

The Moores had brought some of their belongings from Pennsylvania to make their prairie home more comfortable. A fine mahogany clock stood on the mantel over the fireplace; there were curtains at the windows, rag rugs on the floor, and small ornamental pieces of china and glass distributed around the room. Even the furniture, although plain and square, was more luxurious than any Jonathan had ever seen.

He was seated in a high-backed chair by the fire, while Moore strode up and down, questioning his newly adopted son about his education and background. He was worried, for he had offered to adopt the boy sight unseen because he thought his presence in Jacksonville would help to swing sentiment toward the Abolitionists. Now that he had seen Jonathan and realized that he was dealing with a human being rather than a symbol of the Alton riot, his conscience was troubled. He was bringing a young and sensitive child into the midst of conflict.

"I suppose you've had some religious training?" he began cautiously.

Jonathan did not know quite what to say. His father had been a devoutly religious man, but he had always refused to join

a church. "My father used to read the Bible to me," he countered.

"But didn't you go to church?"

"No, sir."

"That's all right," his foster father said cheerfully. "I'm glad you have no religious affiliations."

"You mean you're glad I don't go to any special church?"

William Moore nodded.

"My father said he thought God was too big to live in any one house," Jonathan said.

Moore smiled and reached into his pocket for a much-folded piece of paper. "I have a letter here from Mr. Whitney about you," he said. "He told me a great deal, but he evaded the question of religious affiliation. Perhaps he was afraid I'd disapprove." He scanned the letter quickly, occasionally looking up at Jonathan as if to confirm what he was reading.

George Whitney's spidery handwriting set forth Jonathan's pedigree with a conciseness that came from the desire to avoid too long a contact with so unfamiliar an instrument as the pen.

The boy is named Jonathan Bradford. He comes from good but poor family. His people came here from Boston five years ago. His mother died four years ago giving birth to a child which was dead. His father was a carpenter and a good one. His mother was a kind woman but I did not no her well because she died too soon after settling in Alton. Her name was Mary. My wife says she cud read and rite and sifer. The boy got good marks in school but not in all subjeks. He is nine years old and helthy.

"M-m. Mr. Whitney says you got good marks in school but not in all subjects. What are the scholastic deficiencies at which he hints?"

"Scholastic deficiencies" drew a blank look from Jonathan. Moore had to explain.

"Oh!" said Jonathan, brightening. "He must mean ciphering. I can't seem to make the numbers come out right."

"Well, you've certainly come to the right place to correct that. I pride myself that I can teach anyone arithmetic. We'll improve

your ciphering quickly enough. What else would you like to learn?"

Jonathan looked at his foster father for a long minute before he spoke. "I want to learn all about slavery, sir. I want to know everything that'll help me fight it."

"That's a pretty big order, my boy."

Jonathan shook his head determinedly. "I'll study. I'll do anything to get even with—" his face was tense, and his childish voice faltered before he spoke the words "—with the men who killed my father," he said finally.

William Moore looked down at the small boy sitting on the edge of the chair, trying not to show the pity he felt. Poor little devil, he said to himself. To be thrown into this so early. . . .

But Jonathan was standing up. "I'm an Abolitionist, sir, and I'm proud of it. That's why I was glad to come here to live with you. They told me in Alton you were a real Abolitionist yourself."

"And so I am, my boy. Your hand on that. We'll fight together."

They shook hands gravely. "Now," said Moore, "your first lesson in true Abolitionism should be this. Hate ideas or institutions, but never hate people, for they are as much the victims of circumstance as you are yourself. Try not to think of the men who killed your father. They did a terrible thing, but the issue goes beyond them. We're engaged in a battle for human liberty. We must have motives higher than the purely personal reasons which influence most people's lives. We must——" He could see that the boy did not understand his abstract words, and he groped for simpler expressions. He began to talk in parables. "Let's put it this way, son. Once there was a farmer who had a big fine horse, but the horse ran away and ate some dangerous weed that grows in the desert. When the horse came home he was like a mad beast. He trampled the chickens under his hoofs and broke all the fences. The farmer was afraid, so he ran into the house, took down his gun, and shot the animal. Now, do you think that was sensible?"

"No, sir," said Jonathan promptly.

"What would you do?"

"Well, I'd try to get rid of the weed so it wouldn't hurt any other horses."

Moore looked pleased. "That's the way it is with slavery, Jonathan. We've got to get rid of the weed that's poisoning our people. It will do no good to kill those who have eaten it—we've got to get rid of the weed itself."

"But the men who killed my father——"

"Wait, I'm not finished," Moore said. "I'm going to try to explain things to you. When this country first became a nation, many of its leading citizens thought slavery would die away by itself. But then a man named Eli Whitney invented a machine which made it easy to remove the seeds from cotton. Cotton quickly became a very profitable crop—so profitable that men mined the soil to grow it. As soon as they wore out the soil they needed fresh land to grow more cotton. And they needed more and more slaves. They kept pressing on into new areas, opening up the untilled soils of the Gulf States and the lower Mississippi Valley. Prices for slaves rose higher and higher, and professional traders went through the older states of the South to buy more black men to work the new plantations."

"Now," said Moore, "the slaveholders need still more land. They want the lands beyond the Mississippi, and they know that anyone who controls that river will control the new lands to the west. That's why they were so eager to silence Mr. Lovejoy. That's why they killed your father. This is a struggle between freedom and slavery to dominate the huge territory we bought from the French thirty-odd years ago under the terms of the Louisiana Purchase. We have to settle who's going to own it—the South or the whole United States."

Jonathan listened wonderingly. To him slavery had always been a personal monster vaguely connected with the Southern planters and traders who came to Alton on river boats. "It's like history," he cried. "Like history and geography and—and farming and everything."

"It is. And to be a true Abolitionist you'll have to study history

and geography and farming too. There's a lot more you'll need to know."

"I guess you have to know about 'most everything to be a good Abolitionist, don't you?" Jonathan said with shining eyes. "Well, I want to learn it all. And when I grow up I want to travel through the South to see what slavery's like. I'm going to be a real Abolitionist, sir. I'm——"

Mrs. Moore entered the room. "Now, William," she protested, "this is no way to talk to a young boy the first night he comes to live with us. I heard what you were saying. I do declare—your passion for education sometimes makes you forget that your pupils are human beings. You can't pump learning into them day and night. And they can't be Abolitionists all the time. They have to eat and sleep and occasionally think about other things."

Her husband smiled. "A good Abolitionist is a good Abolitionist twenty-four hours a day, and he still ought to have plenty of time left for other matters. You can't have a schedule for fighting slavery. However, I've said enough to Jonathan for this evening, so I'll turn him over to you now. I promised to report to Dr. Beecher the safe arrival of our new son." He turned to Jonathan and held out his hand again. "Good night, my boy. I hope you'll like it here." Then he vanished into the kitchen, where he picked up his coat and softly closed the door behind him so as not to disturb the children sleeping upstairs.

His wife looked at the small boy sitting opposite her on the other side of the fireplace. "Don't mind Mr. Moore's ways, Jonathan," she said. "He's a good man, but he thinks the world is run by reason and can be perfected by knowledge. You'll have plenty of time to hear all his theories. Right now I think it's more important to try to make you feel at home."

"I was right interested in what he had to say about slavery, ma'am."

"You'll hear a lot more about it," she predicted. Then she motioned to Jonathan to move his chair closer to hers. "Tell me about yourself, child. I hardly know who you are yet. I want to

hear all about you—what you've done and what you want to do and what you think of this great wide curious world."

Living alone with his father had made Jonathan uncommunicative, but he was in great need of someone to whom he could unburden his soul. Ever since his mother's death he had longed for the warm understanding of a woman. Mrs. Moore's sympathetic attitude made it easy for him to speak about himself. Before long he was talking to her as if he had known her all his life. She sat listening and commenting only occasionally on what he had to say. She had the rare gift of being able to ask the right question at the right time, but she saw to it that the conversation was not simply a one-sided affair. She told Jonathan about her girlhood in Pennsylvania, where she had been raised as the daughter of a Quaker family, and she explained to him that she was almost as much of an orphan as he was, for her family had cast her off when she married outside her religion. She told him, too, about her own children, and she spoke of her dead son whose place he had come to take.

The fire died down until only the embers were left. Mrs. Moore leaned over and stirred the glowing logs with a poker. The flames leaped up again, filling the room with their warm radiance. As she settled back in her chair she saw Jonathan looking at her with his eyes shining in the firelight. For a moment she thought he was her own son. He was within a month of being the same age, and although he bore no actual resemblance to the dead boy, she suddenly felt that he was the symbolic replacement of all she had lost. Almost instinctively she stretched out her arms. Jonathan came to her quivering with emotion. When he felt the soft touch of her bosom it acted like a catalyst to his long-controlled feelings. All the pent-up misery, the dry-eyed mourning for his father, and his own sense of loneliness in a world where he had been afraid he was not wanted burst forth in a sudden flood of tears. He knew now what he had always been seeking, and he had at last found it. The house which had seemed strange and unfamiliar had become a home.

BOOK TWO

*The Education
of an
Abolitionist*

THE SOUTHERN STATES
1852-53





IV

THE FIELDS on both sides of the road were filled with growing corn; the stalks were already three feet high; and every rain added appreciable inches to them. The night was very still—so still that the old horse's footbeats seemed indecently loud, and the rolling buggy wheels, swishing and slushing in the soft earth, sounded as if they were trying to hush the intruding hoofs. Far ahead, the lights of Jacksonville dotted the horizon. Moved by the mysterious instinct that gives new vigor to a horse when he thinks of the stable, the tired animal threw up his head and whinnied eagerly. The buggy wheels murmured a shocked protest.

Some associational link in Jonathan's brain clicked into place; he recalled the night fifteen years before when he had first ridden into Jacksonville, and he smiled reminiscently when he thought of the small boy on the high coach seat peering apprehensively ahead for a glimpse of the stranger who was to be his father.

He was returning from a long trip across the state to hear Theodore Parker. After the lecture, the celebrated antislavery minister had spent several hours with him, listening sympathetically to his problems and agreeing that he must put everything aside to study slavery at firsthand. Parker was emphatic

in saying that too many Abolitionists tended to think of slavery in abstract terms—they needed to observe it in operation to learn how to fight it. And he pointed out that it was advisable for Jonathan to visit the South while he was still young. Once he had become publicly identified with the Abolitionist movement, it would be impossible for him to enter that part of his own country and come out unscathed.

"My greatest regret," Parker had said, "is that I was too poor to travel in the South when I was young—now I can't go there. I'll help you all I can. God knows we need trained recruits. We've lost every encounter with the slaveholders. We annexed Texas for their benefit; we fought the Mexican War to give them new territory; and then we permitted the Fugitive Slave Law to be passed. Sometimes I wonder why we don't abdicate altogether, and let the South rule the nation."

Jonathan knew that Parker had denounced Daniel Webster for the part he had played in sponsoring the Compromise of 1850, which had foisted the infamous Fugitive Slave Act on the North. Parker was openly contemptuous of laws that attempted to hold men in bondage. He had helped fugitive slaves to escape, and his house in Boston was reputed to be a way station on the Underground Railroad that reached from the Southern states to Canada. Arrest, imprisonment, a thousand-dollar fine, and liability to a suit for damages from the owner of the runaway hung over the head of anyone who aided a fleeing Negro, but Parker—and hundreds of men like him—refused to be bound by a Federal enactment which they believed conflicted with a higher law than any that man could write.

Jonathan had left the magnetic little minister, filled with a sense of irrepressible excitement that even the tedium of the long journey home could not dampen. Yet his enthusiasm was underladen with sadness, for the family with which he had lived for fifteen years was breaking up. William Moore was going to Dartmouth, where a good Abolitionist was needed to counteract the influence of the proslavery president of that institution; Lucy was to study with Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe in

his celebrated asylum for the blind, and now he himself would be away for a whole year in the South. He stared solemnly at the old horse's twitching ears, thinking of what the long separation would mean. And he wondered what it would be like to be alone in hostile country where Abolitionists were tarred and feathered and sometimes killed.



Fortunately, the man from whom Jonathan had borrowed the horse and buggy had gone to bed, so there was no need to spend precious minutes thanking him. He closed the door of the stable and hurried up the hill to the Moores' house, where a light was still burning in the kitchen window.

The family thronged around him, asking a dozen questions at once. "It's all settled," he announced. "Mr. Parker has agreed to help me."

On the other side of the room Lucy stood looking at him. Their glances met, and for a moment, Jonathan forgot the family's congratulations. There was no gladness in her eyes—they were hurt and resentful. In the lamp glow her auburn hair gleamed, setting off her white skin and softening the high cheekbones that cast delicate shadows on her face. At eighteen, her figure was matured; her rounded breasts and swelling curves were evident even under the yards of brown bombazine she was wearing.

Jonathan turned away from her, oddly disturbed, to address his foster father. "Yes," he went on in a more subdued voice, "he says he'll find someone in Boston to help out with a loan."

The money Jonathan had inherited from his father was still intact, but more was needed to finance a year of traveling.

"That's good," William Moore said. "The training you've had in agriculture will be useful too. You'll be able to talk to planters and their overseers so convincingly that they'll never suspect you."

"I want to see that you have a proper outfit of clothing," Mrs. Moore said. "I'm told that Southern gentlemen are very elegant."

"I'm not going on a grand tour of the plantations," Jonathan

objected. "Southern gentlemen mean nothing to me. It's the Negroes I want to see."

"You can see 'em both. Right now I think you ought to have something to eat. You must be starved." Mrs. Moore headed for the kitchen, taking Lucy with her. Jonathan sat down at the table, where Danny began to plague him with questions.

The two boys looked as if they really were brothers. They were both tall and rangy; they both had dark skin and black hair and the casual slouching habit that often masks an intensely nervous disposition, but Danny was ingenuous and good-natured, while Jonathan was distrustful of strangers, stubborn, and reticent. The terrible night on which his father had been killed had left its mark upon him.

Danny, who was four years younger than Jonathan, was still oblivious of the subtle change that had taken place between his foster brother and Lucy. When she came into the room carrying a steaming bowl of soup, he pointed boyishly to Jonathan. "Ain't he the lucky one, though? Going South for a year's trip. He'll be having the time of his life while I'm sweating over Latin verbs and such stuff at Dartmouth. I wish I was going!"

Lucy tried to ignore her brother. She put the food on the table and started toward the little shed where the cooking was done.

"I hear those Southern girls are real beauties, too," he called out after her. "I'll bet Jonathan finds time to——"

His sister stopped long enough to glare at him. He snickered and subsided. Jonathan spooned up his soup, almost scalding his mouth in his haste to gulp it down. Lucy flounced out of the kitchen to remain for a long while in the cooking shed where she seemed very busy with some household chore that required a great deal of rattling of pots and pans.

William Moore changed the subject tactfully. "You haven't told us about the lecture," he said to Jonathan. "I'm sure Mr. Parker must have had lots of interesting things to say."

Jonathan, relieved at being able to speak of impersonal matters, summarized Parker's lecture. His foster father listened

gravely. It was nearly an hour later when Mrs. Moore hinted that it was time for them all to go to bed.

Lucy suddenly reappeared in the kitchen to signal to Jonathan that she wanted to talk to him alone. "I'm glad you were able to persuade Mr. Parker to help you," she said as soon as the others had gone. "But you'll be away for such a long time!"

"You'll be so busy working with Dr. Howe that you won't even notice I'm gone," he said. "You'll be grown up by the time I return."

Lucy had obtained a position with Dr. Howe because she had thought she wanted to pattern her life after such noted women reformers as Maria Child and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Now she was not so sure.

"I wish you'd get over treating me like your baby sister," she complained.

She was beautiful as she stood facing him in the lamplight. Jonathan was torn between his desire to speak and the need to hold his tongue. But this was no time to be making promises. For a year he must consecrate his life to the antislavery cause with the single-minded devotion of a monk.

His long silence made her furious. "You still think I'm a child. Well, I'm not. I'm not, I tell you!" She turned swiftly, almost upsetting the table lamp. Jonathan was left alone in the kitchen, wondering what he had done to bring on such an outburst. He went up the stairs shaking his head. Girls were strange creatures. Why couldn't they be sensible? He had important work to do, and Lucy knew it. It wasn't like her to be so—well, so female.



During the weeks of preparation for moving, Lucy was miserable. At first she tried to keep aloof from Jonathan; then she realized that she must make him speak before he left for the South. She had always disdained the husband-hunting wiles other girls used, but now she taught herself their ways. She discarded the old brown bombazine dress inherited from her mother's wardrobe; she wore her best clothes even on weekdays

and saved her money for a new outfit to be purchased as soon as she reached Boston.

When the long journey east began, Lucy saw to it that she was thrown into Jonathan's company as much as possible. Danny and his father were inveterate checker players whose passion for the game did not leave them much time to spend with her. They traveled with a checkerboard on their knees, and through prairie land and lake country, mountains, cities, and scenery of every kind, they pushed their black and red men across the board, oblivious of everything around them. When Lucy was not with her mother, she was with Jonathan. She sat with him on the trains and walked with him on the deck of the lake steamer that took them from Cleveland to Buffalo. She spent every moonlit hour on deck hoping that the same greenish orb which had inspired Romeo would loosen Jonathan's reluctant tongue, but he kept the conversation exasperatingly impersonal.

He was as unhappy as she was, but he thought of himself as a crusader about to set forth on a holy mission. He had to put off any idea of marriage until he had served his apprenticeship in the cause that was more important to him than anything else on earth. What did personal affairs matter when three million human beings cried aloud to be free?

When they took the train at Buffalo, Lucy knew she had only a short time left. She became almost shameless in her pursuit, and it maddened her to see herself blocked at every turn by Jonathan's seeming obtuseness. The journey became a tantalizing series of lost opportunities. They crossed upper New York State; to Jonathan it was sacred antislavery territory—the home of Gerrit Smith and Frederick Douglass; to Lucy it was a narrowing of her chances, for they were rapidly nearing Boston. She became waspish and critical. They came into Albany in the midst of her first quarrel with Jonathan, and as the train entered Massachusetts, she could hardly see the landscape through her tears.

Her parents watched her struggle sympathetically, although her father was inclined to be facetious, for he was sure everything would eventually be all right. But Mrs. Moore observed

tartly that a girl could not get married unless she was asked.

When the train pulled into the Boston terminal, Lucy knew she had lost. Jonathan helped her out of the train, looking so cheerful that she wanted to slap him.

V

THE MOORES WENT to a boardinghouse catering to antislavery people. It was a plain brick dwelling that rose straight from the sidewalk without a lawn or a garden to relieve its bare ugliness; heat waves shimmered on the surface of the street, and the bare walls of the houses caught and held the scorching rays of the sun.

The door was opened by a stout, amply bosomed woman who introduced herself as Mrs. Taylor. She greeted Mrs. Moore and Lucy effusively and urged them to come in out of the awful heat, paying no attention to the men whom she left to bring in the luggage. Long experience in her business had taught her that only the women needed to be pleased.

She led the way to a small, darkened back parlor, where she immediately engaged them in a conversation about their journey, the hot weather, and the other innocuous trivialities with which one begins an interview with strangers, and was just getting started on more personal subjects, when the men came in. She had to suspend conversation while her guests unpacked and washed, but she captured them again as soon as they came downstairs for dinner.

During the summer of 1852, Abolitionist discussion was dominated by one subject—the amazing success of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Mrs. Taylor naturally wanted to know whether her guests had yet read that celebrated work.

"We read it in *The National Era*," Lucy said. "It was dreadful to have to wait for each installment."

Mrs. Taylor smiled approvingly. "But that shows you're real Abolitionists. We all read it in the *Era*. Only uninformed people have to read the book."

"There must be a lot of uninformed people," Mr. Moore said. "I hear they can't keep the presses running fast enough to supply the demand."

"Poor Harriet! She's making a fortune, but she's having her troubles too. I've heard"—here Mrs. Taylor lowered her voice for dramatic effect—"that she received a parcel from the South with a human ear in it—a black ear cut from the head of some poor slave."

Mrs. Taylor sat back, fanning herself vigorously and obviously gratified by the effect the shocking incident had on her listeners. "And that's not all. I understand she's likely to be sued for damages by some minister who claims she libeled him in her book. It hardly seems fair, for of course everyone knows poor dear Harriet couldn't possibly have written such a sensational book all by herself."

"I never heard that," Mr. Moore said seriously.

"Oh, my, yes. It's common gossip."

"I dare say it is," he replied.

Mrs. Taylor looked at him uneasily. "Well, I have it on very good authority. Of course, I can't mention any names. There are some who say her husband helped her. But Calvin is such a mousy little man that I can't believe it. Anyway, I'm sure the book will do our cause a great deal of good, although they do say it'll create unnecessary hard feeling in the South. But Harriet is so like the other Beechers—determined to have her own way at any cost. You're friends of Dr. Edward Beecher, aren't you? I love his sermons."

Edward Beecher had left the presidency of Illinois College eight years before to come to Boston, where he was officiating as minister at the Salem Street Church. He had been instrumental in obtaining Moore's appointment at Dartmouth.

"Yes," said Moore politely. "I must get in touch with him tomorrow."

"He's such a wonderful person," Mrs. Taylor breathed. Then

she rang a little silver bell that stood on a table beside her. A colored girl came in from the kitchen.

"Is the baron here yet?" Mrs. Taylor asked, rolling the word "baron" under her tongue.

"No'm, he ain't. He's late again."

"Very well, we'll wait," Mrs. Taylor said in her most queenly manner. She turned to Mrs. Moore. "I do so want you to meet Baron Wandrei. He's a German nobleman, exiled from his country because of that terrible revolution a few years ago. Of course, you mustn't call him Baron to his face, for he no longer has the right to use the title, but he really is a baron. And so European!"

The colored maid retired to the kitchen. Mrs. Taylor placidly went on with her discussion of personalities. Most of what she said was lost on her auditors, for she had that deplorable habit—so often characteristic of scandalmongers—of expecting her listeners to be as well informed about the background of her victims as she was herself. She plunged on, assuming that her guests would understand her casual allusions to people by their first names, the obscure family relationships, and all the antecedent details that only a lifetime of intimate acquaintanceship can establish.

There was the click of a key in the front door. Mrs. Taylor stopped her rambling discourse to listen. When she heard a light footstep on the stairs, she asked mincingly: "Oh, Mr. Wandrei, is that you?"

A deep voice replied from the hallway. Mrs. Taylor wriggled expectantly in her chair. Jonathan looked up to see a tall, blond German of about thirty appear in the doorway. He advanced across the room with military precision and bowed to Mrs. Taylor. Then he lifted her hand and kissed it. Jonathan had read about such gestures, but he had never seen them performed. When Wandrei was presented to Mrs. Moore and Lucy, he kissed their hands too. Jonathan was irritated to see that Lucy actually seemed to relish the experience.

Yet the man did not appear to be the usual foreign popinjay one thought of in connection with such silly gestures as hand

kissing. Jonathan looked at him appraisingly and saw that Wandrei was even taller than he was and a good twenty or thirty pounds heavier.

"Did you have a frightful day at the office?" Mrs. Taylor cooed, after introducing the male members of the Moore family.

Wandrei spoke with a hardly noticeable accent, although he was careful to phrase his sentences slowly. "No, as a matter of fact, dear madame, I found our windows facing the Common the coolest place in town."

"Mr. Wandrei is—ah—temporarily engaged in the office of one of his compatriots," Mrs. Taylor explained.

Wandrei smiled engagingly. "I hope it's not temporary. Working for Mr. Ahrenfeldt is the only way I have of making a living."

Mrs. Taylor waved her hand deprecatingly, but Wandrei did not notice her. He was busy looking at Lucy.

"As soon as you're ready, Mr. Wandrei," the landlady said. "Dinner is fifteen minutes late."

"I'm sorry," he murmured. "I never can get away until Mr. Ahrenfeldt has closed and locked the office. If I may have a moment to wash——"

Mrs. Taylor nodded graciously. Wandrei helped her out of her chair. Then he clicked his heels and bowed to Mrs. Moore and Lucy as they went toward the dining room.



Dinner at Mrs. Taylor's was the one daily occasion at which all her boarders had an opportunity to meet. There were not many of them, for her house was small, and during the summer their number was even further reduced. The Moore family almost monopolized the dining-room table, giving them a clannish feeling of solidarity that enabled them to hold their own against the more permanently established boarders.

"This is Mrs. Twitchell," Mrs. Taylor said, proudly indicating a withered old woman. "One of the Lexington Twitchells. Her husband fought in the Revolution."

Jonathan was startled; he wondered how old the ancient crone could be. It was seventy years since the Wars of the Revolution.

Mrs. Taylor went on to explain. "Mrs. Twitchell married her husband long afterward, of course. In fact, she's one of the youngest Revolutionary widows we have."

The doddering relic mumbled a few words of greeting, and the landlady then presented an elderly gentleman. "And this is Josiah Munday. I'm sure you've all heard of Mr. Munday."

Jonathan racked his brain and vaguely recalled a Munday who had some connection with the early development of the Abolitionist movement. While he was trying to place Munday, Mrs. Taylor introduced a young married couple whose names and faces made no impression on Jonathan, for Wandrei had entered the room and was deliberately seating himself next to Lucy.

Mrs. Taylor leaned over to Mrs. Moore. "Try to get Mrs. Twitchell to talk," she whispered. "Hearing her is almost as good as living through the Revolution. She's too young to remember it herself, of course, but she's treasured every word her husband told her."

Mrs. Moore tried to draw the old lady out, but Mrs. Twitchell had to devote all her efforts to the mastication of her food—a major task for her badly fitted teeth. When the boiled chicken was served, she seized a leg and worried it like an old dog growling over a bone.

Munday addressed Mr. Moore and began to talk about the coming Free-Soil Presidential Convention with the enthusiasm of a man who was obviously a perpetual follower of minor parties and a supporter of causes that were lost even before they began. Everyone knew that the Presidential election to be held that fall was as good as settled. The Whigs were almost extinct as a political party, and the Free-Soilers could not hope to stand up against the solidly entrenched Democrats who had just nominated Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire (a Northern man of Southern principles). He was anathema to antislavery people because he was a Democrat, and General Winfield Scott, the Whig candidate and Mexican War hero, had damned himself with the Abolitionists because of his record in a war they considered an act of proslavery imperialism.

"We won't win the election," Munday said grimly, "but it's a shame people don't understand the importance of a protest vote. A few hundred thousand ballots piled up against the slaveholders might influence some of our Northern legislators. And who knows?—we might even gain a few seats in Congress."

The political discussion attracted Wandrei's attention. "The Free-Soil party should have a good chance now," he said. "So far as I can see, the Democrats and the Whigs stand for the same principles. Such a situation always leaves room for a third party. You may be able to coalesce antislavery sentiment throughout the country."

Munday sighed. "You can't coalesce antislavery sentiment. Every time two Abolitionists get together, there's an argument, and when three of them meet, there's a fight. You can't get antislavery people to agree about anything except that they'd like to see the slaves freed—and I'm not sure some of 'em would really unite on that."

"I know," Wandrei said sadly. "Factionalism is the curse of any new and progressive movement." He went on to draw a parallel between the Abolitionist parties in America and the liberal parties of Europe. Lucy listened to him with rapt attention. He was totally unlike any man she had ever met. She began to build up romantic images of him; she saw him moving in the cosmopolitan society of a sophisticated and brilliant world where colorfully costumed people talked of things far beyond her simple experience. He brought to mind pictures of old cathedral cities sleeping in the sun, of vineyards and peasants, and of gay operas and faintly wicked masquerade balls. Yet he was talking of European politics, and he spoke of the restlessness surging through Europe, ready to tear it apart and destroy all the ancient beauties she was dreaming about. But to her Vienna meant opera, and the word "France" was filled with associations of wines and gaiety; Rome was a place of classical and papal splendor, and Wandrei's native Germany was a country of forests and castles where gnomes and Rhineland maidens were more interesting than the realities of the struggle for political freedom of which he was actually speaking.

"The liberal party of Europe may be more advanced than we are," Munday said, "but its problems are wholly different. Europe has its troubles, but it doesn't have to contend with slavery. And slavery is concentrated here in one section of the country. We have to make the Yankees realize that it affects them too."

"He's a Southerner," the Revolutionary lady said testily, warning everyone at the table to beware of anything Munday might say.

"I was born in the South," Munday admitted, "but that doesn't mean that I can't see the problem clearly—perhaps more clearly than you Northerners do."

"Mr. Munday comes from an old Charleston family," Mrs. Taylor said in an effort to keep the peace and at the same time make it clear to the newcomers that any Southerner at her table would be of good antecedents.

Munday seemed embarrassed. "It's an old family, all right, but it's not very distinguished. My father kept a tailor shop, and my brother still runs it. I worked there myself until Theodore Weld persuaded me to come north."

Mention of the mysterious Theodore Weld, who had been an unseen power in the Abolitionist movement for years, roused Jonathan's interest. "I've always wanted to meet someone who knew Theodore Weld," he said. "I've almost begun to believe he's a myth."

"He's a peculiar person," Munday said reluctantly. "He hated publicity, so he always worked through others, keeping himself as obscure as possible. And then, too, he ruined his health and nearly lost his voice from too much speaking. He's teaching school in New Jersey now, and I'm sure he's happy most people have forgotten he's alive."

"I was brought up on his book," Jonathan said. Among his earliest memories was the tall slim volume of reports on the horrors of slavery which Weld had compiled under the title *Slavery as It Is*.

"I helped him work on it," Munday said. "We got the Southern newspapers from the New York Commercial Reading

Room, and for half a year we sat cutting and pasting clippings. They made a mighty useful book. There's nothing like letting a man condemn himself in his own words."

Munday gave Jonathan a glowing account of the far-off days in the early thirties, when the antislavery crusade was just getting under way. Under Weld's guidance he had become a member of the Seventy, an ardent band that took its name from the seventy evangelists who went forth in Biblical days to convert the world to Christianity. The members of this group had traveled thousands of miles through the small towns of the North; in some communities they were welcomed, but they had often met with resistance, and in some cases they had been mobbed and driven out of town.

"The spirit we had then is almost dead now," he said. "We were prepared to take the country by storm. We made speeches by the thousand, and we got up petitions to Congress by the tens of thousands. We labored day and night, and it seems to me now that I didn't sleep for weeks on end."

"But nothing came of it?"

Munday shrugged his shoulders. "The slaves are still in bondage."

As the veteran Abolitionist went on to describe the discouragements and defeats he had met, Jonathan wondered how he could be so cheerful. Munday had seen the effort to colonize the Negroes in Africa fail; he had been through the long series of internal disputes which had split the Abolitionist movement into several dissident groups; he knew all the arguments for or against immediate emancipation; he had heard all the controversies as to whether the Abolitionists should enter politics or hold themselves aloof. He had devoted the last twenty years of his life to the antislavery cause, and he had become old and tired from the struggle, but he was still willing to fight on, although the chances of winning seemed more hopeless now than when he had begun.

Jonathan summoned up enough courage to ask him point-blank why he had become an Abolitionist.

The old man smiled reminiscently. "That's a question I've

never quite been able to answer myself. All I know is that I'm not sorry. I could have stayed in Charleston doing what my brother does—secret work that doesn't get you into trouble and make you feel that half the people in the country want to kill you while the other half don't care whether they do or not. I could have gone on bowing obsequiously to our customers and showing concern about their silly clothes. But whenever I had to speak to one of those pretty gentlemen, I found myself thinking that for his pleasure the lives of a hundred slaves were ground out like wheat under a millstone. I was sick of dressing up wealthy puppets, sick of listening to their endless chatter about horses and women and cards. I wanted to do honest work for a cause I thought was important. I became an active Abolitionist, and then, of course, I had to leave the South. I'm not sorry, but I do pity my brother. He still has to bow and scrape to men he loathes as much as I do. Poor Sylvester—he had to keep quiet and remain in Charleston with Mother. She's dead now, but he's too old to break away from the only kind of life he's ever known."

Mrs. Taylor was annoyed at seeing two of her guests preoccupied by their own conversation. She caught Jonathan's attention and began to tell him about the imposing public reception given to Daniel Webster a few days before the Moores had arrived. Webster was still in disfavor with the Abolitionists for his defense of the Fugitive Slave Act, but the people of Boston had turned out in droves on one of the hottest days the city had ever seen.

Wandrei compared Webster's reception with the one given to Louis Kossuth when he had arrived in the country seven months before. The celebrated Hungarian revolutionist had been welcomed in New York with a spectacular demonstration. His progress through the states had at first been a triumphal procession. Then the public had gradually lost interest in him, and he was now about to return to his native Hungary an almost forgotten and disappointed man. The funds he hoped to raise for continuing the movement to free his country had finally amounted to a sum so small that it would accomplish

nothing, while the acclaim he had met was being extinguished by a tiresome wrangle about his traveling expenses.

"You're a strange people, you Americans," Wandrei said. "You raise a man up to the skies and then you get tired of him and let him fall."

Mrs. Twitchell looked up sharply to mutter something about foreigners criticizing the land that gave them refuge.

Wandrei was profuse in his apologies. "It's because I love and respect your American principles that I speak as I do. It's only the breach of them that I deplore. I want to see the United States take her rightful position as a great leader of human progress." He looked around with a troubled expression on his face.

The preserver of the memories of the American Revolution dismissed him with a wave of her chicken bone. "Too many immigrants coming here," she grumbled. "Taking up all the land and crowding us Americans out. Dirty Irish overrunning Boston. Can't walk the streets without tripping over their brats. Germans grunting their silly language everywhere I go. Soon won't be able to hear anything but foreign cackle." She returned to her bone, and Mrs. Taylor had to be tactful.

When the group around the dinner table broke up, Jonathan noted that Wandrei went to great trouble to help Mrs. Moore and Lucy from their chairs. He thought the German's excessive politeness absurd, and he wondered how Lucy could tolerate such foreign folderol. But he was annoyed to note that she actually seemed to enjoy Wandrei's attentions. She was sitting in the far end of the parlor with him, listening to him hold forth on the differences between Europe and America. Jonathan could hear his rich, deep voice boom out over the drone of general conversation.

"I have fallen in love with your America," he was saying. "Even the women here seem to have a fresh beauty that is lacking in the Old World. When Mrs. Taylor told me that you were coming here from the Illinois prairies, I must admit that I rather expected to see—well, I don't know quite what. But you outshine the young ladies I have met here in Boston."

He bent forward and whispered something that made Lucy blush. Apparently she changed the subject abruptly, for Wandrei began talking about his escape from Central Europe after the collapse of the Revolution of 1848.

Jonathan was reminded of *Othello* as he watched them: "She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd, and I loved her that she did pity them. This only is the witchcraft I have used." But he saw that it was potent magic. He must break the spell; he got up and joined them. He was surprised to see Wandrei rise to greet him with a cheerful smile. Was the man so sure of himself that he was not afraid of a rival?

Nor did his presence stop Wandrei from paying Lucy open compliments. In fact he seemed to consider Jonathan his confederate, and he turned to him for confirmation every time he said something that made her blush with pleasure. "Your sister is fascinating," he said finally. "I did not know that there were any women left in the world who could be so—so sympathetically charming."

"Miss Moore is not my sister," Jonathan said frigidly. "She's my foster sister. We are not related."

Wandrei was startled. "A thousand pardons, sir," he murmured. "I thought—no matter. You are to be congratulated anyway." He was looking at Jonathan with shrewdly appraising eyes.

As soon as Jonathan could manage it gracefully, he withdrew from their company. Wandrei's voice became more confidential. Several times Jonathan caught Lucy glancing archly toward his lonely corner. He waited there grimly.



He had a moment alone with her just before she went upstairs. "I suppose you think you've made a conquest," he said bitterly. "That German——"

Lucy smiled tantalizingly. "He's nice, isn't he?"

Jonathan mimicked Mrs. Taylor. "And so European!"

"You could do with some of his manners!" she retorted. Skirts rustled angrily as she rushed up the stairs. Jonathan was

left to follow her unhappily, glowering at each thick-carpeted step.

VI

THE NEXT MORNING Jonathan was up before any of the Moores appeared for breakfast. Mrs. Taylor explained how to reach Theodore Parker's house, adding that, if he got lost, anyone in Boston could tell him where the famous minister lived. Jonathan discovered that this was literally true—when he became confused in the tangle of streets west of the Common, the first person he stopped directed him without hesitation to Exeter Place. It was a little alley a block west of Washington Street. Mr. Parker's house was Number One, a plain four-story building in front of which several carriages were standing.

The reception room was crowded. During his long wait, Jonathan studied the men and women who had come to ask some advice or favor of the much-harassed minister. They were of all ages and nationalities; whites and blacks mingled together in the house of this man to whom all peoples were equal in the sight of God. Some of the visitors were foreign-born, unable to speak English to the elderly spinster who interviewed each person as he arrived. She took their notes to her polylingual employer, who prided himself that he never had to send a man away because he could not communicate with him in one of the many languages at his command.

It was nearly noon when Jonathan was finally led upstairs to Parker's private study. He entered a room lined with books from floor to ceiling. An old high-backed desk crowded with papers and correspondence stood against one wall, and a few plain chairs completed the furnishings of the library. On the desk were two statues whose curious juxtaposition expressed the dual nature of the man who had chosen them to ornament his

study. One was a small bronze figure of Spartacus, the rebellious gladiator; the other, a marble head of Christ.

Parker's enormous bald head swung around to greet Jonathan. Square little glasses covered nearsighted eyes that peered out genially at the world. The squat body was dressed in black broadcloth, but it looked as though it would be more at home in overalls.

"Mr. Bradford," he said, rising and holding out a welcoming hand, "I've been awaiting your coming. You're ready for your invasion of the South, I take it. Fine! I wish we had a hundred thousand young men to send down there so they could see slavery for themselves. Sit down, my boy. I kept you waiting so I could talk to you undisturbed. Mornings are usually a bad time for me." He ruffled the papers on his desk impatiently. "You'll stay for lunch, of course. I always try to reserve my midday meal for really important matters. It should be ready by now. It's just twelve o'clock."

He went to the open window and stood beside it, listening. The noon bells of Boston began to ring. "Ah, there it is," he cried. "This household needs no other signal. We try to run things on time." He ran to the door like a boy and opened it. A heavy footstep could be heard on the stairs.

A serving woman came into the room carrying a tray filled with dishes. Parker inspected them eagerly, then his face fell. "Eggs again?" he moaned. "Can't I ever have anything but eggs for lunch?"

"You ordered 'em," the woman said imperturbably. She placed the tray on the desk, gingerly poising it on top of the welter of papers, for she had been taught never to disarrange them.

Parker sighed. "Did I?" His face brightened. "So I did. They're very special eggs. Cochin China, I believe." He turned to Jonathan. "I hope you like scrambled eggs, Mr. Bradford. It seems that you're destined to eat them."

Jonathan waved his hand cordially to indicate that he was hungry enough for anything. The maid withdrew, and the two men settled down to eat.

"Now, let's see," Parker said, pushing three quarters of the eggs onto Jonathan's plate, "it was money you wanted, wasn't it? Money. M-m, yes. I have the very man for that. We'll see him as soon as we finish here. He always lunches in his office, so we're sure to find him in at this time. Good eggs, aren't they?"

"Very good," Jonathan agreed between mouthfuls. "There must be a dozen of 'em."

"No, I shouldn't think so," said Parker judiciously. "Not more than eight, I'd say. Cochins eggs run rather large, you know."

Jonathan grunted. "I've never seen 'em. We handled the more ordinary breeds on the college farm."

"Silly-looking things, Cochins," Parker grinned. "Feathers all over their feet. A friend of mine in the country raises 'em for breeding new varieties. He brought them in from Shanghai on one of the clippers. I'm glad you're a skilled agriculturist, Mr. Bradford. Too many bright young men are training themselves to be lawyers and bankers. Certainly a good farmer is worth a dozen lawyers or bankers, although I must say the law has its attractions."

Jonathan was trying to read the titles on the backs of the books crowding the shelves. A hundred Bibles stood together; commentaries in German, Latin, Greek, and English surrounded them. Sheepskin-bound law volumes, ancient works on sorcery and witchcraft, forbidding-looking works on mathematics and science, and endless other treatises on scores of subjects walled in the room. Two flintlock muskets stood in a corner; one had been carried by Parker's grandfather at Lexington, the other had been captured from the British. They were among the minister's most prized possessions.

Jonathan knew that Parker had written his sermons with a loaded pistol lying on his desk when he had helped the fugitives William and Ellen Craft. Ellen, who was almost white, had disguised herself as an aristocratic young planter and struck out boldly for the North, taking her darker husband with her as her supposed manservant. Everything had gone well until they reached Boston; there the slave chasers caught up with them, but Parker frightened the man hunters into fleeing the city. He

had then sent the Crafts to England, where they were now living safely under the Crown laws.

A bell in a near-by church tower struck. "Twelve-thirty," Parker said. "We'd better hurry. Is there anything else you'd like to eat?"

Jonathan shook his head. Parker began to search for his hat, which was finally found behind a pile of books. "A bald head is a curse," he sighed. "It gets cold in winter and sunburns in summer." He looked with envy at Jonathan's thick black mane. "Hair," he said sadly, "is like a man's good character—we don't appreciate it until it's gone."

They stepped out the front door and were standing on the steps. Two men who had been lounging on the other side of the narrow street suddenly straightened up and began to examine them with obvious interest.

"Can I do something for you gentlemen?" Parker asked pleasantly.

The two men stared at him insolently. One of them, a tall, well-dressed person with carrot-colored hair and a bristling mustache was inspecting the minister as if he were some kind of rare biological specimen. "No, thank you," he said. "I just wanted to see what an Abolitionist looks like."

"Southerners, aren't you?" Parker asked in the same pleasant voice.

"We are, sir, and——"

"Yes, I know——" Parker interposed hastily "—'and proud of it.' I know all the Southern clichés. Your women are always 'pure,' your men always 'chivalrous.' Sometimes I wonder why you don't get tired of such expressions. It must be dreadful to go through life knowing exactly what your neighbor will say and just how he will say it."

The Southerner's face had become as red as an angry turkey's wattles. He glared at Parker and drew himself up haughtily. Parker thrust again quickly, before the man could utter the words that were choking him. "And now you're going to say: 'Are you casting aspersions on Southern character, sir? If you are, by Gad, sir——' Come, come, my good man. Grow up!

Sensible people don't talk like that. You're caricaturing yourself." Parker was grinning broadly. He took Jonathan's arm and started down the street. "Come, Mr. Bradford, we have more important things to do than stand here and let ourselves be stared at by a couple of Southern dandies who want to see an Abolitionist in the flesh."

They were halfway down the little street. "You pricked his vanity nicely," Jonathan said.

"That's the only way to treat 'em. Deflate them before they get a chance to overwhelm you with their pompousness."

Jonathan shook his head. "You can do that here in Boston—but what if you had met the gentlemen on their home ground?"

"That, I'm afraid, is another matter. Since I've never been in the South, I'm not quite sure what I'd do. But I leave the experiment to you. You can bring me back a full report on it."

"Are you often bothered by creatures like those?" Jonathan asked curiously.

Parker made a contemptuous gesture. "They do get around. They come to my sermons to make trouble sometimes, and, of course, I'm deluged with letters from them. Someday I must show you the special file in which I keep their ravings." He chuckled. "They don't like me, and I'm rather flattered that they don't. Enough of them, however. I want to prepare you to meet Mr. Tupper. He may be a bit difficult to deal with, for he hates to part with his money. Fortunately for us, however, his one weak spot is his hatred for the slaveholders. He hates them as much as I do. But he has to bide his time and say nothing. He deals with them daily in his business—in fact, most of his trade is with the South—but he knows that his aristocratic customers look down upon him as a common tradesman. So he's all for abolishing slavery just to humble them."

"But that would ruin him too," Jonathan objected.

"I shouldn't think so," Parker said mildly. "He could retire tomorrow and live for the rest of his life on his income from investments alone."

They turned into one of the streets that led to the wharves on

the east side of the city, walked through an archway under which drays loaded with merchandise were passing, and then went up a flight of stairs to a shabby little office overlooking the harbor. A short, thickset man turned away from the window and looked at them sourly.

"If you're here for money again, sir, you've come on a fool's errand," he said to Parker without a word of greeting.

"Money?" said the minister in feigned surprise. "What makes you think I want money?"

"You always do. And I've been foolish enough to give it to you. But no more. Not a penny. Not one penny, do you hear, sir?"

Parker clucked gently. "I'm sorry to hear business is bad——"

"Bad? Business isn't bad. It was never better. It's a great year for cotton, and those conceited puppies down there are ordering every luxury their pampered wives can think of. If they pay their bills, I'll have a bigger year than I ever had before."

"Then why are you worried I might ask you for money?"

Tupper waved his hands in an exasperated gesture. "It's the principle of the thing, man. I've given in to you too often. You're the only person in Boston who can get around me, and I have to put a stop to it." Mr. Tupper glared at his visitors. "Who is this young lad, and what does he want of me?"

Parker introduced Jonathan, explaining that he would state his own case as soon as Tupper had calmed down sufficiently to listen to him.

"I haven't come to ask you for a donation this time, Joel," Parker said, signaling to Tupper to be seated in the one chair in the room. "I've come to advise you how to invest some of the enormous profit you're making indirectly from slave labor."

"Things have come to a pretty pass when I have to take advice from a minister of the gospel on investing money," Tupper grumbled, ignoring the reference to the source of his income. "I suppose you can guarantee me a high rate of interest?"

"No interest at all," Parker said promptly, "at least not the earthly kind."

"Go on. Nothing could convince me now, not even if you were to offer me gold at a discount."

Parker stood in front of the office chair and gazed down at the testy little merchant. "If I didn't know you so well, Joel," he began, "I'd say you were a heartless man, a man without feelings—a perfect monster who couldn't be touched by any appeal."

"You want money!" Tupper cried, leaping to his feet. "I can tell by the sly way you're leading up to it. Well, it won't do you any good. You're not going to get anything this time. Not a penny! No, sir, not one penny!"

Parker pushed him back in his chair. "Now, Joel, you shouldn't give way to these outbursts, or you won't live very long to enjoy your precious money. Calm yourself and try to listen to Mr. Bradford's story. I want you to invest five hundred dollars in his future. It's a small investment, and it'll pay you good dividends."

"In what?" Tupper sneered. "In heaven?"

"If you ever succeed in getting there, which I very much doubt," the minister said blandly. "Be quiet, will you, while the boy tells you what he has to say."

Tupper leaned back in his chair, breathing hostility. Jonathan felt that anything he could say would be useless, but his mentor insisted that he describe the whole plan of his journey. He began hesitantly, but when he saw that his story was receiving Tupper's attention, he warmed up to his subject. When he had finished, Tupper asked him a few questions about his background. Then he leaned back and said it was a pity that Jonathan had been introduced to him by Theodore Parker. Had he come to him directly, he would have looked much more favorably upon his request. He just didn't want to give in to the wily minister. It was a matter of principle.

Theodore Parker put his hat firmly on his head and walked toward the door. "If I have prejudiced Mr. Bradford's case, there's only one thing for me to do—give him the money myself. I have a small sum put aside for a vacation for myself and my wife—but no matter. You shall have the money, Mr. Bradford. Come

with me to my banker's, and I'll get it for you. We shall not need to trouble Mr. Tupper any further." He opened the door and summoned Jonathan to follow him.

Tupper bounded out of his chair. "Wait a minute!" he yelled. "I didn't say I wouldn't let the boy have the money. I said I wouldn't let you have it—and I won't."

"A rather finely drawn distinction," Parker said. "Would you rather I left?"

"Sit down and keep out of this," Tupper said gruffly. "I'll deal directly with the lad." He opened his safe and took out a tin box from which he drew a handful of twenty-dollar gold pieces. He counted out twenty-five of these and pushed them across the desk to Jonathan, who thanked him rather embarrassedly and asked for the note he was to sign.

"Note!" Tupper snorted. "I'm no moneylender. If you're honest, you'll pay me—and if you're not, your note wouldn't be worth the paper it's written on."

"Mr. Bradford would like something else from you," Parker said gently.

"What now?"

"He'd appreciate it if you'd give him some of your valuable time and advice on traveling through the South. Perhaps a letter from you, identifying him to your Southern shipping agents would be of service. He wants to see rice plantations—cotton, and such things. I'm sure you can help him."

"That won't cost anything. He can come here any time he wants and talk to me. I'll tell him what I can."

Parker opened the door and signified to Jonathan that it was time to end the interview. Tupper dismissed them without ceremony, taking up his customary position at the window overlooking the harbor and completely ignoring their going.

The gold pieces were heavy in Jonathan's pocket as he walked down the stairs. He had never seen so much gold before, and he was somewhat awed by the thought of carrying it on his person. He would have to get a money belt and wear it hidden under his clothing.

"Five hundred dollars is a lot of money," Jonathan said.

"But I suppose it doesn't mean much to a man like Mr. Tupper."

"Don't you believe it," Parker said cheerfully. "He can remember when he didn't make that much in a year, and he's going to worry about every cent of it until you return it to him."

"Does he always carry on like that when you ask him for money?"

"Always."

"And do you always get it?"

"Always," said Parker with a grin.

VII

ONCE JONATHAN HAD OBTAINED the money needed for his journey, he began to look forward to his departure. He wanted to leave as soon as possible, but everyone warned him against traveling in the South during the hot summer months. Yellow fever, malaria, and half a dozen other diseases made the country unsafe—especially for a Northerner who was not used to the climate. He postponed his departure until the beginning of September and waited impatiently for summer to end.

William Moore went to Hanover, where he rented a small house near the college, and then returned to Boston to spend the summer with his family. The Moores quickly acclimatized themselves to the city; they explored its ancient streets, visited its places of historic interest, and even went to the Boston Museum to see their first theatrical performance. They heard Mr. Emerson speak; they went every Sunday to listen to Theodore Parker's sermons, and they attended an antislavery lecture at which William Lloyd Garrison was the chief attraction. Lucy went to South Boston for her first interview with Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe and came back eager to start work with him. He was one of the most romantic figures in the reform movement, and Lucy was naturally thrilled at the prospect of being near a

man who had fought with Byron in the Grecian War of Independence, who had walked with Lafayette through the blood-stained streets of Paris during the Revolution of 1830, and who had become world-famous for his work in educating the blind deaf-mute, Laura Bridgman. When her appointment as a nurse at the Perkins Institution was made definite, Jonathan congratulated Lucy on her good fortune, but relations between them were still strained.

He resented the attentions Wandrei paid her, but he would only make a fool of himself if he spoke of his rival unfavorably, so he pretended to be busier than he actually was with preparations for his journey. He talked at great length to Josiah Munday about the South; he visited a dozen people to whom Parker gave him letters of introduction; and he went to see Joel Tupper again.

Tupper became friendly with his young protégé. He sat with his feet propped up on his desk and talked for several hours about the places Jonathan ought to visit, and he gave him the names of his agents in various Southern ports.

"You won't have any trouble if you keep a tight mouth," he said. "Southerners like to talk anyway, so let 'em rave. They're not all fools by a damned sight, but when it comes to slavery they all stand together. Even those who have no use for it will be afraid to say much. Mix with 'em as much as you can, though. They're not hard to get along with if you don't rile 'em about slavery. In fact, they're pretty decent to strangers. Southern hospitality is no myth. It's my theory that plantation folks are so bored with seeing each other that they naturally welcome a newcomer. If one of 'em captures you, he'll try to keep you in his house for life as his pet Yankee. They're great people for pets."

A clerk came in with some shipping bills, which he timidly placed on his employer's desk. Tupper picked them up and impatiently leafed through them. "Female fixin's," he muttered. "Whalebone, silk and such fripperies. Let 'em wait." The clerk tried to speak. "Let 'em wait, I said," his employer insisted.

"They can be signed out tomorrow. There's enough such trash in the Boston stores now."

"But——"

"Let 'em wait!" Tupper roared. "I don't care who's yelling for 'em. Get that guano out of the *Cotuit's* hold. It's stinkin' up the docks, and besides it's needed in the world to grow things. All women do is make trouble."

The clerk vanished through the doorway. Tupper tossed the papers on his desk and lighted a cigar. "That's one thing you want to watch out for," he said to Jonathan. "Beware of Southern females. Yankee gals are dangerous enough, but those honey-dripping Southern belles are like bees—only not so useful. Anyway, they sting, and once they throw their barb into you they've got you paralyzed. They make a business of marrying, and they seem to favor Yankees. I don't blame 'em for that, but they can raise hell with a man. Stay away from 'em."

"I'm going on a serious trip," Jonathan protested. "I wouldn't have asked you for money otherwise."

Tupper stuck his tongue in the side of his cheek and made strange chortling sounds. "How old are you, my boy?"

"Twenty-four."

"Then you listen to what I tell you. Southern gals're going to come buzzing around you implying that they're too weak and delicate to take care of themselves. But mark my words, young man, before you know it, one of 'em'll have you all tied up in pink ribbon like a Christmas parcel. Fortunately," he grunted, "you haven't got much money. But even that won't stop some of 'em. When they slap eyes on you they'll be willing to overlook a little thing like cash—especially if their folks have enough to stake 'em with."

Jonathan blushed. "I'm in love with a Northern girl."

Tupper opened his eyes. "You're in love with a Northern girl! And she's willing to turn you loose for a year in the South? Holy cats! What's the matter with her? Hasn't she been taught the facts of life?"

"She trusts me," Jonathan said dignifiedly.

Tupper let out a snort like a steam engine blowing off its

safety valve. "What kind of people are they making these days? You young folks seem to think—— Oh, well, it's no business of mine. Tell me—are you a good shot? Can you take care of yourself with a knife and a pistol?"

"I'm a pretty good rifle shot," Jonathan said. "And I can handle a fowling piece. After all, I was raised in farm country."

"You can't travel through the South with a gun on your shoulder. It ain't considered polite, although God knows it wouldn't be such a bad idea at that. Ever shoot a pistol?"

Jonathan shook his head. Tupper sighed and began to paw through the drawers of his desk. He pulled out a small six-barreled pepperbox. "Here," he said, "take this. It's not much good, but you can wave it at some mean-lipped cracker and make him think twice before he tries to do you in. You'd better learn how to use it. You can practice off the end of one of my docks. I'll get one of the boys around here to teach you how to shoot it."

He leaned out of the window and shouted at a longshoreman. A minute later a young Irishman entered the office.

"Here," said Tupper, thrusting the pistol at him. "Take this boy out on the docks and show him how this thing works. He's leaving for the South in a few weeks, and he doesn't know how to use a pistol."

The Irishman grinned as he inspected the little weapon. "I'll be glad to, Mr. Tupper, but if I was goin' into that haythen country, it's a cannon I'd want to be takin' with me."



After several lessons, Jonathan became proficient enough with the clumsy pistol to be able to handle it without further supervision. He went to the docks every day to accustom himself to using it, often stopping in to talk with Tupper after he had finished practicing.

One morning, when he was about to set out for the water front, Lucy stopped him in the hallway. She was wearing a blue silk dress she had purchased after months of careful saving, and new dresses were scarce enough in her life to be worthy of some

comment. Jonathan was in a hurry. He scarcely glanced at her as he went to the front door.

"Jonathan," she said, "didn't you notice anything about me this morning?"

He stopped and glanced at her quickly. "No, you seem all right. What's the matter—sick?"

"I'm—not—sick," she said between clenched teeth. "I'm wearing a new dress. I'd hoped you might notice it, but I suppose that's asking too much."

"It's very pretty," he said apologetically. "M-m. Yes, it is. Rather bright in color, though, isn't it?"

"It is. Very bright. Does it offend you?"

"Oh, no. It's fine. I like it a lot. It makes you look pale though."

"That's supposed to be attractive."

"Is it? Looks queer to me."

Lucy shook her head. She would never be able to make a gallant out of Jonathan. There was no use trying. "Where are you going?" she asked despairingly.

"Down to the docks to practice pistol shooting."

"You might ask me to go with you. I don't have a new dress every day."

"You wouldn't like it there. It's dirty—and there's a lot of longshoremen and sailors around."

"I'd love it," Lucy said determinedly. "Are you going to ask me, or do I have to tag along behind you through the streets?"

"You wouldn't like it. You'd be bored."

"Why don't you let me decide that? Once more—are you going to ask me to go with you?"

"Oh, you can come along if you want to, but——"

"Thank you, darling. You always put things so graciously. However, I'm going anyway. I'll be right down."

When she came down the stairway, radiantly swinging her new reticule, he looked at her grumpily, out of sorts because he could not understand why she behaved as she did. They started down the street, heading for a gleam of blue water that indicated the harbor. Jonathan strode along silently; Lucy almost

had to run to keep up with him. Finally they reached the archway under Tupper's office and entered the area along the docks. Jonathan led the way through the tangles of cordage and piles of merchandise to the wharf from which he usually fired the pistol.

Lucy spread her skirts out on the rough planking and tucked her feet demurely under them. She patted her hair in place and then smiled happily at Jonathan, hoping that he would pay some attention to her. But he was not looking at her. She studied his face as he stared out over the water, apparently watching some shrill-voiced sea gulls that were flying in circles in the wake of a departing steamboat. She knew him well enough to let him alone when he was in one of his stubbornly silent moods, so she sat and waited.

He tore a long splinter loose from the planking and broke it into little pieces, which he let fall on the swirling surface of the water. They floated idly under the piling with the tide. He'd have to make conversation of some kind, he supposed. Perhaps he could talk about the Perkins Institution. It was lucky it was in South Boston. Wandrei wouldn't be able to call there too often. For a moment he dreaded the thought of going away; then he steeled himself and said noncommittally that Lucy would soon be the only one of the family left in Boston. "Of course, Dartmouth isn't really so far away," he added. "You can easily visit your folks."

He said "your" folks, she thought triumphantly. Evidently he wasn't thinking of her as a sister, or he would never have used the word. "You said 'your' folks, Jonathan. Aren't they your folks, too?"

"I guess so," he said morosely. "I guess I just wasn't thinking when I said it." It hadn't been a very astute conversational opening. He wished he could begin the game all over again—at least he'd be able to make a less incautious first move.

Lucy decided that it was time for her to take matters firmly in hand. "I wonder what it'll be like when you return from the South? So many things can happen in a year. Somehow I feel that this is going to be an important year in my life too."

"Yes?" he said politely. "Why?"

She leaned back, stretching luxuriously. "Oh, I don't know. I just feel it's going to be important. One can never tell what exciting things may happen in a big city like Boston. Dr. Howe tells me I'll be free every Sunday. Of course, that doesn't permit me to do much shopping—but there are compensations. Sunday is such a good day for social affairs. Mr. Wandrei has promised to keep me entertained." There—she couldn't make it plainer than that, she thought. He'll have to say something, she kept repeating to herself. If he doesn't speak now, he never will. She waited, tense and expectant, but she had to watch Jonathan break up another splinter, and every time the wood cracked she thought her own nerves would snap with it.

He raised his head; his lips moved to shape the fatal words. Then, unbelieving, Lucy heard him say: "I don't suppose you'd mind if I did some pistol shooting now, would you?"

The overfilled dam holding back her emotions broke. She began to giggle.

Jonathan glared at her. He certainly hadn't said anything that could possibly be thought funny. What was the matter with her? He should never have brought her with him. She was unpredictable these days.

Finally Lucy managed to bring her fit of laughter under control. Jonathan shrugged his shoulders at such feminine nonsense and loaded the barrels of his pistol.

While she sat watching him, he solemnly fired at a large box floating past the dock. Every shot missed, going wide of the mark. He put the pistol sullenly away in his pocket.

Lucy stretched out her hand for him to help her to her feet. As they approached the archway, Tupper leaned out of his office window to shout something at Jonathan. A minute later he was downstairs, obviously eager to be introduced.

"So this is the young lady you were telling me about. I can see now why you—er—we won't go into that. How was he with the pistol, Miss Moore?"

"Terrible. I'm afraid my presence was distracting."

"I can readily understand that," Tupper said gallantly, never taking his eyes off Lucy's red-gold hair.

Jonathan was in a great hurry to get back to the house. He almost pulled Lucy away.

"Mr. Tupper has an eye for the ladies," she said as Jonathan hurried her through the archway.

"He has not," Jonathan said flatly. "He hates women. You should hear what he has to say about them."

Lucy smoothed her wind-blown hair. "I don't care what he said. I can tell."

"How?" Jonathan grunted.

She smiled mysteriously. "Oh, you wouldn't understand. Someday when we're both very old, very gray, and very respectable, maybe I'll let you know."

And that was all she would say.



Jonathan was unhappy; travel was exciting, but the thought of being separated for so long from the only people he had ever known well preyed upon him. He was worried, too, about Lucy. Wandrei was showing far too much interest in her.

Nevertheless, he would not ask her to wait for him. If she wanted to run off with the first romantic foreigner who came along—let her.

He had set Wednesday, September 1, for his departure. August expired in a blaze of heat, and the fatal day was upon him almost before he knew it. Mrs. Moore had overhauled his wardrobe; her husband had finished coaching him in Southern agricultural methods, and Lucy, who was busy getting fitted for her nurse's uniform, had found time to buy him a small leather writing case as a parting gift. On the evening before he was to leave for the South, Theodore Parker gave Jonathan a dinner which was attended by some of the most important Abolitionist leaders of Boston. Wendell Phillips, who was Parker's nearest neighbor and closest friend, was there, and so were a dozen others whose names made Mrs. Taylor gurggle with envy.

Toasts were drunk—in temperance liquors—and the neophyte was wished all good fortune for his journey. But Jonathan felt gloomier and gloomier. He had trouble sleeping that last night, and he was up and dressed long before sunup.

Breakfast was a mournful affair. Danny was the only one who was still enthusiastic about Jonathan's chances for adventure, and even he seemed subdued as the moment for departure drew near.

When the hackney cab that was to take the family to the station was announced, Josiah Munday took Jonathan aside. "You're facing the same sort of career I've had," he said wryly. "It's full of hardships, and it has no rewards. I suppose I ought to offer you some fatherly advice, but we can let that go, for you'll have to learn for yourself just as I did. There's only one thing I can tell you that may prove useful: Don't expect gratitude from anyone for what you do. The slaves won't thank you. They won't even be friendly, for they can't afford to trust you. And you must be careful about trusting them or anyone else. When you're in Charleston, go see my brother. He'll help you, and you can trust him unreservedly. Here's his address. Memorize it and destroy this slip of paper before you enter the South. Now, my boy, God bless you and keep you safe!"

He shook Jonathan's hand and then made way for Mrs. Taylor and Wandrei. Mrs. Taylor was effusive; it was almost a relief to hear Wandrei's farewell after her gushing words. The young German faced Jonathan with candid blue eyes. "I'm sorry we haven't had a chance to know each other better," he said sincerely. "I feel that we must have a lot in common. When you return, I hope we can become good friends. You'll be doing important work from now on. Don't let anything stop you—and don't worry too much about your family. Long separation from home has taught me that even loved ones somehow manage to get along by themselves."

The cab driver had Jonathan's few pieces of baggage piled on his vehicle. Everyone had to hurry. They drove off through still quiet streets that were shrouded by a sun-reddened haze.

Lucy sat unhappily in the corner of the cab. She had hardly

slept at all, but she was wide awake, as restless and taut as though she were under the effect of some stimulating drug.

At the station, Jonathan waited until the last to speak to her. She came to him, flushed and embarrassed, to give him a sisterly kiss because everyone was watching and making her so self-conscious that she could do no more than peck him on the cheek. He loomed above her in the dimly lighted engine shed, where the train was waiting with impatient hissings of steam.

At that last moment, Jonathan's voice broke; he hoped Lucy could sense his love. "Write me often, will you?" he said. "I'll look forward to receiving your letters more than any others. And let me know everything you do. You'll be all alone here in Boston, and I'll be alone in the South. Let's try to—well, to keep each other from feeling too lonely. Will you?"

"Of course, Jonathan," Lucy said gladly. She kissed him again, and her fingers dug into his shoulders.

The conductor gave the warning signal; the locomotive belched forth a billowing cloud of wood smoke; sparks and cinders showered down on the platform. Jonathan had to run; he reached the steps of the car as the train got under way with a tremendous shivering and a succession of starting jolts that made the passengers' teeth rattle.

Lucy stood on the platform, her face covered with soot and tears. She told her mother that she had a cinder in her eye, and she dabbed at it ferociously with her handkerchief, but no one was deceived.

VIII

EACH CITY through which Jonathan passed had a distinctive character of its own when viewed through Abolitionist eyes. New York was a modern Babylon, a place without honor that had bound itself to the South by its commerce with the slaveholders.

It supported the proslavery Democratic candidates at every election and sold its votes with the same cynicism with which its notorious prostitutes exchanged their favors for cash. Boston had its gold-plated families and its traders who were as friendly to slavery as any in New York, but Boston also had its cultural life, and it was the capital of the antislavery struggle. New York was only the capital of money; it had no slaves, but it profited from slave labor, unashamed of the part it played as pimp to the Southern whore.

Philadelphia was nearer the South than New York, but it had never entered into an open partnership with slavery. It was a main-line stop on the Underground; its Quakers had done heroic work helping the fugitives; and its citizens, like those of Boston, still cherished the principles of liberty for which they had fought during the Revolution.

The route from Philadelphia to Baltimore passed through a small section of Delaware. When the train crossed the border, Jonathan entered a slave state for the first time in his life. He knew he was in hostile territory, and as long as he remained in it he would have to be on guard. At Wilmington he eagerly examined the Negroes lounging around the railroad station to see what slaves looked like; to his disappointment they differed hardly at all from the free Negroes of the North, except that they were more poorly dressed.

In Baltimore, Jonathan felt the South closing in on him. The city's architecture vaguely resembled Philadelphia's, but its thoroughfares were lined with shabby little stores, and the section between railroad terminals was filled with hard-looking white men who seemed to have nothing better to do than loiter on street corners. They were the notorious Plug-Uglies; their eyes were malevolent slits, and their mouths dripped curses and tobacco juice. Jonathan was glad to reach the shelter of the Washington train.

He spent a whole day in Washington. He visited the Capitol and reflected that only two years before he might have seen slaves sold in its shadow. The Compromise of 1850 had abolished the slave trade in the District of Columbia, but the auction

houses had simply moved across the river to Alexandria, where they were still carrying on a flourishing business. Jonathan thought of visiting them, but he decided to go on to Richmond instead to see the even more renowned auction quarter there.

He traveled down the Potomac by steamboat to Aquia Creek, where he took the night train to Richmond. He intended to spend a week there and then go on to Charleston.

When the train pulled into Richmond early in the morning, Jonathan immediately asked for the auction district. He was directed to it without hesitation, but he was told that the sales would not begin until nine or nine-thirty.

He had had almost no sleep on the train, and he was tired and dirty from traveling. After breakfast he went to his hotel room to rest for a little while. He was too excited to sleep, for he kept trying to picture to himself what a slave auction would be like.



At nine o'clock he set out for Wall Street, the center of the trade. Small brick buildings with iron-barred windows served as slave jails and auction rooms.

In one of the buildings a sale was already in progress. A few men were gathered around the doorway, looking on with casual interest at the scene inside. Jonathan pushed past them. The air was laden with tobacco smoke; through it one could see walls covered with scaling whitewash and faded sales posters. In front of the auction block were a number of chairs, each accompanied by its inevitable spittoon. The fly-infested floor, however, indicated that the patrons had small use for such sanitary devices.

On the auction block itself, which was simply a wooden platform elevated a few feet above the floor, stood a perspiring, middle-aged man with damp brown ringlets plastered to his forehead. He was the auctioneer, and he had evidently just completed a sale, for he was making an entry in a record book while he waited for the next item of merchandise to be brought up.

Off to one side, a small group of Negroes of various ages were

squatting on the floor. Their faces were expressionless, and they seemed to show no interest in what was happening. A mulatto clerk summoned one of them—a young man in his early twenties who at first appeared to be unusually strong and healthy. But when he stood up it was evident that there was something wrong with him. His right foot had been badly crushed and had become distorted in healing, causing a noticeable limp.

There was a slight murmur among the spectators as the crippled slave mounted the platform. Jonathan heard someone mutter that the damned nigger had probably injured his own foot out of spite, but the auctioneer, anticipating such a reaction, hastened to assure his customers that the Negro had been hurt by a falling log and that the accident was not his fault. He made the man strip to his waist so he could point out his strongly muscled shoulders and chest; he emphasized his smartness and willingness to work, and made a feature of his quiet disposition and tractability. The Negro stood on the platform staring out vacantly over the heads of the spectators as the auctioneer described his merits. The clerk whispered something to him. He straightened up and tried to appear more cheerful, but his face soon began to sag again, and he remained indifferent even to the flies buzzing around his sweating body.

The auctioneer was unable to obtain a starting bid. He waved his little record book for emphasis as he harangued his audience.

"Now, gentlemen," he pleaded, "we know this nigger ain't perfect. You kin all see he's a bit damaged. But there's a lot of work in him. He don't get around so fast, but he kin walk. And he's got good strong arms. There's lots of things he kin do just as well as a nigger with two good feet. And he's a bargain. You kin get him cheap. I'm prepared to accept a reasonable bid—any reasonable bid. We don't expect to get full price for the critter, but by God, he's worth somethin'. What am I offered? What am I offered for this fine, healthy young chap who kin work hard?"

There was no response. The auctioneer tried again.

"Don't any of you gentlemen appreciate a bargain? Here's a real chance to get one. Any reasonable bid, gentlemen. Won't somebody make an offer? Who'll say five hundred dollars just

as a starter? If this boy had two good legs he'd be a thousand-dollar nigger."

There was a snicker from the back of the room. "Ten cents," someone said.

The Negro showed no reaction to this jeering estimate of his own worth, but the auctioneer was irritated. "Now, gentlemen," he complained, "this ain't no time for jokin'. We're sellin' valuable property here, and we can't allow remarks that distract attention from the sale. Will somebody offer four hundred dollars as a starter?"

It was impossible to get a bid. The auctioneer sighed. "Well, I reckon we'll have to pass him up. But you're missin' a great bargain, gentlemen. A great bargain. You don't often have a chance like this to acquire a good hard worker for a fraction of his real value." He motioned to the Negro to step down. The man shambled off the platform and awkwardly descended the three steps to the floor. He seemed bewildered, and the clerk had to lead him back to the corner where the other Negroes were waiting. Jonathan saw him slump to the floor like a bundle of rags, his eyes closed, and his mouth twitching nervously.

A young boy about twelve years old was then brought forward. He leapt up nimbly on the platform, where he stood looking impishly at the audience, restlessly turning his head from side to side, evidently enjoying the attention he was getting.

"Now, my boy," the auctioneer said, "tell the gentlemen your name and how old you are."

"My name's Julius, and I'se nearly thirteen," the boy said in a voice which indicated that he had been taught just what to say.

"Show 'em how spry you are."

The little Negro trotted around the platform, holding his hands at his sides as if he were running a foot race. The auctioneer stopped him and put his hand on his shoulder. The grin disappeared from the boy's face as the sales talk about him began, and he stood rubbing his chest embarrassedly.

"Now, gentlemen, we really have somethin' good here. A husky young lad who'll be a full-grown worker in a very little

while. You're gettin' him just as he comes into his prime without the bother or expense of raisin' him. And he's in the pink of condition. Show 'em your teeth, boy."

The little Negro opened his mouth, revealing a perfect set of white teeth.

"I allus say that when a nigger boy has every tooth in good shape it shows he's been well taken care of. You had good care, didn't you, Julius?"

"Yes, suh," the boy said, pouting his underlip.

"He was brought up on the old Avery place, and y'all know Mr. Avery raised good niggers and treated 'em well. Good sound hands on this one. Wiggle your fingers, boy."

Two small hands were held up for the inspection of the members of the audience.

"Anybody want to examine him? You kin see there's nothin' wrong with him. I never sold a healthier lad." The auctioneer looked around to find out whether anyone was going to insist on a closer examination, but everyone seemed satisfied that the boy was sound of limb.

"All right, let's begin then," the auctioneer said briskly. "What am I offered?" His voice changed from its conversational manner to the professional singsong of his trade. "What am I offered for this fine young lad? Who'll give me a startin' bid?"

"Four hundred dollars," someone said promptly.

"Five hundred dollars."

"Five fifty."

"Five hundred and fifty dollars I'm offered. Who'll make it six hundred?" The bidding stopped abruptly, and the auctioneer was forced to give another demonstration of his merchandise. He made the boy run around the platform again. This time the running was much less spirited, and the boy stopped of his own accord. The significance of what was happening to him was beginning to sink into his childish mind, and he stood on the platform, worried and unhappy.

The auctioneer tried to whip up the bidding, but he was unable to get an offer of more than six hundred and fifty dollars. He decided to sell at that figure. A husky-looking farmer stepped

forward to claim his purchase, and the boy was led to the office for the bill of sale to be drawn up.

A woman and her two children were then put up on the block to be sold together, for the children were too young to be separated from their mother. The young Negress stepped up on the platform, pushing ahead of her a little girl about three years old, while she carried an infant in her arms. The auctioneer recited his usual list of merits, describing the woman as a good field servant who could also cook. The two children were an added inducement, for they were evidence of her fertility. The mulatto attendant took the baby from its mother's arms and held it up high for everyone to see. It began to wail; the mother stood looking on anxiously, but the auctioneer was annoyed. The child's cries kept up even after it was restored to its mother's arms.

"A capital woman, gentlemen, and two children, all sound and in good health," he called out loudly in an effort to drown out the wailing. "What do you say for 'em? Let's hear an offer. I put up the whole lot at eight hundred dollars. Eight hundred. What do you say to that? An extraordinary bargain, gentlemen. Eight hundred dollars." He could hardly be heard through the infant's lusty yells. He spoke sharply to the mother. She tried frantically to quiet her child, but it was only when she opened her blouse to give the infant her breast that the crying subsided in a hungry gurgle. The auctioneer resumed his chanting. This time someone raised his hand to bid. "I have eight hundred dollars," the auctioneer announced. "Thank you, sir. Will anyone bid more?"

"Eight hundred and ten dollars."

"Eight twenty."

The bidding increased until a sale was finally made at nine hundred and fifty dollars. The woman and her children were removed from the platform, and the sound of conversation became louder as the customers turned to one another to discuss their own affairs.

There were still two slaves left to be sold, but Jonathan had seen enough for the day. He returned to his hotel to write a

description of the sale, and then he spent the afternoon and all day Sunday touring the city. On Monday morning he went to the auction section again, and he followed the daily sales for almost a week.

He saw Negroes of all ages sold; he saw families broken up; and he had to sit silently while mothers wept over the loss of their children. He came to hate the little street where these things happened, but it had a fascination for him which he could not resist, and he went there again and again. And then, later in the week, he witnessed one sale that made a tremendous impression on him. When he entered the auction section he noticed a much larger crowd than usual. Men were standing around the doorway of one of the establishments, and carriages stood wheel to wheel in the street. Jonathan managed to make his way into the densely packed salesroom. As soon as he got inside he saw what had attracted the crowd. A young and handsome slave girl was being put up for sale.

She was extraordinarily beautiful; her skin was far lighter than Jonathan's, and her soft brown hair hung down over her shoulders. She was dressed in the usual blue and white cotton costume that most female slaves wore, but its coarseness did not hide her graceful figure.

She stood on the platform bravely facing the men who were examining her like a brood sow. Her hands were clenched at her sides, and she tried not to give any indication that she heard the comments being made about her. In order to illustrate his remarks, the auctioneer seized the back of her blouse, pulling it tight to display the curve of her breasts. The girl stiffened when he touched her, but she had to stand quietly while he expatiated on her charms, carefully refraining from making any too-direct reference to the purpose for which she was obviously being sold.

"Now, gentlemen," he said slyly, "you know we can't guarantee anything, but you kin see for yourselves that this young wench is a bit shy with men. She's only sixteen, and she's been brought up to be a lady's maid, but she's a bright girl, and she might be trained to do some other kind of work." He paused

and winked at the audience. "For instance, she'd make a good housekeeper for a lonely man who ain't got a wife to take care of him. She kin cook, sew, and make a bed to perfection. Yes, sir," he said, "she's a right good bedmaker."

The crowd laughed appreciatively. Everybody watched the girl's face for some reaction, but it remained impassive.

"Well, this is one piece of merchandise I don't have to praise. It speaks for itself. Shall we start the biddin', gentlemen? I don't want to make this delicate young female stand here in this hot room any longer than I have to. I'm going to ask that the first bid be a substantial one. Who'll say a thousand dollars?"

Several hands were raised at once, but a man standing near the platform called out a bid of fifteen hundred dollars.

"Fifteen hundred dollars I'm offered as a startin' bid," the auctioneer cried delightedly. "Now that's what I call a real gentlemanly way of beginnin'. Do I hear another bid?"

"Sixteen," someone shouted.

"Seventeen."

The bidding increased by even hundreds until it reached three thousand dollars. By that time, all but two bidders had dropped out, the man near the platform and someone in the rear of the auction room.

Jonathan craned his neck to see the man who had made the starting bid. He was a tall, sharp-visaged person, handsomely dressed, but somewhat flashy in appearance. He looked like a professional slave dealer, and he was evidently well known to the auctioneer, who treated him with great respect.

At three thousand dollars there was a pause in the bidding. The man in the rear finally raised his offer to three thousand and fifty dollars, which was promptly topped by a bid of thirty-one hundred dollars by the flashily dressed bidder near the platform. It was obvious from his manner that he was determined to buy the girl at any price. The man in the back of the room remained silent.

"Thirty-one hundred dollars I'm offered. Is there any further bid?" the auctioneer chanted with the falling inflection which indicated that he was about to close the sale. "Do I hear another

bid? Thirty-one hundred dollars. Last chance, gentlemen. Thirty-one hundred dollars." He stopped for a moment and looked around the room to see if anyone was going to re-enter the contest. "Very well, then. Thirty-one hundred dollars. Sold!" He slapped his hand with his record book and bowed to the man who had made the high bid. Then he took the girl by the arm and turned her toward the platform steps. The clerk ran forward to lead her to the office for the transfer of papers that would give legal title to her new owner and his heirs and assigns forever—or until such time as he might wish to be rid of her.

The tension under which the girl had held herself during her public ordeal on the platform suddenly snapped. She began to weep, and by the time the clerk got her to the office, she was nearly hysterical. Everyone stood still, shifting about in uncomfortable silence as she passed; as soon as the office door was closed there were a few nervous laughs from some of the men, but most of them filed out quietly. They could still hear the muffled sound of sobbing as they went outside.

This emotional breakdown caused a curious reaction in Jonathan. When he first entered the salesroom he had been horrified at what he saw. It was like watching Lucy being put up for sale to the highest bidder. But then, as the auction progressed, he forgot his initial horror; he became absorbed in the scene, following every gesture made by the auctioneer as he played on the passions of the crowd by emphasizing the physical attractions of the girl he was selling. It was only when the final bid was made that Jonathan came to himself with a shock. He had been staring at the girl with the same lustful eyes that were popping out of every man in the auction room! When he looked around at the sweating faces of the audience he was so disgusted with himself that he wanted to run away from those who had shared his mental orgy. But when the girl broke down and began to weep, his self-loathing was swept away by an angry wave of pity. At that moment he would have pledged his future earnings to buy her out of her predicament; he even thought wildly of trying to effect some sort of desperate rescue, but he knew he was as helpless as the girl who had just been sold on

the auction block. The power of slavery was stronger than any individual; its iron code was the law of the land; and precedent, custom, and economic interest had entrenched it solidly and would continue to protect it. There was nothing he could do, and as his anger quieted down, his conscience began to bother him—he was not worthy of being the girl's protector, for he had been motivated by lust, and his interest in her had been aroused by her beauty, not by her distress.

A group of men were standing around the doorway discussing the sale. Their words cut through Jonathan's broodings. One of them, a dandified young gentleman of a type that was common among the wealthy classes of Richmond, was holding forth on the possible profit that might be made from the girl if she were taken to the New Orleans market.

"She'd fetch five thousand at Tissot's," he assured his companions. "There's no place like it for pretty wenches. I don't know how the man gets so many, but I've seen a dozen beauties sold off there during one sale. And the prices they bring! Of course, Tissot knows how to manage such affairs. Each girl is stripped for a thorough examination in a private room before the sale. And those private rooms are so jammed that the girl hardly has space enough to get her clothes off. It's a free show and a good one. Tissot puts his girls through their paces. He doesn't leave anything to the imagination."

One of the other men asked him if it were true that the girls at Tissot's were rented out as well as sold.

"Certainly not," his friend said indignantly. "Tissot runs a legitimate slave-auction mart. And besides, there's no need to hire the girls out. I knew one man who bought a wench there for thirty-two hundred and sold her off at the same place six months later for four thousand. That's what I call a smart deal. Of course, he'd dressed her up a bit and made a grande dame out of her. She was just a backwoods wench when he bought her. She was a pretty little devil, though. Good blood in her too. You'd be surprised if I told you her father's name."

Jonathan had seen dozens of fine gentlemen like these in the few days he had spent in the South. They all had the well-

poised, slightly arrogant manner that came from holding a respected position in society. Yet they could come to a shabby back street to watch a helpless young girl sold publicly into a career of prostitution. And the fact that the girl had white blood in her—possibly their own blood or the blood of one of their relatives—only added to their enjoyment of the spectacle.

Jonathan hated them. He hated their assumption of superiority, their taking it for granted that they were entitled by the accident of birth to the good things of the world; he hated their swaggering insolence; he hated their suave manners that coated ignorance and prejudice. Above all, he hated their hypocrisy. They would shoot on sight anyone who breathed slander against one of their own sacred women, yet they thought it amusing to see a young girl of another race exposed to public insult.

IX

MUCH AS JONATHAN DISLIKED Richmond, he was prepared to dislike Charleston even more. Richmond was simply a trading center, a livestock market for a state that had become a gigantic stud farm where human beings were raised like cattle and sold at so much a head. Virginia's tobacco-gutted soil was almost worthless, and her landowners were desperately breeding slaves for the Gulf States, where they were in great demand. It was a sordid, filthy business, but no one tried to gloss it over with fine phrases. Charleston, however, prided herself on her intellectuality; her poets and writers devoted their talents to defending slavery, creating a body of theoretical doctrine about it as elaborate as that of the medieval Church. Her educated classes thought it their duty to prove that slavery was the only way ignorant jungle beasts could be introduced to the benefits of white civilization.

When his ship steamed past the fortifications at the mouth of

the harbor, Jonathan stood at the rail to catch his first glimpse of Charleston. It was a beautiful sight from the water, its houses bright in the sunshine, and its docks busy with the commerce of the world. But he gazed dourly at the queen city of slavery as she lay sprawled out on the long spit of land between the two rivers that joined together in her harbor. When he went ashore he was immediately struck by the sharp contrast between the luxury of the great houses and the abject poverty of the Negroes and poor whites. There seemed to be no middle class—one either served or was served.

He put his bags in a Meeting Street hotel and spent the forenoon wandering through the aristocratic section near the Battery, gazing at the street fronts and gardens of the fine homes. Many of them were deserted; their owners had not yet returned from the Northern resorts to which they had gone to escape the dangers of summer pestilence. But the Negroes were everywhere. In the narrow little alleys where the servants' quarters stood, they carried on a life of their own that was almost tribal. As soon as Jonathan entered one of these streets, he felt silence precede him like a wave. The careless chattering ceased, and black faces regarded him suspiciously. When he turned away, excited comment followed him, for white men did not visit the Negro alleys for sight-seeing purposes—they ordinarily came only to demand service or to mete out punishment.

The Negroes were as distant as black shadows and as elusive as ghosts. When Jonathan asked directions of one of them, he was answered with rolling eyes and courteous but evasive speech; when he tried to extend the conversation, the man sidled away from him, afraid to be seen talking to a white stranger.

Jonathan felt as if he were in a hostile country rather than in a part of his native land. Every white man he passed on the street was a potential enemy, and the Negroes could not afford to trust him. He decided to visit Josiah Munday's brother. In Boston, it had seemed absurd to have to memorize his address, but now he could understand the strange request. In Boston, slaveholders could move about freely and even go to Theodore

Parker's house to stare at him, but in Charleston no Abolitionist could let his sympathies be suspected. The Constitutional guarantee of free speech stopped at the Mason and Dixon line. For the first time in his life Jonathan began to appreciate the very real dangers that were part of the career he had embarked upon.



Sylvester Munday's tailor shop was located in a weather-beaten wooden house in the western part of the city. There was no display of merchandise, and only a small sign with Munday's name on it marked the building as a commercial establishment.

Jonathan knocked at the door and entered a room filled with garments hanging on racks; a long table ran down the center; on it, a stout little man was squatting with his legs folded under him in true tailor fashion. He vaguely resembled Josiah Munday, but he was so much fatter that Jonathan could not be sure he was Josiah's brother. "Mr. Munday?" he asked hopefully.

The tailor nodded.

"My name's Jonathan Bradford, sir. Your brother advised me to get in touch with you."

Munday looked at him searchingly. "Did he?" he asked coolly. "May I ask why? I haven't seen him in years, you know."

Jonathan was puzzled by his lack of cordiality. Still, his brother had said that he could be trusted unreservedly. He would be frank. "I'm an Abolitionist, sir," he began. "I thought——"

"You are, eh? Well, what has that to do with me? My family has suffered enough from my brother's rash actions."

Jonathan was shocked. He edged toward the door and reached for the knob.

"Just a moment," the little tailor said. "Why did you come here?"

"Your brother told me to be sure to get in touch with you as soon as I reached Charleston. He said I could trust you."

"And where did he tell you all this?"

"In Boston, sir. In Mrs. Taylor's boardinghouse. The morning I left he said that——"

"Mrs. Taylor's boardinghouse? What sort of place is that?"

"It caters to antislavery people. I thought your brother might have told you about it. However, if I'm mistaken——" Jonathan started to open the door.

"Just a moment. Don't be in such an infernal hurry. What's this boardinghouse keeper's full name?"

"Mrs. Richard Henry Taylor."

"You've stayed in her house? Then perhaps you know the names of some of her other boarders?"

Jonathan was irritated. He did not see why he should submit to questioning by a man who was obviously hostile. It was strange, too, for Josiah Munday had told him that he was in constant touch with his brother. Well, there could be no harm in mentioning the names of Abolitionists who were safe in Boston. He described several of the people who stayed at Mrs. Taylor's establishment.

Sylvester Munday suddenly pushed aside his work and leaped down from the table, beaming like a good-natured Buddha. "I'm sorry to seem so suspicious, but you know we can't take any chances. How is Josiah?"

"He's—he's very well, sir," Jonathan stammered. The tailor had seized his hand and was shaking it cordially.

Munday's face was wrinkled with pleasure. "Sit down, sir, and tell me how I can help you. Any friend of Josiah's is a friend of mine. What do you want to do?"

"I want to find out everything I can about slavery," Jonathan said. "I want to visit the plantations, talk to the slaves, hear their stories, and gather as much information as possible. I'm interested in laws and customs, agricultural methods, the price of slaves and produce and their relationship to each other. I want——"

Munday held up his hand. "Wait a minute, my boy. What makes you think I'm a universal authority on slavery? You want to learn about something that affects nearly ten million people in fifteen states. That's not an easy assignment. Suppose I tell

you what I can about Charleston. Even to do that will take a long while. I'll introduce you to some of the slaves from the big houses. My servant Ebenezer can help you. He was a slave himself until I bought him and freed him. While you're around the house you can pump him for information."

"Around the house?" Jonathan said bluntly.

"Of course. You'll have to spend a good deal of time in Charleston. Naturally, you'll stay here."

"But I've already registered at a hotel."

"That's all right. I'll send Ebenezer for your luggage. Which hotel is it?"

"But I can't impose——"

"No imposition at all. I can't let a friend of my brother's stay at a hotel. What would Josiah say? I'd never hear the end of it. And he'd be right too. It's unthinkable. Ebenezer! Come here, please. You'll be glad to hear we have a guest."

An elderly Negro came to the kitchen door. "Genlemun sleepin' here?" he asked placidly.

"Of course! What are extra bedrooms for if not for our friends? Ebenezer, this is Mr. Bradford. I want you to go to his hotel and fetch his bags. Imagine—he left them there without coming to see us first."

The old Negro shook his head. "Mus' be a Yankee. No Southern folks ud do dat." Then he asked the name of the hotel and shuffled out the door still shaking his head at the amazing manners of Northerners.



Jonathan stayed at Sylvester Munday's house for more than a month. During that time he was given an opportunity to see the under side of Charleston. The slaves who came to the tailor shop on errands for their masters were told that the stranger from the North was a friend working for their freedom. They spoke gladly to him, telling him the most intimate details of their lives. The stories Jonathan heard would have made another book to equal Weld's, but Munday warned him not to write them down. An Abolitionist engaged in underground work had

to learn never to commit anything to paper. Listen to everything, forget nothing, and wait until you can make use of it. was Munday's motto. Once Jonathan was safe in the North again he could do as he wished with the material he was gathering, but while he was in the South he had to protect others as well as himself.

For the whole underground movement that was working like a ferment beneath the surface of Southern society was bound together only by ties of acquaintanceship. One man knew another, and through his friend he was in contact with still others. But if one link in the endless chain was broken, the entire system so painfully established would break down and then it might take years to build it up again. Throughout the South, hundreds and perhaps thousands of silent men were risking their fortunes and their lives to set the Negroes free. In the North, an Abolitionist could become prominent—even famous—but in the South to become known was to become useless, and there could be no recognition for the services rendered humanity by the anonymous workers in a secret cause.

The Negroes themselves understood this. They worshiped Munday, and if necessary they would have defended him with their lives, but when they met him in the street, they either did not speak at all or mumbled a few polite words and hurried by.

Munday told Jonathan that it had taken years to live down the hostility caused by his brother's open espousal of Abolitionism. Many Charlestonians still remembered that one of his family had gone over to the enemy, but his own circumspect behavior had finally quieted their suspicions. It was essential for him to keep up the pose of being a good-natured and apparently harmless tailor who was so insignificant that no one paid much attention to him. In this way he was able to co-operate closely with his brother in the North. Slaves who disappeared in Charleston finally turned up in Boston where Josiah took them in charge and sent them on to Canada.

The two brothers kept up an elaborate correspondence although they never dared to write to each other directly. A friend in Charleston received and mailed Sylvester's letters, and Ebe-

nezer acted as a go-between, carrying the messages hidden in the garments he delivered.

"I've been doing this sort of work for years," the little tailor confessed one day, "but I must say I don't like it. I don't mind the danger. After all, I'm an old man, so there isn't much they can do to me. But I hate the hypocrisy of it. I've had customers come here bewailing the loss of some runaway who was hidden in my cellar at that very moment. I have to play ignorant, console the owner, and be sympathetic when he damns the Abolitionists. It's very strange that those who are working to give men freedom should have to act like criminal conspirators. Well, it's the times, I suppose. Someday men will everywhere be free. Oppression can't last forever."

"Why not?" Jonathan asked bluntly. "I hope it won't, but I have no proof of it."

"Why not?" Munday's tired, worn face took on an expression of absolute conviction. "Well, for one thing because men were not born to be degraded. I firmly believe that in every human being's heart there exists a fierce desire to better himself and his family. Without that desire there could be no progress, no civilization. We would still be savages living in the jungle. I refuse to believe that the clock of mankind's progress can ever be turned back. If you were to prove it to me, I should still refuse to believe it."

Jonathan disliked playing the devil's advocate, but the doubts that sometimes crept into his own mind sought expression. "How do we know?" he asked earnestly. "I have studied history, and I have noticed many periods when civilization sickened and almost died."

"But it didn't die!" Munday cried triumphantly. "Somehow men always took up the struggle and carried it on. That's what we have to do. Even if we know we're losing, we must keep telling ourselves that we're winning. No matter what happens, we can never afford to admit defeat."

"Even when we know we're not telling the truth?"

"Of course! Nothing matters but the urge to keep trying. All life is a pretense. I, an active operator on the Underground Rail-

road, pretend to be a silly old tailor interested in nothing but fashions and profits. You, an Abolitionist engaged in studying slavery, pretend to be a student of agriculture. Another man, actually a wastrel and a thief, pretends to be an honest person and an upright citizen. We all pretend! The only thing that counts is why we pretend. If we pretend for a good cause, that's right, and if we pretend for a bad one, that's wrong."



But Jonathan was not given the opportunity even to begin an argument on ethics with Munday. His visit was cut short with appalling suddenness.

Since he was eager to see the big plantations outside the city, he got in touch with Tupper's Charleston agent, a young gentleman named Anthony Haviland Ravenel. Ravenel was the very picture of decadent aristocracy. He had a petulant mouth with a long upper lip, smoky black eyelashes, and the yellowish skin of lowland people. He was addicted to bright-flowered waistcoats which never seemed quite clean, but his coat was a miracle of perfection even if slightly frayed at the elbows. He knew a great deal about rice, but he preferred to talk about women. Jonathan held him rigidly to rice; for days he dragged him from one diked-in field to another. Together they watched the rice being cut and harvested, and then they saw it dropped from high towers so the wind could blow the falling chaff away.

Acting under Munday's instructions, Jonathan carefully avoided being drawn into any discussions of slavery, although Ravenel was eager to talk about it with a visitor from the North. As a student of agriculture, Jonathan was willing to present his views on the slave-labor system, contrasting it unfavorably with the free employment methods of the North, but he never allowed the conversation to descend below a purely theoretical level.

Ravenel was puzzled by his strange guest, who stalked through field after field, inspecting everything with a professional eye, but who showed no interest in anything not directly connected with agriculture. He invited Jonathan to various social affairs,

but his invitations were politely declined; he even asked him to his own home, but his guest always managed to think of some reasonable excuse for not being able to go there.

One evening, at the end of a long day's tour of inspection, he invited Jonathan to accompany him to a party which was to be held that night at one of the show places on the Battery. Jonathan, as usual, was evasive.

"Damn it, man!" Ravenel burst out, "don't you ever go anywhere? I should think you'd want to see Charleston society. There's nothing to compare with it anywhere in the world. Most Northerners would give their eyeteeth just to get inside a house like the one I want to take you to."

Jonathan smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

Ravenel was looking at him curiously. "I can't make you out," he said frankly. "If I were in Boston, and you were taking me around, I'd damned well want you to show me some fun. All you're interested in is rice and cotton and dirty niggers grubbing in the fields."

Jonathan was afraid Ravenel might be getting suspicious. Perhaps it would be a good idea to observe Charleston society from within. It would be part of his education. Reluctantly he agreed to go to the party.

Munday was not happy at the prospect of his mixing with the slaveholders, but he dressed him elaborately, lending him some of the best clothes in his shop. Jonathan met Ravenel, and they went together to the Battery.

One of the big houses facing the water was ablaze with light. Gate lamps shone on the crowd pressing through the entrance-way, making brilliant the women's costumes and the dandies' fine clothes. Ravenel greeted dozens of people he knew; he presented Jonathan to them as the honored guest of his Northern employer, and everywhere Jonathan was received with courtesy and respect. Just as they were about to go into the house, Ravenel bowed to a tall young gentleman whose carroty hair and bristling mustache set him apart from the others.

"Mr. Raffish," he said genially, "I want to present Mr. Bradford. He's here from Boston——"

"From Boston?" Raffish echoed, making an attempt to get a better view of Jonathan's face. As he twisted about in the light, the rays of the gate lanterns fell upon his own features. There was something oddly familiar about him, Jonathan thought. Surely he had met him somewhere before. Raffish, too, was evidently trying to place him, for he was examining him with undisguised interest.

"I have it!" he said, snapping his fingers. "By Gad, sir, I know you. I saw you in Boston only a few weeks ago. You were with that rascal Parker—coming out of his house." He turned quickly to Ravenel. "What is the meaning of this, sir? Your guests keep strange company. I saw this man hobnobbing with Theodore Parker, the Boston Abolitionist!"

Ravenel began to splutter. A tense, low-voiced argument began. Before it was over, the guest who was the subject of it had disappeared. Jonathan had simply stepped away into the darkness and was hurrying down one of the side streets leading away from the Battery.

"I told you he was a damned Abolitionist!" Raffish exclaimed. "He certainly wouldn't have run off like that if he didn't have something to hide."

Ravenel was cursing as he searched vainly in the darkness for his guest.

"Do you know where the scoundrel lives?" Raffish demanded.

Ravenel had to confess that he actually did not know where the man he had sponsored was staying. He kept mumbling about the letter of introduction from Tupper which had led him to put himself out for the Northern visitor. Then he became furious. "I'll find him if I have to turn the city upside down. By Christ, no Yankee can do this to me!"

"He'll be out of town before morning," Raffish warned. "We've got to move fast." He summoned one of the elegantly uniformed young gentlemen from a Charleston militia regiment and whispered something to him. The officer started with surprise, then he called several of his fellow militiamen. A moment later they all left the garden.

Munday's face was grave when he heard Jonathan's story. "That ends your usefulness in Charleston, I'm afraid. They'll comb the city for you now. Ned Raffish is one of our bitterest enemies. And he's in with all the young bloods who'd like nothing better than to lynch an Abolitionist."

"I'll take the Augusta train tonight. I can't let them find me here."

Munday smiled wryly. "You'd be running your head into a noose. They're sure to watch all the railroad stations and steamship piers. I know how they work. No, you can't do that. You'll have to remain here for a few days till things quiet down. Stay in your bedroom and keep away from the window."

"Are they likely to search the house?"

"Probably not—but if they should, Ebenezer and I'll know how to handle them. After all, there are two of us—and we have a back stairs leading to the cellar. We've been in tighter places than this before."



For three days Jonathan remained shut up in the little bedroom. Ebenezer brought him his meals, and Munday kept him posted about the frantic search being made for him. Raffish was using the proslavery militiamen to track him down. Every point of exit was guarded by volunteers, but their ardor was cooling each day.

"We'll try it tonight," Munday said. "I'll go on ahead to the station, and if everything's all right, I'll signal to you to dash in and jump on the train at the last minute."

"I'm sorry to have put you to all this trouble, sir."

"Think nothing of it, my boy. It's all part of an Underground operator's life. Someday perhaps you'll be doing the same sort of work. You'll get used to taking risks then. And if you're worried now, remember that every fugitive slave who heads north goes through a dozen experiences more terrifying than this. Once you get outside Charleston, you'll be safe enough, but a runaway Negro knows that every hand is raised against him so long as he's in the South."

Several hours later, Munday left the house. Jonathan, bag in hand, followed him down the dark street, trailing several hundred feet behind. It was a long walk to the railroad terminal, and he felt that every house and alleyway harbored potential enemies. When they came in sight of the station, he waited across the street while Munday walked up and down the platform beside the train, searching for any young men who might be posted there to watch the outgoing passengers.

When the train whistle blew, Munday went to the door of the station, still keeping his eyes on the train. Not until the wheels of the engine actually began to turn did he signal covertly to Jonathan, who then ran into the station and leaped aboard the slowly moving train. The last thing he saw as the cars glided down the platform into the darkness was Munday's pale face looking anxiously after him.

Jonathan heaved a sigh of relief. He was glad to be out of Charleston. The city was an enormous jail. It required a high order of courage to carry on Underground work in a place like that. The unassuming little old tailor suddenly took on heroic proportions in his mind.

X

IN CHARLESTON, people had talked of both rice and cotton, but once Jonathan plunged into the interior, he heard of nothing but cotton. As he went by train across Georgia, he wondered how cotton or anything else could be grown on the washed-out red soil that was worn down to its undercroppings of white clay. Many planters had already abandoned the ravaged land, leaving behind them an indigent population that was vainly trying to wring a living from the infertile soil. Poverty among the whites in the back-country areas was worse than any Jonathan had yet seen.

He traveled by easy stages across the state, visiting small

towns and outlying plantations to watch the cotton crop ginned and baled. In Columbus he heard of Daniel Webster's death. But to him Webster had been dead for two years. His sponsorship of the Fugitive Slave Act in 1850 had killed him in the eyes of the Abolitionists, and Whittier had then written his epitaph: "When faith is lost, when honor dies, the man is dead!"

Jonathan remained in Columbus for the November election, which was held a few days after Webster's death. He expected a Democratic victory, but he was appalled at its extent. The Whigs were utterly routed, and the Free-Soilers made such a miserable showing that they could hardly be considered a factor in national politics. The Democratic party seemed impregnable; the whole nation had approved its proslavery stand, and there was no opposition left.

During the long journey toward Montgomery, a rainy spell added to Jonathan's gloom. He had to travel part of the way by coach over almost impassable roads, and every Southerner who entered the mud-spattered vehicle immediately recognized him as a Northerner and was smug about the election. The landscape was dreary, the company impossible, and, to make matters worse, he shivered with cold and burned with fever. He devoured quinine pills, but they seemed to do him no good.

When the coach reached the eastern end of the Montgomery railroad line, its passengers were told that a washout had suspended traffic. They had to wait two days in the midst of a rain-soaked forest for a train. Autumn was well advanced even in that far southern climate, and the nights were cold. Jonathan lay in bed in a miserable little wilderness inn cursing hotels and railroads. It was more than two months since he had left Boston. Traveling had become a bore to him; one Southern town was much like another, and he disliked them all. They were shabby and dirty, a mere collection of shanties compared with the neatly kept villages of New England or even with the newer Middle Western towns that had been settled by people who carried the traditions of New England with them.

When he returned to the North, he would at least be able to set people right about some of their misconceptions concerning

life in the slave states. Many Northerners, whose only knowledge of that part of the country came from reading novels or from meeting wealthy Southerners in Saratoga and other popular winter resorts, were firmly convinced that the South was a land of great plantation homes where cultured people led a life of pleasant idleness in the most luxurious surroundings imaginable. Jonathan had found that such fine estates were few in number and scattered widely across an enormous area where one could travel for hundreds of miles without seeing a single house that was as good as the home of the average citizen of a Middle Western village.

The rich planters who lived like feudal lords had to maintain their hold on the land by the same vigilant methods their European predecessors had used. Every house had its private arsenal, every group of plantations its private army in the form of patrollers who rode the country at night to keep the servile population properly impressed by a show of force. The omnipresent overseer was actually a police chief with a corps of black supernumeraries at his command to whip his slaves into subjection. The curfew and the pass system were universal. The lash and the whipping post were the symbols of an overlordship that brought only a temporary security to the men who ruled the land.

Every white citizen carried arms, but the possession of them was forbidden to the Negroes under penalty of death. Nothing was more dreaded than the rumor of restlessness among the slaves. Perhaps the whites exaggerated their fears of an insurrection, but there had been uprisings, and fear of them was ever present, so that they had to live in the shadow of a threat of their own making. The South was an armed camp in which neither the whites nor the Negroes could feel secure.

After two days of unhappy brooding, Jonathan was cheered to see the sun again. A wheezing little locomotive arrived, puffing its way industriously through the still-dripping forest. By the time they reached Montgomery, the air was warm, and Jonathan shivered no more. He booked passage down the Alabama River to Mobile, feeling that the worst of his journey was behind him.

But he did not know what was in store for him. All along the river the cotton-shipping season was in full swing. The boat stopped at every landing, taking on bales of cotton until its decks were piled high, and it did not seem possible that another pound could be crammed aboard, but the men in charge miraculously found room for more, and cotton crowded out the passengers until there was hardly space for them to move around. Day and night the heavy cloth-covered bales came aboard. At night, the river landings were lighted by flaring pine torches, and the shore looked like the edge of the River Styx with the sweating blacks struggling Sisyphus-like to bring their giant burdens to the deck. In some places the river bank was high above water level; there the bales had to be slid down the bluff tops on long plank runways, landing on deck with a terrific crash that made the whole boat quiver. And then, when the heavily laden craft got under way, her engines pounded and hammered so that there was no sleeping. Jonathan was on edge again, irritable and impatient. It was weeks since he had heard from his people; he was admittedly homesick; and he found his fellow passengers even more objectionable than his traveling companions in the coach. They were still exulting over the election—he ran from them every time he heard them mention politics.

The wide, muddy river slipped past, its shores lined with cypress swamps in the lower stretches, and its surface dotted with rotting tree stumps and huge floating logs. It took less than three days to go downstream to Mobile, but to Jonathan the trip seemed endless. He was red-eyed and jumpy when they came in sight of their destination. He fled from the boat as if it were a pest ship and went to a hotel, where he flung himself on the bed to sleep for fourteen hours, still hearing the pounding engines in his dreams.

When he awoke, he went to the post office to inquire for mail. Among the letters was one whose Boston postmark and familiar copperplate writing told him that it was from Lucy. It was a long message, but he raced through it until he found what he wanted.

I have been seeing a good deal of Mr. Wandrei. Indeed I don't know what I would do without him, for he has put himself out to make my stay in Boston interesting. I'm sorry that you didn't have the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with him before you left. He is a remarkable person, so honest, so kind, and so clever that I am sure he could make a go of things anywhere. He has been talking about emigrating to the West, but I have told him that he would be much happier here in Boston. After all, I have lived in the West all my life, and I know what it is like.

Lucy went on with homely, cheerful gossip about herself and the family, but the paragraph about Wandrei stuck in Jonathan's mind to the exclusion of everything else.

Mobile suddenly seemed terribly far from Boston, but there were ships sailing regularly from that port to Boston Harbor, and for a moment Jonathan longed to be on one of them. Then he told himself that his suspicions about Wandrei and Lucy were absurd, and he forced himself to pay attention to the half-foreign seaport that owed its fame to the cotton-shipping trade.

Mobile proved to be a smaller place than Jonathan had thought. The bay was lined with warehouses; behind them was a street given over to sailors' drinking places; beyond that was the commercial section; and then the residential district, where the cotton merchants had their homes. In a few hours he had obtained a good idea of the town.

The ocean-shipping season was just beginning, but cotton was everywhere. Shreds of it blew along the streets with every wind; it whitened the clothes of the stevedores with its snowy lint; huge bales of it were piled in rows on the docks; and men stood in the shadow of the warehouses, pulling samples of the raw fiber between their fingers while they argued about its quality. Along the water front, several enormous steam presses were smashing the planters' bales into flat, tightly compressed bundles in order to crowd as many of them as possible into the holds of the trans-Atlantic cotton ships.

Jonathan spent some time watching the bales being swung

off the decks of the boat that had brought him down the river. He visited the presses, and then quickly decided that Mobile had little to interest him. Fortunately, New Orleans was not far away. He went to a shipping office and found that a boat was leaving for that port at six o'clock the next morning. He booked passage on it and then started out for a walk through the outskirts of the city.

He had plenty of time, and he was glad to get some exercise after his long confinement in the narrow quarters of the river boat. He followed Dauphin Street, strolling west along it with no particular destination in mind. Soon he was in open country, walking along a shell-paved road lined with huge liveoak trees. There were only a few houses; once or twice a carriage filled with women and children passed him, but the countryside was sparsely settled, and most of the time no one was in sight.

The road led across a level plain to a tree-covered hill. Jonathan decided to climb to its top to get a view of the surrounding country and then turn back to Mobile.

The road wound upwards, shaded from the sun by a densely tangled mass of trees and vines on which a few autumn leaves still hung. He was nearly halfway up the hill when he saw an open parasol in the middle of the road. Its handle swayed lightly in the breeze, and its white silk covering was stained with dust.

He picked it up with a vague sense of uneasiness. There was no mark of ownership on it, but a slight perfume clung to it, and its silver handle was elaborately chased with a floral design. He closed it carefully and put it under his arm. Unconsciously, he hurried his steps. He had gone only a short distance when he heard a woman scream.

He ran up the hill to a turn in the road. A carriage was standing there, backed off to one side and leaning over at a dangerous angle. One of its rear wheels had been caught in a fence rail, and a Negro coachman was trying to force it loose. A middle-aged woman was frantically waving a pink parasol at a girl on the driver's seat.

The girl was very pretty, and her face was becomingly flushed

as she pulled at the reins, coaxing the horses to back up so her coachman could free the wheel. The team was difficult to manage, and it was obvious to Jonathan that the big black animals were much too powerful for the small hands attempting to guide them. As he approached, the horses sensed his presence; they lunged away from him toward the side of the road. The carriage swayed dangerously; the woman with the pink parasol shrieked; and the girl on the driver's seat was thrown off balance. She quickly righted herself and brought the horses under control again.

"Don't saw at their heads like that," Jonathan said impatiently. "They don't know which way you want 'em to go."

The girl turned around in surprise. Her already flushed face deepened in color.

"Well, if you know so much about horses, why don't you do something?" she snapped. "I've only driven them all my life, and besides I'm not sawing at them." She pulled angrily at the reins, and the horses started dancing again. She tried to soothe them, but the irritation in her voice and the presence of a stranger made them more nervous than ever. The near horse reared up on its hind feet, the woman with the parasol screamed again, and the Negro shrieked hoarsely. Jonathan tried to seize the bridles of the panic-stricken animals, but they shied away from him, pawing the ground madly and almost overturning the carriage.

He made another attempt to catch the tossing bridles, but the horses were now uncontrollable. They pulled and jerked at the shafts in a frenzied effort to free themselves, then they made a sudden dash ahead. There was a splintering sound as the wheel broke loose from the fence rail. The horses moved forward with a rush. Jonathan had no time to avoid them. He saw a fantastic pattern of tossing heads black against the sky; he heard a woman scream, and then he went down in a flurry of flying hoofs and dust. When the carriage had passed, he was left lying on the road unconscious and covered with dirt and blood.

The fleecy white folds of a mosquito bar hung over him like a cloud; through the flimsy cloth Jonathan could see someone moving quietly toward the bed in which he was lying. He called out feebly, and a round black head was thrust through the curtains. A gray-haired Negro was looking at him, his face filled with anxiety.

"Is you all right, suh?" he asked.

Jonathan tried to sit up. A terrible twinge of pain in his right foot made him sink back on the pillows again.

"What happened?" he asked.

"You got knocked down by de horses an' maybe stepped on. Does you hurt anywhere?"

Jonathan grunted. "Are the ladies who were in the carriage all right?"

"Yes, suh. Miss Caroline, she done bring the horses to a stop d'rectly after you got knocked down. Dey's all right. Ah'll call de missus. She said Ah was to call her soon as you waked up."

"Wait a minute," Jonathan said, waving his hand at the rapidly disappearing face. It was thrust through the curtains again. "Whose house is this?"

"Dis is Mr. Walker's place, suh. We picked you up and put you in de carriage and brung you here."

"The carriage," Jonathan said vaguely. "How could you use the carriage? The wheel was broken."

The Negro laughed gleefully. "Ah done fixed it up with some sticks an' wire. Hit come home all right. Dey's sent to Mobile for a doctor. De missus thinks maybe you got hurt bad. Ah better go tell her you kin talk an' sit up."

He withdrew his head from the curtain, and this time Jonathan let him go. As soon as he was alone he stuck his foot out from under the covers to see if it was broken, but before he had a chance to inspect it, the door opened and someone entered the room. Jonathan hastily drew back and waited for the dim shape to approach the bed.

The curtains were drawn back, and the girl who had been on the driver's box peered through the opening at him.

"Are you badly hurt?" she asked solicitously.

"I don't know yet," Jonathan muttered. "I feel as if I'd been stepped all over."

"Horses practically never step on people," she protested. "Except when they're frightened."

"Well, those horses were frightened enough to trample on a dozen people. What did you do to 'em?"

"What did I do to them? You know they were all right till you came along and scared them. If you hadn't tried to be so gallant, nothing would have happened. I've driven those horses since they were colts. They're very gentle."

Jonathan lay back on the pillows. "The next time a Southern lady is in distress, I'll know better than to interfere."

"You're from the North, aren't you?" She was examining him with new interest.

"Yes," Jonathan said curtly.

She came nearer the bed and let the curtains fall around her like a white veil. Jonathan studied her face. It was olive-complexioned like his own; dark eyebrows swept in wide curves over eyes that were deep black and heavy-lidded, and her mouth was full and red. She was older than he had at first thought—twenty or twenty-one instead of eighteen. She looked at him coolly, not at all abashed by his stare.

"We've sent for a doctor," she said. "He should be here soon."

"Thank you," Jonathan said sullenly. Then, in order to seem less ungracious, he added: "You're Miss Caroline Walker, aren't you?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Your servant told me that a Miss Caroline got the horses under control as soon as they knocked down a Yankee."

She laughed. "I told you I wasn't in any danger. If you insist on being a hero, you must be prepared to take the consequences. I hope you're not really hurt, though. Are you?"

Jonathan tried to sit up again. His obvious agony brought a contrite expression to the girl's face.

"You are hurt. I'm sorry. I didn't realize—and I take back

what I said. What you tried to do was really very courageous. It was silly of me to say we weren't in danger."

Jonathan smiled at her. "I'll be all right. I don't think it's anything really serious. One of your horses probably stepped on my foot."

"Mother'll be here in a moment," she told him. "She likes to fuss with sick people." She swept across the room to the doorway. "I wouldn't trust any of her remedies, though, if I were you. She nearly killed our gardener by dosing him with salts when he had dysentery."



Mrs. Walker soon made an appearance, bringing a box of medical supplies, which she placed on a table. Then she approached the bed with a determined air and threw back the mosquito bar that draped it.

"We won't need the netting now," she said. "This is a spare bedroom, so it isn't kept up with the seasons. Caroline told me you were hurt. It's hard for me to imagine a young man being injured by a horse. I've seen so many young men thrown and trampled over and then jump up undamaged that I always think they must be immune to anything a horse can do. Not, of course, that I don't believe you're hurt. I suppose 'it' can happen that a horse's hoof might come in contact with a boy, but then—— Oh, dear, what am I saying? Where does it hurt you?"

"My foot, madam," Jonathan said with as much politeness as he could muster. "I'm afraid it's broken."

"Your foot? That's good. Foot wounds are nothing. A month in bed will cure anybody's foot. And a very comfortable time you can have with a sore foot too. I sprained my ankle once, and I never did so much reading in all my life. Do you like reading? I adore Sir Walter Scott. I've read every one of his novels a dozen times over. We have a complete set. You'll never be able to read them all in a month."

"A month!" Jonathan protested. "I can't stay in bed for a month. I have to go to New Orleans tomorrow morning."

"That's out of the question. No doctor in his right mind would let you out of this bed for at least a month—maybe longer. New Orleans will wait. It always has. And the season will be much gayer a month from now. It's still very dull there."

"But I can't stay here. I don't want to impose on you like this. I could go back to Mobile and wait in a hotel—or perhaps go on to New Orleans and recuperate there."

"Nonsense," she said briskly. "Do you suppose we'd let an injured stranger leave our house? And a stranger who so gallantly came to our aid when we were in trouble? Mr. Walker wouldn't permit it. You'll stay right here, young man, and Caroline and I will take care of you. By the way, what's your name?"

"Bradford, ma'am. Jonathan Bradford." Jonathan looked at her wonderingly. It was hard to imagine this slim, young-looking woman as the mother of a grown daughter. He knew that Southern women married at an early age, but it seemed incredible that they could keep their beauty so well. Mrs. Walker was flattered by his obvious admiration.

She patted Jonathan's pillow and told him to make himself comfortable, for he must be prepared for a long stay in their house. She offered to put one of their servants at his disposal, an old slave named Ananias.

"Don't worry about his name," she went on cheerfully. "He's as truthful as any other niggra—no more and no less. His name was probably someone's idea of a joke—and not a very good one I'd say. I never could understand how people give their servants queer names. How I do run on! I'll attend to your foot directly. I told Mariah to heat water for me, but she's probably let the fire go out."

She hurried across the room to the window and called the cook. There was a rumbling answer from the kitchen and a complaint that the fire was out.

"I told you," she cried triumphantly as she came back to Jonathan's bed. "I knew she'd say that. She's carrying on this way because I asked for hot water in the middle of the after-

noon. You have no idea of the difficulties of running a household in the South. The niggars are all alike. Lazy and careless. All they want to do is cook, because that has to do with food, and food is the only thing they consider important. Now you rest quietly a moment, and I'll see what's the matter. I'd send Caroline up, but I'm sure she'd distract you with her chatter, and it wouldn't really be proper for her to be alone in a gentleman's bedroom even if he was injured, would it? I'll only be a minute, and then we'll attend to your wounds. I'll need lots and lots of hot water, you know." She waved at him gaily and hurried downstairs.

There were sounds of a disturbance in the kitchen yard, but the hot water was not forthcoming. Jonathan lay very still in order to keep his foot from hurting. He had nearly drowsed off when he heard a carriage coming up the driveway. Excited feminine voices greeted it; through their babel the deeper tones of men boomed. Jonathan roused himself and was wide awake when Mrs. Walker fluttered into the room, leading two solemn-faced men, one of whom she introduced as her husband and the other as the long-awaited doctor from Mobile.

XI

THE DOCTOR CONFIRMED Mrs. Walker's prediction that Jonathan would have to remain in bed for at least a month. The small bones of the foot had been broken—just how badly the doctor could not say, but he insisted upon rest and quiet.

Jonathan found that staying in bed for a long time was less disagreeable than he had anticipated. The old slave Ananias took care of his physical needs, providing him with more attention and comfort than he had ever known. Mrs. Walker sent her calf-bound set of the writings of Sir Walter Scott to his bedroom, but she found that he preferred newspapers and the

back numbers of that famous guide to plantation management, *De Bow's Review*.

Jonathan's manifest distaste for her favorite author's work discouraged Mrs. Walker from attempting to read to him. She finally permitted her daughter to take over the task. Caroline came to Jonathan's room one day, very properly chaperoned by an ancient Negress who timidly seated herself in a far corner of the room.

Jonathan put the bound volume of *De Bow's Review* down on the bed and glanced dubiously at the book Caroline was carrying. "It looks like a novel," he said. "I never had much use for novels."

"You'll like this one," Caroline predicted. "It's Mr. Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, and everyone's talking about it now that he's lecturing in America. I read it in England when it first appeared."

"You've been abroad?"

"For years—I was educated in France. Lots of girls here are sent to French schools. Mobile is half French, you know."

"I wondered why you didn't speak with the usual Southern accent."

"Don't you like the way Southerners speak?"

"Dialects aren't my specialty. I'm an agriculturist."

"Is that why you're traveling through the South? You expect to buy a plantation perhaps?"

"No," Jonathan said slowly. "I don't. I have no desire to own one—and besides I haven't the money."

"What a pity—your not wanting a plantation, I mean. Every Northerner I've ever met seems to think that owning a plantation is all fun and no work."

"I have no such illusions."

"No? Well, what do you want to do then?"

"Buy a farm in the North and settle down on it. I think I'd make out all right. I've had a good training in agriculture—scientific agriculture, I mean. Not just scratch and plant and hope."

"How interesting," Caroline said idly. "Shall I start reading?"

She opened the book, skipping the preface, and began with the chapter on Miss Pinkerton's school. She read well, Jonathan thought.

"How do you like it?" Caroline asked after a while.

"Oh, it's all right," he said grudgingly. "That Sharp girl is a bit overdrawn, I suppose."

"Why?"

"Well, I've never met anyone like her. I wonder if such people really exist."

Caroline turned away to hide a smile. She began to read again, thinking amusedly of what her naïve guest would say if he knew the truth about her stay in Europe. Her education there had gone far beyond her parents' intentions. She had profited not only from the institutions of learning in Louis Philippe's country—she had also gained a great deal of worldly knowledge from the corrupt society of his shaky empire. At sixteen she had let herself be seduced by the brother of one of her school friends during a visit to their home, and then she had found the frenzied atmosphere of the last days of the House of Orleans' rule conducive to further experiments. In 1848, when she had to leave France to seek refuge in England from the Revolution, she had met one of her father's relatives, a dashing young army officer just returned from India.

As she read on, an idea shaped itself in her mind. It would be fun to play at love again. Ever since she had returned to Mobile she had had to pretend to be an unsophisticated maiden, for the men she knew were rigidly conventional in their attitude toward the women they considered worthy of being their wives. If gossip started about a girl, it would ruin her chances of marriage forever.

But this stranger had no contact with the people in her social circle. And his naïveté was an inducement. Had Jonathan been the usual woman-chasing man Caroline had always known, she would have discreetly kept her distance, but as it was she felt that she could manage things nicely.

The childish devices of chaperonage and watchfulness dutifully set up by her mother in compliance with social custom

would be easy enough to evade. She remembered how she had been able to spend night after night with her English cousin in a house where there was a large family and staff of servants. Yes, this Northerner offered possibilities. And he was handsome too. She had always liked tall, lean-faced young men.

Jonathan was watching her closely as she read. He had never known any wealthy young girls, and he was suspicious of this one. Obviously, she had never done a day's work; her sole function in life was to grace some slaveholder's household. She would make a good job of it too, he thought. He studied her slim graceful fingers as she turned the pages, and his eyes caressed her smooth skin. Somehow she reminded him of the slave girl he had seen sold at the Richmond auction. He found himself thinking of her in the same way.

Suddenly she stopped reading, and her eyes met his. He looked away, disconcerted.

"Were you going to say something?" she asked.

"No'm," he mumbled.

"About the story perhaps?"

"No, it's fine. Go on."

She deliberately closed the book and put it away. "I thought you were going to compliment me. A Southern gentleman would."

"You read very well," he said politely.

"Thank you." She looked disappointed. She stood up, glancing at him with an odd expression that made him feel she was making fun of him.



Caroline visited her guest often, coming into his room a dozen times a day on the shallowest of pretexts. She would move around carelessly, straightening up a pile of books or rearranging the curtains because she knew these motions showed off her figure to advantage. When the Negro servant was not in the room, she would come so close to Jonathan's bed that he could breathe the perfume she always used, and sometimes she would even lean over him to smooth out his pillow.

One day, while reading, she put her left hand on the counterpane close to his. Then she watched him study her fingers covertly, and she wondered how long it would be before he made an effort to touch them. When she saw him move deliberately away, she was exasperated. She did not know how difficult it was for a Puritan to break with his own background.



Jonathan was puzzled. He could not bring himself to believe that this wealthy young Southern girl could be interested in him. He had told her he was penniless. If he responded to her advances, she might think he was a fortune hunter trying to take advantage of his position in her father's house. It was disturbing to have a beautiful young girl hover around your sickbed, but perhaps that was the way Southern women behaved. They were notoriously coquettish, putting themselves out to please every man they met. He would make a fool of himself if he were taken in by the way she acted. Probably she was just practicing her charms on him. He decided to dismiss her from his thoughts.

Yet he was miserable when the young bloods of Mobile came to call on her, and he would lie awake listening to the irritating murmur of their voices in the drawing room downstairs. After they had gone, Caroline would run into his room for a minute to tell him everything they had said. He would glower or even pretend to be asleep, but she ignored his surliness, insisting that he sit up to hear all the details. And despite the compliments that had been paid her by others, she had a curious way of making him feel that it was what he said that counted most.

Her tricks were always transparent, but they were always successful. She knew exactly how to treat him, and she soon had him enthralled. He would lie in bed listening for some sound of her presence in the house. The brisk tapping of her heels in the hallway gave him an odd thrill; when she spoke a casual word to her mother or to one of the servants, it was as disturbing to him as though she had called out his name. He

could not get her out of his mind, and he looked forward to seeing her each day.

Sometimes when she came to his room she would not even attempt to read to him but would talk about herself. She was engagingly frank about her suitors. Jonathan was able to build up mental pictures of them from her descriptions, and the one he disliked the most was the one she most often mentioned, a certain Hugh Ballard. According to Caroline, he was everything a Southern gentleman should be—a good horseman, a dead shot, and a gallant ladies' man. He had the further qualification of great wealth, for he had inherited a successful cotton brokerage, which he operated with his brother Emory.

"Why don't you marry him?" Jonathan asked bluntly on one occasion when she was listing Ballard's virtues.

"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps I will—someday. I'm in no hurry to be married."

"Most Southern girls are the mothers of families before they're twenty."

"I know. And a stupid custom it is too. Southern girls aren't allowed to have much fun in life. They step from childhood right into matrimony. But you don't think I'm a typical muddle-headed little Southern girl, do you? I despise them. I have almost no friends among them here on Spring Hill. All they talk about is men and babies."

She caught him looking at her quizzically. "Oh, I know what you're thinking," she cried. "I don't pretend to any great learning. In fact, I despise bluestockings too. But I do like to think that I have a mind of my own."

"I'm sure you have," he said gravely.

"But?"

"I didn't say 'but.'"

"It was in your voice. You were going to say: 'If you have a mind, what do you do with it?'"

"I wouldn't have been so rude. It's a good question however. Why don't you answer it?"

"I will. I amuse myself. I enjoy every moment of my life. I always have, and I always intend to."

"And that's all you want—endless amusement and never a thought for anything else?"

She stood up and smiled at him. "Yes, my serious Yankee. How can you tolerate so unregenerate a creature?" She did not wait for an answer, but swept out of the room, lightly humming some mocking operatic tune she had learned in France.

But Jonathan searched his conscience for a reply. How could he have any use for a selfish, pleasure-loving girl who never gave a thought to the fate of the millions of downtrodden people in the world? He was surprised to find that he could be attracted to her, for she was the very opposite of everything he believed in. He could see no sensible reason why he should care anything about her; he knew only that he did. It was useless to try to drive her from his mind, because she had driven everything else out of it. She dominated all his thoughts, and he knew now that he wanted nothing so much as her. The scent of her hair was magic; her warm, soft body radiated a compelling spell. When she came near him, his arms ached to hold her, and when she was away, his whole body yearned with desire.

XII

THE BROKEN BONES knitted slowly together, until one day the doctor told Jonathan that he could get up and walk around the room with a cane. He was almost sorry to hear it. The brief interlude of luxurious idleness was nearly over. Soon he would have to go on his way, and for the first time, the way seemed hard. He kept thinking of the Lotos-Eaters' cry: "Ah, why should life all labor be?" The antislavery struggle seemed far away while Caroline was at his side.

Sometimes he would look at her and say to himself: "Just reaching out my hand to touch her would break the reserve

between us and establish a new relationship." In his imagination he felt the smoothness of her skin and caressed a hundred times the exciting curves of her body. But the knowledge of the consequences stopped him from making the first gesture.

The doctor told him that if he continued to improve he could go downstairs on Christmas to dine with the family. It was not welcome news. His room had become a shelter and a shrine in which everything was associated with Caroline. He had never seen the rest of the house; it seemed hostile; and there would be strangers to face in the downstairs quarters. He was worried, too, about having to meet Hugh Ballard.

But Christmas was near at hand. The household bustled with activity and secret plottings for gifts and surprises. Jonathan asked Caroline to purchase a few simple presents for him to give to her parents and the servants. Then he arranged with Caroline's father to buy something for her. After much discussion, it was finally agreed that a shawl would be suitable. Mr. Walker smuggled it into the house and stored it away in Jonathan's room.

Christmas morning dawned bright and warm, strangely different from all the wintry holidays Jonathan had known. Caroline came into his room early in the morning to wish him a merry Christmas. She brought a package, which she presented to him without much ceremony. While she was opening the box containing the shawl, Jonathan examined her gift. It was a book of poems by some obscure Southern writer, and although it was elaborately bound in full morocco, it had evidently been chosen without much thought. Jonathan knew he had no right to expect anything but some such standard token of esteem which any young lady could safely present to any young man, but he was chagrined to find that Caroline had paid so little attention to her choice of a present. She had evidently purchased the first book that had been handed to her.

She watched his face as he made the proper sound of appreciation, but it was not until she had tried on the shawl and thanked him for it that she turned to him with sudden vehemence.

"You didn't really think I'd give you anything so silly as that stupid book, did you?" Without waiting for an answer she went on. "Well, I wouldn't. That's just for you to show to the family. It's your official present, and it's dull enough not to cause any comment. Here's my real present." She slipped something into his hand. Before he could examine it she hurried out of the room.

It was a miniature daguerreotype mounted in a tiny gold case. Caroline's face looked up at him from the mirrorlike little plate with the stolidly set expression that comes from having to hold a rigid pose in front of a camera. Yet even this frozen likeness could not entirely spoil the natural charm of her features. Jonathan wondered why she had given him so intimate a present.

The little daguerreotype was in his pocket when he descended the stairs, disdaining Ananias' proffered assistance. He hobbled across the great hall while Caroline and Mrs. Walker anxiously watched his progress. While they waited for the guests to arrive, Caroline described some of the people who were expected. When he saw them, Jonathan realized how apt her descriptions had been.

Among the first was an elderly bachelor, Edmund Yardley, the scholar of the neighborhood, who was supposed to be a repository of local history. Caroline had warned Jonathan that he was a pompous old bore with an uncertain memory which he bolstered up by being very positive about everything he said.

As Caroline had also predicted, Yardley was drunk. He stood with a glass in his hand, swaying lightly and emitting discreet hiccoughs that made the wine shiver in the glass. Even more irritating than these protests of an outraged stomach was the old man's habit of getting stuck for a word in the middle of almost every sentence. He would launch into a statement that sounded promising, like: "The Spaniards, sir, were indubitably the first to——" and then he would pause, look around vacantly, sip a bit of his wine, and whole minutes later start in again on something else.

Jonathan signaled frantically to Caroline to come to his

rescue. Unfortunately, at that moment the sound of carriage wheels on the driveway indicated the arrival of more guests, and she had to go to the door to receive them.

The two Ballard boys came in preceded by their mother, a big, horse-faced woman, who maneuvered her full-grown sons ahead of her as though they were a couple of colts who had to be coaxed through a gate. Hugh Ballard stopped to murmur a few words of greetings to his hosts, and then Caroline captured him and brought him over to Jonathan.

Jonathan was glad to be freed from the ancient dodderer who had not yet completed a single statement he had begun. He turned to face the tall, blond-haired man at Caroline's side. Although he was predisposed to dislike Ballard, there was no denying that he was handsome in appearance and engaging in manner. He was in his thirties, but he looked older. Jonathan noted with some satisfaction that the imperious cast of his face was already marred. His eyes had noticeable pouches under them, and the muscles around his mouth were beginning to sag.

Ballard was very much the man of the world. He said the exactly right thing about Jonathan's injuries, and there was not the faintest hint of sarcasm in his voice as he complimented him on his gallantry in rescuing the ladies from a possibly dangerous carriage accident.

When Mrs. Ballard and her younger son Emory—a smaller, feebler edition of Hugh—were presented, Jonathan had to go through very much the same sort of thing again. But this time he was better able to steel himself against Emory Ballard's drawling congratulations and Mrs. Ballard's cool-voiced comments on his recovery.

Caroline had to return to the entrance hall; Emory and his mother promptly moved on across the big room, leaving Jonathan alone with Hugh. Jonathan was rid of Yardley for a while, for the old man had collapsed on a sofa and was sitting there staring mournfully at his empty glass.

Ballard apparently felt that it was his duty as an old friend of the Walkers to entertain their guest. He devoted all his atten-

tion to Jonathan, implying by his manner that he had singled him out as a person worthy of his most confidential opinions.

Jonathan tried to picture Ballard as he would be when he reached fifty. He was the sort who would put on weight, he decided. His face would become gross and thick-featured; his body ill-balanced and awkward. What was now self-possession would turn into dogmatic pompousness. There was a streak of nastiness in him which became evident when he summoned a house servant to bring him another glass of wine. The Negro, who was busy with some of the other guests, did not notice him. A momentary flash of anger transformed Ballard's face into an ugly mask, but it was quickly smiling again when he turned to Jonathan, dismissing the inattention of the servant with a deprecating shrug of the shoulders.

Although Ballard made no reference to the Negro's unintended slight, it led him almost unconsciously to discuss slavery. He was soon launched on one of his favorite projects—the acquisition of more territory in the Caribbean.

"The trouble with you Yankees," he said in a patronizing voice, "is that you want to wash your hands of slavery by confining it to the South. But you gain nothing by confining slavery. Let it spread everywhere, and then there will be no opposition to it. It's the natural condition of man either to rule or to be ruled. You can divide everyone on earth into one of those two classes. Now, when you recognize that principle and treat it honestly, it stands to reason that it's better to have slaves who are frankly dependent on their masters than to have laborers who are free only to shift for themselves when their employers have no further use for them. We Southerners are true philanthropists when it comes to treating our labor well. You Northerners exploit your workers for all they're worth and then refuse to take any responsibility for them. When I buy a slave I undertake to support him for life—or at least until such time as I sell him to someone else who has to take on the same responsibility. If slavery became the universal method of employing those who have to work with their hands, there would be no problem at all. What I suggest is that all workingmen—

white or black—be made slaves. It's the only sensible thing to do with them."

Jonathan blinked. Then he invited Ballard to elucidate the subject further.

"You've seen the slums of our Northern cities?" Ballard asked. Jonathan nodded curtly. "Now could anything be more inhuman than the way laborers are treated there? Take your Irish in New York and Boston. Are they any better off than our black slaves? Are they as well off? Answer me that, sir?"

Jonathan knew it was a waste of time to try to convert Ballard, but he felt that he had to defend the North's principle of employing free labor. "I'm afraid you see the matter only from your point of view, sir. Try to think of it as the laborer sees it. Would you like to be bound for life to your employer? Wouldn't you rather be free to do as you wished—emigrate to the West, or anywhere you desired? Even a penniless man can keep his self-respect so long as he's his own master."

"Oh, self-respect be damned," said Ballard easily. "I'm interested in developing a society that will work smoothly. Let those who were born to hew wood and draw water do what God intended them to do. Our future depends on establishing such a society. You know," he said, lowering his voice as though he were about to impart a great secret, "I'm sometimes tempted to follow the example of your Abolitionists. I'd like to go through the Northern states telling the people there about the advantages of slavery. I should have to pick my audiences carefully, of course. Just a few selected men of importance in each community. I think they might care to listen to what I'd have to say."

"Yes," said Jonathan thoughtfully, "you'd have to pick your audiences carefully. I'm afraid your ideas wouldn't be very popular with Northern workingmen."

"Of course, of course. No workingman can be expected to know what's good for him. If he did, he wouldn't be working for somebody else."

Jonathan was relieved to see Caroline come toward them with a pleasant-looking gray-haired man in tow.

"Here's somebody I want you to meet," she said. "And I'm sure he won't bore you to death with politics the way Hugh does." She introduced her companion as Mr. Robert Henry and then ran back to join her other guests. Jonathan remembered that she had mentioned Henry before, praising him as one of the most cultured and liberal men in the neighborhood.

"Is Hugh at it again?" Henry asked. "Has he been trying some of his fantastic theories about slavery on you, Mr. Bradford? Arguing that if a small dose of poison is bad, a large dose won't hurt you? Come, Hugh, you can't expect any man of sense to swallow such stuff."

"Mr. Bradford seemed to think I was speaking sense," Ballard said irritably.

"Don't tell me you agree with Hugh's fantastic ideas, Mr. Bradford. Certainly no one raised in the North, away from the stultifying effects of slavery, could believe such nonsense."

Jonathan was startled to hear a Southerner make such a remark. "No, I don't agree with him," he said seriously, "but I make it a point never to criticize the people among whom I'm traveling. I listen to everything they say and reserve judgment."

Henry looked at him curiously. "Um-m. A good principle, perhaps, but it makes us seem like a lot of savages. We don't eat people just because they disagree with us, do we, Hugh?"

"Of course not. There's no society in the world more willing to listen to any man's opinion than ours. You don't have to be afraid to speak out, Mr. Bradford."

"It seems to me that I've heard of some people—Abolitionists, for instance—being driven out of the South for speaking out too freely," Jonathan said.

"Abolitionists be damned!" Ballard snorted. "We're talking about gentlemen—not fanatics. You can't deal with lunatics. I'm perfectly willing to discuss any subject with a gentleman in a calm and impersonal way, but when it comes to people who are prejudiced before you begin——"

Robert Henry chuckled. "Now, Hugh, you contradict yourself. You admit you can't talk impersonally to an Abolitionist.

How do you expect an Abolitionist to talk impersonally to you?"

"Oh, Abolitionists be damned," Ballard said again. "Why does every mention of slavery have to bring Abolitionists into the conversation?"

"Because you think everyone who disagrees with you is an Abolitionist," Henry said promptly. "Let Mr. Bradford have his say now. Anson Walker tells me he's an agriculturist. His observations on slavery should be worth hearing."

Jonathan knew he could not express himself freely. If he were to let it be suspected that he was an Abolitionist, not even the fact that he was an honored guest in a Southern home would save him from personal violence. He chose his words carefully. "It's difficult for a Northerner to talk about slavery to Southerners. We see things differently. Speaking as an agriculturist, I'd say that the chief thing that strikes me about slavery is its wastefulness. I've seen whole areas worn out and depleted from overplanting with the same crop year after year. And slavery doesn't waste only the soil—it wastes men too. The useful lives of your Negroes are burned out quickly—at least that's the impression I've gathered from speaking to plantation owners. They're always cursing the slaves for being so short-lived, saying that they become crippled, or disabled in some way or other. I've seen——"

Ballard interrupted him. "There's lots of new land to be had—and niggers too. Why should we worry about what happens a hundred years from now? That's not our problem."

"It'll be your children's problem," Jonathan said quietly. "You're bankrupting them."

Caroline had come up behind them and was listening to what they were saying. She seized Ballard's arm and smiled at the others. "I do wish you men wouldn't stand here in a tight little knot and leave all the ladies stranded. This is Christmas—not election day. The votes have all been counted. Mr. Pierce has won, the Democratic party is victorious, and there's nothing left to argue about—not even slavery. Not today, at least."

She dragged Ballard toward some girls who were standing alone.

Henry turned to Jonathan. "Please don't think that Mr. Ballard is necessarily representative of Southern opinion," he said. "We don't all believe that the salvation of the United States lies in slavery—and still more slavery."

Jonathan looked at him gratefully. He had liked this tall, raw-boned man the moment he saw him. Henry had the face of a man who had lived most of his life out-of-doors; he was smooth-shaven, and tiny wrinkles ran from the corners of his eyes to spread out fanwise toward his temples. If Jonathan had met him on Tremont Street, he would have taken him for a New Englander. Only his voice indicated his Southern origin.

"I'm sure no large body of people all believe any one thing," Jonathan said. "Although I must say that I have seen more unanimity of opinion here in the South than in any other part of the country."

"I know," Henry said regretfully. "The real curse of slavery is that it has enchained the whites as well as the blacks. When I was young, we could still discuss it freely. But now—well, I don't have to tell you how dangerous it is even to mention it."

Jonathan would have liked to hear more of what this liberal Southerner had to say, but Yardley was showing signs of life. He put his glass down on the floor and pulled himself to his feet.

"Slav'ry? Wha'd I hear 'bout slav'ry?"

Jonathan was surprised to hear the old man utter a complete sentence. He was annoyed, however, when he saw him advance waveringly toward them with the evident intention of entering the conversation. Suddenly Yardley's legs buckled under him. Henry had to catch him and hold him upright.

"Slav'ry—slav'ry's a benefit to niggers," Yardley mumbled. "Keeps 'em—hic—eh—mm . . ." His voice died away, and he clutched at Henry's arm for support.

Henry spoke over his shoulder to Jonathan. "I'll have to take him home," he sighed. "It won't be the first time. I wish the old gentleman could afford his own carriage. It's really an

imposition for him to go visiting without one. Don't stir yourself, sir. I can manage him all right." He looked down at the aged face resting on his shoulder. "He had the last word on the subject, and very appropriate it was, too. Sound and fury—signifying nothing."

He called one of the servants and with his help made Yardley go through the motions of walking out of the room. Jonathan saw them load the unconscious form into a carriage. Then Caroline appeared with several of her friends and insisted that he join them.

XIII

NOW THAT JONATHAN was no longer confined to his room, Caroline was deprived of any excuse to visit him there. The doctor prescribed a limited amount of exercise, instructing him to walk up and down the garden path for a short while each day. Caroline accompanied him on his initial venture outdoors. As they went into the garden, Jonathan caught his first glimpse of the outside of the house he had been living in for more than six weeks.

It was a simple two-storied structure standing in a clearing in the midst of a densely tangled wood. Even in the bare foliage of winter it was impossible to see more than a few yards into the forest. This seclusion was the result of careful planning, for Spring Hill was divided into a number of five-acre residential plots on which the location of the dwellings had been so skillfully arranged that the intervening woods gave each house complete privacy.

The house was *U*-shaped, with its kitchen located in a small brick structure separated from the main dwelling, as was customary in the South. At the rear of the open grounds there was a trim little stable and carriage house, and beyond that, almost at the edge of the woods, were a few cottages in which the house servants lived. The whole place was laid out with

taste and skill; nothing seemed out of place; and although the general effect was one of pastoral simplicity, it was evident that a great deal of money and labor had been expended to achieve it. Pines and liveoaks lent a touch of green to the otherwise rather bleak and colorless winter landscape. The flower beds were blossomless, but the lawn was well tended, so that even in late December the grounds seemed attractive.

Jonathan sat down on an ironwork bench, grateful for the sun. He was pale and weak from lying in bed for so long, but he felt his veins soak up energy from the sunshine. He turned to Caroline, who had seated herself beside him and was toying with the fringed edges of the shawl he had given her.

He had wanted to speak to her alone ever since Christmas. Her present had puzzled him—surely a woman did not give a man her portrait unless she was ready to receive his attentions. But how could she entertain the idea of marriage with someone who had proclaimed himself a pauper? And if she wasn't thinking of marriage, why had she given him her portrait?

He sought a proper opening. "I haven't had a chance to thank you properly for your Christmas present," he said tentatively. "I wondered, though——"

"You wondered why I gave it to you?"

He nodded.

She made a little gesture of uncertainty. "I don't know, really. I just thought you might like to have it." She smiled at him disarmingly. "Otherwise you might forget what I look like when you leave here. I don't suppose it matters, though, does it? It's not a very good picture. It makes me look frightful."

Jonathan did not have the grace to protest that she looked beautiful even in the little photographic portrait. Nor did he quite know how to take her admission that she wanted him to remember her.

"You know very little about me," he said. "You hardly know who I am or why I'm in the South."

"Is that so important?"

"In my case, I'm afraid it is," he said gravely.

"What do you mean?"

He was in full possession of himself now. "I can't tell you. I'll be able to travel soon. In a short while you'll forget that I was ever here. You——"

"Yes?"

He shook his head. "We'd better go back to the house, I can't say any more."

"That's very provoking. You hint at mysteries and then refuse to tell me what they are."

"When I return home I'll write and explain them all."

"Do they have anything to do with a young lady?"

He stood up. "They have to do with many things. Perhaps it's just as well I'm going away soon." He waited for her to precede him down the narrow garden path. She glanced at him with a curious expression and then started toward the house.



Jonathan was looking forward to the time when he could leave Mobile for good. It was the only way out of his dilemma. His foot was almost healed; in a few days the doctor would discharge him as a patient, and he would be able to continue his travels. Meanwhile, he saw as little of Caroline as possible, taking advantage of her father's invitation to spend some time in Mobile, studying the cotton-shipping trade. The old merchant was so delighted to find someone interested in his business that he encouraged Jonathan to make daily trips to his office.

The headquarters of his firm was in the loftlike attic of a dingy brick building facing the water front. It seemed strange that so shabby a place could be the source of so much profit, but Jonathan discovered that the business of buying and selling cotton had many things about it which were strange to the outsider. Almost every transaction was made on faith. The planter simply shipped his crop to his broker and depended on him to get the best price he could for it. Since the price varied from bale to bale, depending on the quality of the contents, fraud would have been easy. But it was actually unknown. There may have been dishonest brokers, but neither Mr. Walker nor his friends had heard of them. It was essential to keep the

planters' confidence, and it would have been unprofitable as well as dishonorable to betray their trust. The broker acted as a business adviser and banker to the planter, often extending long-term credit to him against which he could draw in anticipation of future crops. Of course, this informal arrangement was aided considerably by the fact that cotton shipments coming into the port of Mobile had been increasing every year, for there seemed to be no limit to the amount of cotton the rich black soil of the interior could grow.

Any business is fascinating when it can be studied from the inside. Jonathan found that cotton trading, like any transaction involving money and human relationships, was interesting. He was impressed with the expertness required of the brokers. Mr. Walker insisted on doing his own grading of the samples taken from each bale. He would stand at one of the long sorting tables under the skylight and take up a bit of cotton in his hand, glance at it, finger its texture, measure the length of the fiber, and then call out its exact grade with a sureness that came from a lifetime of experience.

Hugh Ballard's office was in the same building, and Ballard invited Jonathan to visit it, saying that he should become acquainted with the methods used by the various brokerage houses. Jonathan soon became friendly with one of Ballard's clerks—a Negro slave named Carter. He was the family coachman, but he was an intelligent man whose services were also utilized in the brokerage office. Each morning, as soon as he drove the two Ballard brothers to work, he would put the horses away in a shed behind the warehouse and then exchange his coat of livery for a clerk's costume. He prepared the thousands of samples that were brought to the grading tables, and he also acted as general factotum, often going out on errands along the water front.

Jonathan sometimes accompanied him on his visits to the docks, the presses, and the other places connected with the cotton trade. No one in Mobile ever seemed to hurry; Carter was glad to adjust his pace to Jonathan's limping progress; and they frequently stopped to rest and talk.

In these conversations, which were usually held in the privacy of the narrow pathway along the front of the wharves between rows of cotton bales and the open waters of the bay, Jonathan learned a great deal about his companion. He heard how an ordinarily despised black man had risen to a position of at least minor importance in the Ballard office. Mrs. Ballard had noticed that Carter was a precocious boy. She decided to train him to be a useful employee for the family's business. She was a strong-minded woman who had had a lot to do with her husband's success, and she had nothing but contempt for the laws that forbade a white person to teach a slave how to read and write. She undertook the task of educating the boy, moved, however, by no philanthropic interest. To her he was simply a bright Negro whose services could be utilized in her husband's office without ever having to pay for them.

Carter had great respect for the old lady. She was a tyrant, but she was fair in all her dealings with those who showed a willingness to work. He had less respect for her sons. He could not discuss them openly with Jonathan, but it was evident that he despised Emory and feared Hugh.

He was more willing to talk about his own problems. When he found that Jonathan was a sympathetic listener, he described the status of an intelligent black man in a society made only for white people.

"Everybody thinks the house servant is better off than the field hand," he said one day. "I'm not sure of it. We're treated better, and we don't have to work so hard, but we're under our master's eye all the time. I don't say I'd want to change my position now, but"—he smiled unhappily at Jonathan—"if I'd had any choice in the matter, I might have preferred field work. A horse or a mule doesn't mind how he lives—he doesn't know any better." He was silent for a moment, then he went on again. "Worst of all, though, is the indignity of it. A slave has a man's shape, but he can never pretend to be a man." He searched Jonathan's face to see whether he dared go on speaking. "He always has to say: 'Yes, master, of course, master. Whatever you say, sir.' He never gets a chance to stand

up for his own opinions even in little things. Little things! They're what add up to make a man's whole life."

"I know," Jonathan said softly. "I can understand how you feel. I know what slavery means."

"It's nobody's fault, I suppose, but I wish they'd left us in Africa. I'd rather be free in a jungle than a slave here. What good does your white man's civilization do us? How do we benefit from it?"

Jonathan lowered his voice. "I've heard of slaves running away. The cotton ships in the lower harbor go straight to England. Black men are free when they reach her shores. You know men on those ships."

Carter laughed bitterly. "I know 'em all right. They search every ship before it sails. When they catch a slave who's tried to stow away, they send him back to Mobile for a whipping. I've never been whipped," he said fiercely. "I've been struck, and once I was even kicked, but I've never been whipped. And I never will be!"

"What do you expect to do then?" Jonathan asked quietly. "Stay here and work for Mr. Ballard?"

The Negro winced. "What can I do? I was born black. I can't escape from my own skin."

"You may be able to escape from slavery someday."

"Someday——" The Negro looked out across the muddy water of the harbor toward the cotton fleet lying in the roadstead far below the town. "Someday. That's how the white preachers talk to us about heaven. Someday!" He turned to Jonathan, his eyes wide open and his nostrils distended. "I've heard all I want of that. I've listened to white preachers tell us to be submissive to our masters so we can buy our way into their heaven. I've been told to crawl on my belly so I can sit on a cloud when I'm dead. I've had enough of white folks' promises."

"Nevertheless, there are white men working for your freedom."

Carter looked at him with the narrowed eyes and suspicious stare that years of suppression breed upon the features of the

Negro. No white man had ever talked to him like this, nor had he ever permitted himself to express himself so freely to one of them. "But what can I do, sir?" he asked. "I'm trapped here in the South."

Jonathan made no reply. He sat twisting his fingers tightly around the handle of his cane.

Carter began to speak again. "I've thought of every possibility. I've tried to reconcile myself to the life I lead. For a while I thought I could take refuge in religion. Most of my people do. But it wasn't enough. I couldn't believe in a God who put some of his creatures in black skins as an idle joke. When I was a child, I used to think my people were black because they got burned in God's oven when He forgot to take them out in time. He forgot us all right! I used to read the Bible, but it terrified me. 'The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.' Do you remember that passage, sir?"

Jonathan remembered the words all too well. He recalled the oath he had sworn over his father's coffin. What right had he to think of Caroline? Men like Carter, slaves and chattels, the downtrodden and the oppressed who dwelt in the dark places of the earth were his charges.

"Yes," he said gently. "I remember those words very well." He got up and started toward the office. As he walked along the docks, a sudden gust of wind blew across the water, ruffling its brown surface and bringing the cold of winter with it. Jonathan shivered.

During the evening he told Caroline that he intended to leave Mobile as soon as the doctor declared him fit for traveling.

XIV

CAROLINE WAS STARTLED. She persuaded Jonathan to say nothing to her parents until she could talk to him at greater length. The next morning she was waiting on the stairs to whisper to

him not to go to Mobile that day—her mother was driving into town on a shopping tour, and they could be alone.

When the carriage rolled out of the driveway, she summoned Ananias and told him to light the fire in the drawing room. In a few minutes the strong, fresh odor of burning pine logs drifted through the house.

They sat down on a sofa facing the fireplace, where Caroline stretched herself out like a cat. "It's so nice here," she purred. "Just the two of us."

"Curious—your mother deciding so suddenly to go to Mobile," Jonathan said.

Caroline grinned. "I arranged it. I told Mother there were some marvelous new bonnets just in from Paris and that she simply must get one for herself. I do hope they're actually there. I was just guessing, of course. But ships are arriving from abroad every day now, so there ought to be new things in the shops."

Jonathan stirred uncomfortably. "I'll be sorry to leave here," he said. "It's been very pleasant."

"Why must you go? You know in the South it isn't considered polite to rush away after spending only a few weeks in someone's house."

Before Jonathan could answer, there was a knock at the front door. Caroline swore under her breath and got up. Ananias was hurrying through the hall. The two young people in the drawing room were standing discreetly far apart when Edmund Yardley entered.

He was perfectly sober. His little gray eyes sparkled when he saw the scene he had interrupted, but he advanced toward Caroline with effusive comments on the weather, her health, and Jonathan's recovery.

"I'd hoped to catch your father before he left the house," he said breathlessly. "I thought perhaps he might—on his way to town—permit me to accompany him to Mobile. But no matter. Another day will do just as well. So stupid of me. I overslept. Otherwise—if I had been early enough—Mr. Henry would have taken me with him. Don't let me disturb you." He grinned at Caroline like a wicked little ape.

She had to play the gracious hostess. "You must stay and have coffee with us," she said. She had to prevent any possibility of gossip by impressing her unwelcome guest with the idea that she wanted him to remain. She called Ananias and asked him to bring coffee and brandy.

Yardley seated himself in a comfortable chair near the fire. He did not quite know whether to stay or not, but when he smelled the rich odor of brandy he decided that the sunlit room was a charming place to spend the morning. Caroline kept filling his glass as fast as he emptied it.

His monologue became increasingly difficult to follow. His unhappy listeners gave up all attempts to understand him. The sun rose higher, and the fire died down to embers and then to ashes. Servants began to bustle about in the dining room again. Ananias stuck his head inquiringly through the doorway. Caroline rose to her feet.

"Yes, Ananias," she said resignedly, "Mr. Yardley will stay for lunch."



When they rose from the table, Caroline took matters into her own hands. After commenting on the beauty of the midwinter weather, she suggested that they go for a walk. The old man imbibed some more brandy while she dressed. By the time they left the house he was so far gone that he had to concentrate all his energies on keeping himself from stumbling over every unevenness in the road. Caroline led him firmly toward his cottage.

When he was left waving genially at them from his front porch, they started back through the woods. They smiled at each other understandingly. No comment was necessary.

Caroline led the way to a place where she had often gone as a child. It was a level clearing shut in on one side by dense masses of vine-covered trees and on the other by a hill that sloped down sharply to a steep bank.

Her face was even soberer than Jonathan's when she sat down on a familiar old tree that grew from the bank at a precarious

angle, turning its distorted trunk upwards to send its branches toward the light in a wild frenzy of twisted limbs. The sun slanted down along the sloping bank, picking out golden spots on the leaves that had drifted into the hollow, and there was no sound to be heard anywhere except the hardly noticeable rustling of the breeze in the bare branches overhead. Even the birds seemed to have abandoned the woods.

Neither of them spoke for a long while. Caroline was busy with her own thoughts. She had never been so strongly attracted to anyone before. The men she had known had all been much older than Jonathan, and they had none of his diffident charm. She had always believed that she liked to be swept off her feet by a man who bluntly ignored all conventions, but now she saw that youthful inexperience had its attractions too. She wondered whether she was growing old. It seemed absurd to think so at twenty-one, but she was so much wiser and more mature than Jonathan that she felt an almost maternal affection for him.

She began to talk, speaking in a lowered voice about things she had never confided to anyone. She spoke of her own childhood. From the picture she painted of herself, one might have thought that she had been a miserable and lonely child. This was not true, but she unconsciously emphasized those elements in herself which were most likely to appeal to the man on whom she was trying to make an impression. What she said was not wholly false; she simply heightened certain aspects of her own past and suppressed others which did not quite fit into the portrait she was trying to paint.

Yet Caroline had never been so honest with a man before. She talked for hours about the disappointments of her girlhood, reviving long-forgotten incidents, and retelling the minor tragedies of her youth. Several times during this confessional there were moments when the slightest inclination of the head, the motion of an arm, or the leaning forward of a body would have thrown them into each other's arms. But not until they started home did they draw close together, and then it seemed the most natural thing in the world for them to walk hand in

hand in the growing darkness. At the point where the path entered the house grounds, they stopped, looking at each other with silently questioning eyes, for this was the end of their private little world, and they knew that they were about to rejoin the world of other people.

Caroline clutched Jonathan's hand tightly. "Wait," she said in a strained voice, "there's something I want to show you—the place I used to go when I didn't want anyone to find me."

She went to the wagon house that stood at the edge of the woods. It was dark inside the little building, but Jonathan could make out the cloth-shrouded form of a coach standing in the shadows.

Caroline's heels sounded loud on the bare wooden floor. Without realizing it, she began to step more carefully, almost tiptoeing across the carriage room. She lifted a corner of the dustcloth, revealing the still shiny wheels and doorstep of a large private coach.

"It's very old," she said. "My father brought my mother from Virginia in it when they were married. It belonged to her family for years. Isn't it pretty? That's where I used to hide when I was a child—in the coach." Her voice changed curiously. "Come—I'll show you what it's like inside."

She opened the door, and then, still holding Jonathan's hand, she mounted the step, drawing him after her. He almost stumbled over her in the darkness, but as he tried to right himself—he never knew quite how it did happen—his arms were around her, and her face was very near to his. She returned his kisses eagerly, coming to him with the warm abandon of a woman in love. It was queer, he thought, how quickly the barriers fell, once you brushed them away. They were not the stone walls he had imagined, but only gossamer.

A circle had closed. The soft flesh, the smooth skin, the provocative odor of hair and perfume had become real. The woman in his arms was alive and responsive, and life surged madly in his veins where the hot blood was pounding. Yet he knew that this was only the promise; the fulfillment was not yet.

He heard Caroline whisper one word that blotted out everything else.

It sang through his mind, overwhelming in its anticipation, overpowering in its assurance of what was to come.

The word was "Tonight."



Dinner was an uncomfortable meal. They had hurried out of the coach house only a few minutes before her parents returned. Jonathan did not know how he could face them. They suspected nothing, but his own feeling of guilt made him self-conscious.

Fortunately, a new shipment of bonnets had actually arrived from Paris, and Mrs. Walker was too absorbed in telling her daughter about her purchases to notice anything out of the way. Her husband was as oblivious as usual of what went on in his own house.

Jonathan marveled at Caroline's change of personality. She was a totally different person from the warm-fleshed girl of the coach. No one would think that only half an hour ago she was flushed with passion, eagerly responsive to his caresses. . . .

These are the lips I have kissed, he kept saying to himself; that is the body I held in my arms. Caroline's aloof secretness had vanished—and her promise was racing through his brain. He had to be reminded twice to pass the salt.

After the third such display of inattention, he saw Caroline make a covert gesture of warning. The dinner was insufferably long; certainly he had no appetite for it. He was relieved when Mrs. Walker rose from the table, but he knew that he would have to spend several hours in the drawing room with Caroline tantalizingly near him, yet so far away that she might as well be temporarily in Tibet.

Jonathan sat in a corner of the fire-lit room, his mind boiling with anticipation. He put from him every meekly protesting thought that rose to gnaw tentatively at the edges of his conscience. His body would not permit any mental checks to halt the mad galloping in his veins.

He wanted desperately to cut these intervening hours out of his life. The time stream had never been so sluggish in its flow, but glacierlike it moved on inevitably, and after the lapse of whole geological periods, it passed and brought with it the end of the evening. Mrs. Walker said that she was tired because of her expedition into the fashionable purlieus of Mobile. Caroline glanced significantly at Jonathan as she followed her mother out of the room after the usual round of good nights. He was left alone with her father, and he was terribly afraid that Mr. Walker might suddenly become talkative. But Anson Walker ran true to form. Sleep was one of the solaces of age, and he yearned for his bed.

Jonathan's excitement mounted as he went up the stairs, but it had a long time to cool off while the household settled down to sleep. His ears were abnormally attuned to every sound; the house seemed to have become a restless, creaking structure with a life of its own. A dozen times he could have sworn that he heard the soft padding of feet in the hallway, but when Caroline finally did come to his room, he did not hear her until she was at the door. It opened noiselessly, and a white-clad figure slipped into the room without a sound.

There was a glimmer of a moon to cast a faint glow through the windows, making the bedchamber ambient with light rather than actually illuminating it. The white figure came nearer.

A nightgown was slipping to the floor. Out of it arose a slender white body, curved and molded like a flower.

Caroline stepped toward the bed. Without a word she came to his arms, warm and smooth-fleshed, burning with her own desire and setting flame to his.

XV

MORNING BROUGHT the dawn of reason. When Jonathan woke, everything that had happened seemed unreal to him—not unreal

enough, however, for him to convince himself that nothing had happened. His New England conscience struggled to assert itself again, its voice becoming louder and more strident each moment. The whole course of your life has been changed, it said accusingly. You will have to marry now and rearrange your affairs accordingly. A fine Abolitionist you are!

For Jonathan, marriage was the only possible solution. Anything else was dishonorable, not to be countenanced even in his secret thoughts. He would have to persuade Caroline to return North with him. He would insist on that. He wondered what they would live on. Money, which had never concerned him, suddenly became a matter of great importance.

Curious how quickly a man's outlook can change. It's your own fault, conscience said. The piper is waiting for his pay, and his fee is so great that it will take years to work off the debt incurred for a few moments of pleasure. Conscience became personal, an impish, teasing little creature that leapt about the room like a monkey and jumped upon his shoulder to chatter annoyingly in his ear. It kept harping on the "I-told-you-so" theme. Jonathan bore its antics patiently, but the seed of murder was planted in his heart.

To enter the sunlit dining room was like going into an Inquisition chamber. Yet he found his hosts calmly eating their breakfast as though nothing had happened. Jonathan stumbled to his chair, avoiding their eyes, and replying in a choked voice to their greetings. Mr. Walker's calm, benignant smile would turn to righteous fury if he knew. Plenty of fathers had killed men for what he had done, Jonathan reflected. But marriage would make it all right. Marriage was an all-embracing cloak that covered the sins of youth all over the world.

Jonathan waited miserably for his partner in deception. He would have to shield her entrance if she faltered. Perhaps some casual remark from him would give her an opportunity to slip into her chair unnoticed. He heard her footsteps on the stairs . . . he braced himself for the encounter.

Caroline came into the room smiling. She was as gay as the crisp cool air of the morning. She kissed her mother and father

lightly and greeted Jonathan with an unabashed and casual "Good morning." He was relieved—and startled. Had the girl no conscience? Was she unaccompanied by the little beast that had plagued him and that was doubtless still lurking somewhere in the room ready to spring back on his shoulder? If she were so unconscious of guilt, what reason had he to believe that she would be honest with him? None whatever, he answered himself in dismay. But she had never been more charming. She radiated well-being and contentment, and she seemed to be filled with affection for everyone in the world. He could not help loving her. Perhaps he would be better off if he could become more like her. The little beast from New England retired sulkily.

Jonathan was sure that Caroline would ignore him at breakfast as she had at dinner on the evening before. But she did nothing of the kind. She insisted on bringing him into every conversation. Surely her parents must notice the new intimacy in her voice. Well, it hardly mattered now. The news would have to be broken to them soon—perhaps this very day. If Mr. Walker invited him to go to Mobile, he would refuse. Caroline had to be consulted as quickly as possible. After all, he hadn't asked her to marry him. He should have whispered his proposal to her as she lay in his arms. . . . His thoughts wandered off into recollections so distracting that he hardly heard her father when he asked whether he wanted to go to Mobile.

The words of refusal were taking shape on his lips when Caroline intervened. "Why don't you go?" she said idly. "It'll be very dull here today."

His eyes, numbed and pleading, sought her face, but she would not heed them. "I shall have to help Mother with her new bonnet," she went on. "It's never right when it comes from the shop. I always have to remake it to suit Mother's face, don't I, Mother dear?"

Mrs. Walker defended her modiste, but she was quickly persuaded that one of her dresses would also need an overhauling to go with the new purchase. It was evident that the day was to be devoted to matters of feminine importance. Jonathan rose from the table bewildered.

Forced into a position of agreeing to go to Mobile, he stomped up the stairs to his room. Perhaps Caroline would meet him there, he thought. But she remained at the table, although he waited for her as long as he could. Only a particularly gracious smile at parting gave him any indication that she was thinking of him at all. It was incredible that she could be so unaffected by what had happened. How could she take it so calmly? Jonathan rode into Mobile turning over a question that rose unhappily to the surface of his mind.



During the day he had vastly complicated problems to think about, all concerning his own future. He noticed that a change had already come over him in his attitude toward certain people. Toward Mr. Walker he felt the kindly affection of a son for a father. Toward Hugh Ballard, whom he could not avoid in the narrow quarters of the two adjacent offices, he felt the pity that one feels toward the defeated, but mingled with that admirable emotion was a certain amount of triumph. Ballard's loss was his gain. He could not help being gratified at his victory.

As he walked along the water front with Carter on one of the numerous errands that took them all over the city, his heart was filled with exultation. The world was a good place; the sunshine was unusually bright; and the muddy water of the bay sparkled joyously. He walked briskly; his foot was nearly well; and he didn't really need the cane he had brought along.

When he spoke to Carter, he told him that he might soon be leaving Mobile. The man's obviously unhappy reaction to his casual remark was the first discordant note of the day.

"You'll be going back to the North, sir?" Carter asked.

"Yes, of course."

The Negro looked around cautiously to make sure that no one could overhear him. "I wish to God you could take me with you, sir."

"I wish I could," Jonathan said regretfully. "But perhaps I can purchase your freedom someday."

Carter shook his head discouragingly. "Mr. Ballard won't sell. He's said he wouldn't take five thousand dollars for me. I'm too useful in the office." The Negro seemed to take a sullen pride in his own monetary value.

What he said gave Jonathan an insight into the complexities of slavery. Five thousand dollars was a lot of money. Carter was worth more to Horace Ballard and Sons than all their physical equipment, for their shabby office furniture, their sorting tables, and long rows of wooden storage racks would certainly not bring as much as that. Carter would go on year after year performing his duties as a clerk with no cost to the firm but his upkeep—food and occasional donations of clothing. Jonathan was convinced that slavery was unprofitable for the South, but there were evidently some exceptions to the general rule. Carter was one of them.

As they walked back to the office, Jonathan kept thinking of his own problems. What would he do with a rich wife, a woman raised in a proslavery background? And what would she say when she discovered that he was an Abolitionist working to free the slaves who were the indirect source of her own fortune? He would have to tell her the truth. It was hard to predict how she would react. There were many things about her he did not understand. But first he had to settle the question of marriage. That, at least, should be easy.

But Caroline kept putting him off, not even giving him an opportunity to talk to her alone. She stayed with her family all evening, and when she came to his room afterwards, she refused to let him speak lest they be overheard. A little later she slipped out of his bed and disappeared as silently as she had come.

Not until Sunday, when there was no excuse to send him off to Mobile, did he have his chance. Even then, Caroline refused to go beyond the garden bench.

"I want you to understand that I'll agree to anything you want," Jonathan began. "But I do think we ought to have some kind of understanding. I thought—well, I thought you'd want to marry me. But now I don't know what you want. You can't let things go on like this. It wouldn't be——"

"Go on, say it," she urged. "'It wouldn't be decent.' That's what you mean, don't you?"

Jonathan glanced away.

"Why don't you take what life offers you and not worry so much about it?" she cried impatiently.

Jonathan was blunt. "Do you want to marry me or don't you?"

Her voice softened. "Let's just continue living and not raise troublesome questions right now."

Jonathan was not satisfied. He knew he was making a mistake in letting the decision be put off, but it was impossible to get an answer from her. He would have to take her on her own terms or not at all. He resented the terms, but he wanted her. He would have to swallow his pride and stifle his conscience. She represented everything he had missed in life. She was the embodiment of all the happiness he had dreamed of; she was the symbol of a new world of rich and thrilling experience. He cursed his heritage and regretted the oath which bound him to act as the implacable agent of a militant cause. Was he not entitled to some personal happiness, to a brief respite from the struggle? Were the dark-skinned children of slavery worth all he had to give up for them? Hamlet's cry of despair echoed in his mind: "The time is out of joint; O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!"



There followed days of torment. Caroline came to Jonathan's room every night, but she seemed more and more remote, visiting him like an incubus to make his nights a frenzy of physical passion. It was only at infrequent moments in the daytime, when they walked together in the woods or went out for a carriage drive, that she seemed a woman and not a creature from his dreams. Sometimes he played with the idea that she was two different persons, and that the girl who sat beside him in the carriage was not the same one who visited him at night.

The relationship was not what he wanted it to be, but he saw no way of establishing it on a firmer basis. He thought of escaping from it—but he did not want to escape. The days went past,

dreamlike and timeless. His foot healed entirely, and he discarded his cane. There was no reason why he should not leave Mobile, but Caroline would not hear of it.

When visitors called, he was presented to them as the house guest of the Walkers, and the easygoing hospitality of the South made it possible for him to remain in their home without arousing undue comment. He was invited to participate in hunting trips and to go to the horse races which played such an important part in Southern society, but he preferred to remain aloof from men with whom he had nothing in common. He could not pretend to be a gentleman interested in sports and gaming. He had to cling to some traces of his old self.



One evening, Hugh Ballard, who had not been near the Walkers' house for several weeks, came to pay an unexpected visit. He talked to Caroline almost exclusively, ignoring Jonathan. He was properly respectful to her parents, but he seemed oddly ill at ease for once. When he left, he told Caroline that he hoped to see her a great deal more often now that the cotton-shipping season was nearly over.

Later that evening when Caroline came to Jonathan's room, she spoke in a tense whisper. "I was afraid Hugh wouldn't be so easily discouraged. I wonder whether someone has told him about us, or whether he guessed himself."

Jonathan buried his face in her hair. "Why don't you put an end to all this? Either marry me or send me away."

She made a gesture of impatience. "You're as bad as Hugh when it comes to wanting a woman to be your very own."

He put his arms around her. "You've got to make up your mind. You don't want to be an old spinster, do you?"

She laughed bitterly. "A fine spinster I'd make!"

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"We can't talk about it now. We shouldn't be talking here at all." She returned his embrace fiercely, and then they were silent for a long while.



Hugh Ballard called on Caroline every evening that week. He seemed blandly unsuspecting, but he constantly tried to place Jonathan at a disadvantage. He spoke of his profession as if he had the greatest respect for it, yet he made everyone feel that a knowledge of agriculture could be useful only to an overseer. He made it evident that Jonathan was nothing but a propertyless farmer, even going so far as to offer to give him letters of introduction to friends of his who might need someone to manage their estates. All this was done with the most exquisite tact and skill. There was nothing at which his victim could take open offense.

Anson Walker came to Jonathan's aid. "There's a good deal in what Hugh says, you know. The days are past when a man could start out with nothing, as Hugh's father did, and make a fortune in a few years. One might still do it in the West, perhaps, but the South is pretty well settled now, and, of course, the North is too."

"My father had good connections with the families that came here from South Carolina," Ballard said coldly. "That was an important factor in his success."

"Of course, of course," Mr. Walker agreed cheerfully. "How else could he have made a go of it? He had the poorest sense for business of any successful man I ever knew. That comes from being a Carolina aristocrat, I suppose. It's a good thing your mother came of back country Georgia stock. She made your father work."

Ballard flushed. "Mother is very practical," he said. Everyone knew that Mrs. Ballard still kept an iron hand on the business which had been her husband's.

When Ballard stood up to say his farewells, he bowed to Jonathan, saying, "If there's anything I can do to help you, Mr. Bradford, don't hesitate to call upon me. I shall consider it a privilege to assist a man who is so capable as yourself—and so at a loss without the proper connections."

Jonathan thanked him formally. Caroline was angry when she took Ballard to the door, but she started to laugh as soon as she returned.

"Good for you, Father," she said, linking her arm in his. "Hugh was very rude this evening. You put him in his place nicely."

Her father smiled. "I couldn't help reminding Hugh that the cotton aristocracy in this state is hardly a generation old." He turned to Jonathan. "This is a big country, sir. I envy any young man who faces a future here. In England there seems to be no hope for youth, but here—well, a man can do almost anything if he tries hard enough."

Jonathan looked at him gratefully. He felt that he had won a friend.



Later that night, when Caroline came to his room, Jonathan told her that she must make up her mind. If she did not agree to marry him before the month was up, he was going to continue his journey. He knew he was using dangerous tactics with a high-tempered and self-willed girl, but his ultimatum was received without protest.

XVI

ON SUNDAY, Jonathan went for a walk with Caroline. He had made up his mind to tell her about his connection with the antislavery movement. He knew he should have confessed it to her long before, but it was a difficult subject to broach to any girl who had been raised in the South.

The day was cloudy with a lead-gray sky that seemed to press down heavily on the treetops. Rain could be expected at any minute, so they did not want to go too far away from the house. Almost without thinking of where they were heading, they turned toward the little clearing in the woods.

Caroline sat down on the old tree trunk and looked up at Jonathan cheerfully. "Don't look so worried," she said good-

humoredly. "I haven't agreed to marry you yet. You're still a free man."

"That's not what I'm worried about. I have to tell you something—something about myself. It's hard to know where to begin."

She twisted her mouth into a mock-terrified grimace. "Don't tell me you're a notorious criminal. I won't believe it."

He sat down beside her. "No, that isn't it," he said seriously. "Although I suppose some of your friends would think me a greater criminal than if I were a murderer."

"Do tell. What crime have you committed? Slave stealing?"

He was startled. "Not quite—or rather not yet."

"You're going to confess that you're an Abolitionist, aren't you? Well—I knew you were. I could tell from the way you talked. It's no secret. Even Hugh suspects you."

A wave of uneasiness swept over him. "He does?"

"Of course. And he's not the only one. Did you think you could come into a small community like this and not be talked about? I've heard people speculate on what you might be, guessing everything from Yankee millionaire to Abolitionist agent. It's lucky you haven't been caught trying to preach insurrection to the slaves—or have you?"

"Don't joke about it," he pleaded. "It's no joking matter."

"I know it's not. But you'd better tell me all about it. Start from the beginning and tell me how you got into such work."

When Jonathan had completed his story, she leaned back against the tree trunk, surveying him amusedly. "I suppose you want to know how I feel about all this?"

"Of course."

"H-m. Well, I can't say I like it. Oh, not for the reasons you think. It's not that. But you must understand this about me. I'm selfish—terribly selfish. I have no great humanitarian feeling for Negroes—or for white people either, for that matter."

"But you wouldn't be opposed to my work?"

"No—but we have more serious things between us. We may as well talk about them. There's money, for instance. I've never had to worry about it, but I shouldn't want to."

"I can make a living for both of us."

"Oh, I'm sure you wouldn't let me starve. But I'm not talking about starving. I've thought a great deal lately about what it would be like to be a poor man's wife. I must say I don't care for the notion, and what you've told me now makes it worse. I knew you were an Abolitionist by sympathy, but I didn't know you were—well, pledged to devote your life to a cause. It does make a difference. You keep making things very difficult for me."

Jonathan smiled at her ruefully. "I never could understand why you ever gave me a thought in the first place."

"I like you," she said promptly. "I really do. I like you a great deal. Sometimes I even think I love you. I'm not absolutely sure, but it may be that I do."

She was silent for a while, then she began to talk again. "You know, for the last year or so, I thought I'd marry Hugh Ballard. There are many things about him I don't like, but Hugh and I have a lot in common. More than you think, perhaps. I could tell you things about myself that would probably shock you more than your revelations about Abolitionism shock me." She was looking at him curiously, and she saw an unhappy expression cross his face. "But I shan't tell you. No, we'll forget all that. What counts now is what we are to do. I don't know, Jonathan. I just don't know."

"I suppose it all depends on how much you love me, doesn't it?" he asked gravely.

"I suppose it does. I admit that I like you better than any man I've ever known. You're honest and straightforward—and that appeals to a devious person like me. I need someone I can depend on—someone I can always trust." She stood up and put her hands on his shoulders. When they stood close together, everything seemed so much simpler. She was sure she loved him when she felt his lips on hers.

They did not notice the dark clouds hurrying across the sky, nor did they hear the groaning of the tree branches in the rising wind. They noticed nothing, until Jonathan, suddenly glancing

up at the wildly tossing branches on the crest of the hill, saw a horseman standing there motionless against the sky.

The rider urged his horse down the slope. They could tell that it was Hugh Ballard even before he came close enough to recognize him. He got off his horse heavily. His face was twisted into an ugly grimace of pain and anger.

Caroline tried to speak, but he silenced her savagely. Then he signaled to the hilltop, where his brother had appeared.

"Emory will escort you home," he said. "I'll deal with Mr. Bradford myself."

Jonathan stepped forward. "I fail to see what right you have to interfere with Miss Walker's private affairs."

"She was supposed to marry me," Ballard said. "But perhaps she's forgotten it. Her memory can be conveniently short at times."

"You can't say that," Caroline protested. "I never promised anything of the kind."

"Perhaps you didn't actually promise. But you let everyone in Mobile think so. You never seemed to have any doubt about it until this Yankee adventurer came along."

Before Jonathan could say anything, Emory Ballard rode up and jumped off his horse.

"Having any trouble, Hugh?" he asked in the deliberately slow drawl of insult.

"Take Caroline home," his brother said. "Get her out of here. I want to give this meddling Yankee a lesson."

"You can't talk to Mr. Bradford like that!" Caroline cried. "I won't permit it. He's our guest."

He grinned at her. "Fine guest he is. Makes love to his host's daughter. Takes her off to the woods and——"

"Stop it!" Jonathan commanded.

"Takes her off to the woods," Ballard went on with the evident intention of provoking Jonathan to action. "And then——"

Caroline tried to catch Jonathan's arm, but she was thrust aside as he strode past her to strike at Ballard's taunting face. Ballard did not even try to ward off the blow. He staggered under its impact, then he drew himself up to speak with a queer

note of triumph in his voice. "You'll hear from me this evening, sir," he said quietly. "Now will you permit my brother to take Miss Walker home?"

Caroline was pounding at Jonathan's chest and arms. "Don't you see what you've done? He wanted you to do that. He'll kill you now! Oh, Jonathan, he'll kill you!"

She rushed at Ballard. "I won't let you! I know what you're going to do. I won't let you shoot him down in cold blood. I won't let you! I know what you're like, Hugh Ballard. You've murdered other men in duels. I won't let you kill this one." Her voice rose to a frenzy. Ballard's face was expressionless as he asked her the one question he wanted to hear her answer.

"Do you love this man?"

She looked at him, her eyes searching his rigidly set face on which the red welt left by Jonathan's hand stood out like the sear of a burn. She said "Yes" determinedly, but if she expected Ballard to weaken when he heard her admission, she was disappointed. He turned on her sharply.

"Then you should have acted toward him like a woman honorably in love—not like some backwoods wench who goes into the woods on a secret assignation. Go to your home. You can gain nothing by carrying on like this. I mean to make Mr. Bradford give me satisfaction."

"You planned this. You spied on us. You talk of being a gentleman. You act like backwoods trash yourself."

"Caroline, will you go home? This is between Mr. Bradford and me now."

Jonathan interceded. "Perhaps it would be better——"

"No," she said furiously. "We'll all leave here together. You may both come to your senses when you cool down." She insisted that Jonathan take her arm and then she started up the hill path. The two Ballard brothers followed on foot, leading their horses.

When they came to the place where the path joined the public highway, they saw a carriage approaching. Emory Ballard jumped on his horse and rode ahead to hold a brief conversation with the driver.

It was Robert Henry. When they came near, he leaned down to speak to Caroline.

"If you'll go on to the house," he said quickly, "I'll do my best to take care of Mr. Bradford. It will be inadvisable for him to stay in his present quarters. I suggest that he spend the night in my home."

Caroline looked at him despairingly. "Are you going to participate in this dreadful thing too?"

"My dear Caroline, I'm simply asking Mr. Bradford to come to my house in order to save you embarrassment. Surely you must understand that."

She turned away and took Jonathan's arm again. Henry turned his carriage around while the Ballards waited for him.

"Jonathan," she said fiercely, as soon as they were out of hearing, "you can't do this. He'll kill you for sure. He's the finest shot in the county. He's killed other men. Everyone knows——"

"What can I do? There's no choice now."

"Yes, there is. Come away with me. You've asked me to marry you. Well, I will. We can leave Mobile and——" She stopped when she saw his face. "You're afraid they'll think you're a coward. You're afraid they'll—— Oh, how can men be so stupid! What does it matter what anyone says now?" Her voice died away in a choked whisper.

They were at the entrance to the driveway. She pulled her arm away from him. "You're just like every other man. You subscribe to all their childish beliefs about honor. What does honor matter to a woman in love? Why should it be such a tremendous thing to a man?" But she saw that his face was inflexible, and she drew away from him resentfully.

"I hate you!" she cried. "I hate all of you!" And then she ran toward the house.

Jonathan watched her go. This is the last time I may ever see her, he thought. Then he walked slowly toward the three solemn-faced men who were waiting for him under a gray sky that threatened storm and the long darkness of death.

XVII

IT RAINED during the evening. Jonathan sat through dinner at Henry's house, hardly noticing what was happening while he listened to the sound of the raindrops pattering on the roof and driving against the window. The Negro servants waited on the table like furtive shadows, their manner acknowledging the presence of trouble among the white folks.

When Jonathan entered the little book-lined room that was his host's private study, Henry closed the door and leaned against it. "I'm not going to inquire into the causes of this affair," he said. "Emory Ballard told me the circumstances of the quarrel. You realize, of course, that there can be no attempt at reconciliation after a blow. We have much to talk about before Mr. Ballard's representative arrives."

Jonathan nodded.

"Very well. Then we must settle some details. Are you familiar with the code duello?"

"Only vaguely," Jonathan said. "Since I'm being challenged, I believe I have the right to choose weapons, terms, and——"

Henry held up his hand. "I'm afraid your notions are a bit antiquated, Mr. Bradford. In theory, you, as the challenged party, do have the privilege of setting the conditions. Actually, however, they are pretty well determined by local custom. Custom here dictates that pistols shall be used, that the time shall be as soon as is practicable, which in this case will undoubtedly be at dawn tomorrow. The distance will be from ten to twenty paces. I shall try to make it twenty. As to the place, I assume that it will be on the other side of the bay. That makes police interference difficult. But the important thing is—how good a pistol shot are you?"

Jonathan shrugged his shoulders. "I can shoot—after a fashion. Mr. Ballard is an expert, I'm told."

Henry pulled at his face. "Yes," he said slowly, "Mr. Ballard is an expert. We shall have to devise some means of lessening the disparity between you. Otherwise, this duel will be murder, with you, I regret to say, as the prospective corpse. Do you have any suggestions? Are you used to any one kind of pistol? Under the circumstances, we could honorably demand a specification of the weapons."

Jonathan thought of the little pepperbox Joel Tupper had given him. "I have a small repeating pistol among my belongings," he said. "Do you suppose we could send for my luggage? I shall need some things for the night anyway."

Henry called a servant and dispatched him to the Walker house. Then he began to question Jonathan about the pistol. On learning that it was a six-barreled pepperbox of a common pattern, he seemed greatly interested. He said nothing, however, until the rain-drenched servant returned.

Henry inspected the little weapon carefully, spinning its barrels and examining its firing mechanism. His face began to look more cheerful. "If I can persuade Mr. Ballard's second to let us use a pair of these, I have an idea that may give you a chance for your life. It's an unusual provision, but I think we're entitled to ask for some concession in view of your inexperience with the regular dueling pistol."

He explained to Jonathan what was in his mind. "We can get another one of these in Mobile," he said. "The ordinary dueling pistol fires only one shot, therefore, it would be reasonable to ask that only one of these barrels be loaded with a ball. The other five would be loaded with blank charges. The barrels would be spun before firing, so that it would be impossible to tell when the barrel containing the ball would come under the hammer. This introduces an element of chance. If you should fire the ball before Ballard does, you would have an opportunity to wing him. Of course, the chance works both ways—he might fire his loaded charge first. But I'd rather be shot at with one of these things than with a long-barreled dueling pistol. It's worth trying for. Mr. Ballard's second isn't likely to insist that his principal be given the privilege of shooting you dead just

because you're less used to handling a standard dueling pistol than Ballard is. I believe I can arrange it. What do you say?"

Jonathan hesitated a moment, then he agreed that the request should be made.

"Good!" Henry said quickly. "Now let me give you some instruction in dueling procedure. You'll find that it's as formal as a presentation at court." He went over every step with great care, knowing that nothing could be more unnerving to his principal than to make some minor blunder in etiquette at a moment when he would most need to be sure of himself. He was going through the procedure for the fourth time when there was a heavy knock at the front door.

"I'll show you upstairs to your room," Henry said hastily to Jonathan. "You can't be present while the terms are being discussed. That's the business of the seconds."

While they were mounting the stairs, Jonathan asked whether Emory Ballard was likely to be his brother's representative. Henry seemed shocked. He hurriedly explained that a kinsman could never be a second—too many family feuds had sprung up that way.

Jonathan was ushered into a large and pleasantly furnished bedchamber, where he wandered around disconsolately while Henry went downstairs. He was by no means happy about the scheme to use the little pepperbox. He hated to ask any concession from Hugh Ballard, even though it cost him his life.

Yet he certainly did not want to die. To have his career cut short by a bullet from a slave owner's hand would end everything he had hoped to accomplish. Nevertheless, he had to admit that he had plunged blindly into his own folly. He should have had enough courage and foresight to leave the Walker house as soon as he saw himself becoming involved with Caroline. He had been physically able to travel weeks ago; he had stayed on because he had been fascinated by her, letting himself be swerved from the main purpose of his life. He deserved what was happening to him, he reflected bitterly.

What a fool he had been! He had tried to play the Southerners' own game; naturally, they had beaten him at it. He should

have remained steadfast to his own principles, to the only way of life he knew. Then he would have been on sure ground, able to act according to the dictates of his own nature. Now he was likely to have to pay with his life for his stupidity. He had important work to do in the world, work that was far more important than love or chivalric honor or any of the shibboleths that persuaded men from the path of duty.

But there was no way out of his predicament. He could not even run away. Transportation could not be arranged in a hurry; the only way he could flee would be to take to the woods like a fugitive Negro. They would probably hunt him down with dogs if he did. The thought was ironic. Such a course of action would give him a taste of the life of the people he was trying to free. But he put the idea out of his mind. If Ballard accepted his choice of weapons, he would have a good chance for his life. He found himself strangely willing to face his adversary, to shoot at him, to kill him if he could. Ballard personified everything he hated about the aristocracy. He would not be sorry to stamp out this representative of the slaveholders with a bullet. No, there was nothing to do but stay and fight.

Then he suddenly recalled the last words Caroline had spoken to him. She was willing to marry him; she wanted him to avoid the fight with Ballard, to defy the concepts of honor in her own society, to take her away from the South. . . . She did love him! He had gained everything he wanted, but it meant nothing to him now. He had to meet the possibility of death in a few hours. All his plans and his projects faded before that possibility. There was no use thinking of Caroline at this time. His very existence would be threatened when he faced the deadly muzzle of Ballard's pistol. The thought preyed upon him. He began to pace up and down the room, wondering how long the two men downstairs would take to decide the manner of his fate. Damn them! they would probably drag the conference out for hours. And then, even if Henry won his point, his life was to be staked on the turn of a wheel, on the revolving chambers of the pepperbox he had fired in Boston Harbor on the day Lucy had laughed at him. Why had she laughed? That

suddenly became important to him. What would she think when she heard of this scandalous affair?

There was a step on the stairs, a gentle knock on the door. . . . Robert Henry entered the room smiling. "They've agreed to use the pistol," he said triumphantly. "Dick Watson is going to ride to Mobile tonight to see if he can find a twin to yours. It's ten paces though. I had to concede that in exchange for getting our way about the weapons."

Jonathan did not share his host's triumph. Now that the duel had become largely a matter of chance, he was beginning to be fatalistic about it. Perhaps the decision as to whether he was to live or die had already been settled, perhaps his fate was already written in letters that no human agency could change. But he had no way of knowing what the decision would be until he met Ballard in the morning. Damn these Southerners and their brutish ways of settling matters by personal combat! As if a pistol could settle anything except whether a man was to live or die.

He was glad when Henry suggested that he go to bed immediately so as to get as much rest as possible, for he would have to be aroused at four o'clock in the morning. Jonathan was sure he would not be able to sleep, but he wanted to be alone. No one could help him now but himself.

His thoughts returned to Lucy, and he longed to be with her. No, he would never be able to sleep. . . . But the next thing he knew he was being shaken by the shoulder. Robert Henry was telling him to get up. It was still dark, and the feeble light from the candle in his host's hand made the night seem even blacker.

There was hot black coffee waiting for him when he came downstairs. Henry insisted that he drink several cups of it. Then they got into the carriage which one of the Negro servants brought around to the front door. They drove off through the woods. The rain had ceased falling, and some stars could be seen through openings in the scattered clouds. It would be a fair day, his host predicted, and he said he hoped it would be a favorable one.

They were to meet the others on the water front near the Ballard warehouse, where they would cross the bay in a rowboat, since the ferry was not running at that hour. Henry drove silently down the shell road toward Mobile. There was a faint glow in the sky when they reached the outskirts of the city. By the time they came to the water front, the dull gray light of early morning gave the scene a dreamlike quality which made Jonathan think that perhaps he was still asleep.

But Hugh Ballard looked very real when they saw him standing beside the boat drawn up on the shore. And even more real was the doctor, the same one who had tended Jonathan during his long convalescence. He was carrying a small black surgical kit, and he seemed unusually brisk and efficient as he greeted Jonathan cheerfully. Emory Ballard was there, and Hugh's second, Dick Watson, was standing beside him. Several Negroes were waiting to do the work of rowing the boat across the bay. Jonathan was glad to see Carter among them.

The light grew stronger as they set out across the water, the oarsmen's steady strokes moving the boat swiftly through the choppy waves. Jonathan sat in the stern with Henry; the Ballards were in the bow, and the doctor and Dick Watson amidships. They had all greeted one another with great formality when they met, but they had separated almost instinctively as soon as they got into the boat.

When they came in sight of the other side of the bay there was a broad streak of light above it. The sun rose above the horizon, casting a sickly red glow across the waters of the harbor. Jonathan was numb with cold and dread anticipation as he stepped ashore. Henry ran ahead to speak to Dick Watson, who was carrying the two pistols. Hugh and Emory Ballard climbed up the bank with the doctor and disappeared. Jonathan stayed where he was.

He heard Carter whispering something to him in a barely audible voice. "I wish you luck, Mr. Bradford. I hope you'll be all right."

Jonathan thanked him, hardly noticing his words, but the Negro continued speaking.

"I've been thinking over what you said, sir. When my chance comes—if it ever does—I'm going to take it. I want to get away from here. I want that more than anything else in the world. God bless you, sir. I hope nothing happens to you. I——" And then he slipped away suddenly when Robert Henry summoned Jonathan to accompany him toward the place where the duel was to be held.

They entered a level glade not far from where they had landed. The horizontal rays of the sun were too low to penetrate through the dense underbrush, and an air of quiet dawn still lingered in the clearing. Jonathan could hear the birds twittering restlessly in the trees. Was this to be the last time he would ever hear them? he wondered. And would he ever see the sun rise again to flood the earth with its splendor? He hated the very thought of death at that moment, but the two seconds were busy loading the pistols, and the doctor was calmly opening his kit to spread his instruments out where he could reach them in a hurry.

Now Robert Henry was at Jonathan's side giving him last-minute instructions. Because of the possibility of having to fire six shots, the time had been increased to ten seconds. The two contestants were to bow to each other when they took their places on the field. The pistols were to be held up at arm's length so they could be lowered quickly into a firing position. It was important to shoot fast, since everything depended upon reaching the barrel with the ball in it before the other man did. Of course, it might even come up on the first shot—one could never tell—but one shouldn't fire carelessly, because there was no way of knowing which shot would count. Jonathan nodded curtly. The two seconds conferred for a moment and then signaled to their principals to come forward for the choice of weapons.

Jonathan did not care which pistol he got, but he noticed that when one of them was placed in his left hand—according to the rigid set of rules governing the duties of the seconds—it was his own weapon. He recognized it by the initials J.T. engraved on the handle. It was a good omen, he thought, and

he stepped forward to take his place with more confidence. The positions had already been paced out and marked. Ten paces seemed terribly close, but the distance gave him a certain amount of self-assurance, for it was about the same as that he had used while practicing shooting in Boston. He had been able then—except on that absurd day with Lucy—to hit objects much smaller than Hugh Ballard's body, which now loomed large in the hazy morning light. And he had every intention of aiming carefully.

The two men bowed formally to each other; the seconds took up their traditional positions opposite the center point in the line separating their principals. The pistols were lifted until their muzzles pointed at the sky. Dick Watson gravely inspected the two opponents; he glanced at Henry, who nodded briefly at him, then in a calm, deliberate voice he said: "Are you ready, gentlemen?"

Both men answered clearly at the same instant.

Watson barked out the word "Fire!" and began to count. The two pistols came down simultaneously.

Jonathan felt the little weapon become alive in his hand when he pulled the trigger. As the shot roared out, he saw a burst of fire come from the muzzle of Ballard's gun. Then he pulled the trigger again and again, trying to ignore the reports from his adversary's pistol.

The third shot from Jonathan's pistol struck Ballard on the right side of the face just below the eye. A spurt of blood gushed out where the bullet had shattered the cheekbone and plowed open the flesh halfway back to the ear. Jonathan instantly lowered his weapon, for its only effective barrel had been discharged. Ballard stumbled, but he quickly righted himself to level his pistol again with as much deliberateness as he could muster, for the pain and shock of the bullet had destroyed his natural coolness of aim.

He fired just as Watson counted seven. Jonathan realized dimly that Ballard had discharged only three chambers. There were still three more to go.

Blood had almost blinded Ballard's right eye. He was shooting

blindly, furiously, pulling the trigger as fast as it would work. He fired the last shot before the count of ten, and then he threw the pistol away from him with an oath.

Watson ran to his assistance. His face was an ugly sight with blood streaming down it. Jonathan stood where he was, not knowing what was expected of him.

Ballard was still cursing as his second helped him toward the place where the doctor had spread out his instruments. Henry hurried over to see the nature of the wound, and then, after a brief inquiry as to its nature, he approached Jonathan with a worried expression.

"He'll never forgive you for that," he whispered. "It's the worst thing you could have done. It's not a serious wound, but it'll mark him for life—and on the face, where everyone can see it."

"He wanted to fight," Jonathan said curtly. "He's lucky he's still alive. Another inch to the left and he would have been killed."

"Oh, there's no blaming you," Henry assured him hastily. "But I know how he's going to feel. There'll be no chance to cover up what happened now. Everyone in Mobile will know that he—well, I don't have to explain."

Jonathan was bitter. "If he had killed me, that would be all right. But because I smashed his face for him he——"

"Now, don't take it that way. I assure you——"

Dick Watson, who had been holding an earnest conversation with Emory Ballard, was at Henry's side, plucking at his arm, signaling to him that he wanted to talk to him alone. Henry excused himself and left Jonathan without finishing what he had started to say.

The doctor was still working over Ballard, trying to stop the blood that kept flowing profusely from the open wound. Ballard motioned angrily to his brother, who bent down to listen to some remark that Jonathan could not hear. Emory Ballard then joined the other two men. An argument began. Jonathan stepped back toward the edge of the glade and leaned tiredly against one of the trees. All the energy seemed drained from

his body. He was shaky and nervous; he wished he had someone to talk to, but his second was busy expostulating with Emory Ballard and Dick Watson. Jonathan wondered if he had done something wrong. Surely the duel had been fought according to the prescribed rules. Perhaps they regretted letting him use the pepperbox. If Ballard had been permitted to employ one of his long dueling pistols, the outcome of the affair would surely have been different. Jonathan blessed the little weapon Tupper had given him. It had been a gift of unusual foresight.

Henry was coming toward him, his face flushed with embarrassment. He hesitated a moment and then spoke in a lowered voice. "Mr. Ballard's friends believe it would be better if you didn't return to Mobile. They think there may be some resentment if it were known that you had shot one of the town's most prominent citizens. I don't say they're right, but it might be wise to take their advice."

Jonathan was astounded. This was something he had not counted on. Not to return to Mobile, not to see Caroline again. . . . He spewed forth his anger. "So this affair was a ruse to get rid of me no matter what happened! I was either to be killed or banished. This is still the United States, isn't it? I am a citizen of this country, sir. I am supposed to be able to go where I please."

Henry begged Jonathan to control himself.

"God damn your fine gentlemen for a lot of cutthroats and murderers!" Jonathan raged. "When they're disappointed in killing, they——"

Henry pleaded with him. "For God's sake, be sensible, or you'll have another fight on your hands. Emory is as quick to take offense as his brother, and Dick Watson has killed three men. You won't come out of this alive if you don't watch what you're saying. You have no quarrel with them—don't start one."

Jonathan subsided angrily, turning over in his mind what this enforced exile from Mobile would mean. It was the end of everything between him and Caroline. Yet he knew now that he did not want to marry her—she was too closely connected with the things the South stood for: slavery, aristocracy, and

privilege. He had been mad to think of it. It was as impossible to separate her from her background as it was for him to divorce himself from his. He would return to Boston and try to forget what had happened.

He turned suddenly to Henry. "Will you deliver a message for me, sir? A message I should like to have delivered privately?"

"Of course."

Jonathan searched his pockets for a stub of pencil and some paper. Then he wrote a note to Caroline, covering the sheet with almost indecipherable scrawls. He did not even read over his words, but handed the folded paper to Henry.

"Will you see that this reaches Miss Walker?" he asked. "And please convey my respects to her parents and thank them for their hospitality during my stay in their house. Tell them I'm sorry my visit had to end like this."

Henry bowed and put the letter in his wallet. "You have money with you?" he asked quietly.

Jonathan felt for his money belt to make sure. "Yes. I carry it on me. I shall want to return to the North now as soon as possible. Where can I get a ship? I suppose the port of Mobile is closed to me."

"You'd better go on to Pensacola. It's not far, and there'll be a coach through here later this morning. I'll send your belongings on to you. If there is anything else I can do——"

Jonathan shook his head. "Where can I get the coach?"

Henry told him it would come to the ferry landing to pick up passengers there.

"I'll say good-by to you then, sir," Jonathan said. "I prefer to have no further contact with Mr. Ballard and his friends."

They shook hands. Then Jonathan swung around sharply and walked toward the bluff above the landing place. Carter and the other Negroes were waiting patiently on the beach for their masters' return.

Finally they appeared. Ballard strode on ahead with his face bound up in a white bandage. The Negroes sprang to attention, and the boat was quickly gotten under way. The last thing Jonathan noticed was Carter's despairing expression as he

looked back toward the shore where the only white man who had ever been friendly to him had disappeared. No one, of course, would tell the slaves what had happened. Carter probably thought he was dead.

The boat drew away from the shore until it became a black dot moving across the water. Jonathan got up dejectedly and went down to the beach. The mark the boat's keel had left in the sand was rapidly being eaten away by water piled up under the driving force of the wind. He watched the furrowed earth fill up with sand and silt until no trace of it was left.

BOOK THREE

The Brand

FLORIDA
AND LOUISIANA
1853





XVIII

AFTER A LONG WAIT, Jonathan saw a flat-bottomed ferry scow put out from Mobile with a peddler's wagon on deck. Shiny tin pots and pans hung in rows along the wagon's sides, and a sign painted on the canvas top read: PETTIGREW AND ULLMAN, MERCHANTS, PENSACOLA, FLA.

The ferry drew up to the beach; a wooden platform was let down, and the wagon, drawn by an old brown horse, lumbered creakingly ashore. As it came along at a leisurely pace, its pots and pans tinkling merrily, Jonathan signaled to the driver. The wagon stopped, and a sad, hollow-cheeked youth looked down at him from the driver's seat.

"Can you tell me when the coach for Pensacola will pass through here?" Jonathan asked.

The boy looked at him with a bashful, uncertain grin. His first words indicated his recent German origin. "It iss hard to tell. Sometimes on time, sometimes late. Most times late. If it was on time, it would be here now. It iss not here, so it must be late. See?" He settled back, apparently pleased with this demonstration of logic. Then he bent forward again, smiling shyly. "You could ride with me. But it iss very slow this horse—slower than the coach horses. And, off course, it iss a peddler's wagon. Maybe you wouldn't care?" He was searching Jonathan's face anxiously.

Jonathan grinned back at him. "Of course I would. But you must let me pay you the coach fare."

The young German shook his head. "That way we don't do business. I don't charge you nodding. I haff the pleasure off your company."

Jonathan waved his hand cheerfully. "The pleasure is all mine," he said. The boy moved over to make room for him, and Jonathan swung himself up to the high seat. At a flick of the whip the horse threw its weight into the collar, and the wagon moved forward protestingly.

"How long will it take to get to Pensacola?" Jonathan asked.

"All off today and some off tomorrow. We haff to sleep in the wagon. You won't mind?"

Jonathan shook his head. "You're Mr. Ullman, I suppose?"

"Ya, but everybody calls me Jake."

"And Mr. Pettigrew is your partner?"

"Ya, he iss my pardner. He iss a Yankee and very smart. We start in business in Connecticut, but Cy, he say we make more money down here. I do not like it here, though. It iss a hard country—not gemütlich at all."

As the wagon jogged along the sandy road through the endless pine forests, Ullman told Jonathan a great deal about himself. He was a refugee from the Revolution of 1848, and it was strange to hear from him the same story of oppression and violence that Wandrei had told. But it was heartening to know that the cause of liberty had drawn to itself all kinds of adherents from noblemen to Jewish peddlers. Surely a cause could not fail when all sorts of men flocked to its support.

"You are fortunate people, you Americans," Ullman said. "Except for the blacks, you are the freest people on earth."

"That's all the more reason why the blacks should be freed too," Jonathan said. "Their enslavement makes a mockery of our liberties."

Ullman looked at him curiously. "I haff not heard anyone talk like that here in the South. Maybe you are an Abolitionist? I haff heard them make such speeches in Boston."

Jonathan cursed his own careless tongue. He could afford

to trust no one while he was in the South. He explained why he was traveling through the slave states and then became glumly silent.

Ullman seemed disturbed by his sudden change of manner, but he made no comment. The coach thundered past them; they encountered an occasional farm cart, and once in a great while they saw a lonely dwelling in the midst of the pine barrens, but most of the time they were as shut off from civilization as if they were in the Australian bush. At last, twilight settled down. Ullman turned the wagon into the woods, where he built a fire and prepared to spend the night.



Early in the afternoon of the next day they came in sight of Pensacola. The little town lay below them, clustered along the bay front, its one important street pointing like a long finger toward the sea. Beyond the scattered buildings and fishing piers, blue water sparkled in the sunshine, and endless beaches gleamed white along the water's edge.

Ullman drove down Palafox Street and then turned left to reach a two-story brick building near the bay. Under its porticoed front a few fishermen and sailors were standing; some of them greeted Ullman as he entered the store.

The interior was dark, especially after coming into it from the bright sunshine, but Jonathan could see that the stock was scanty and ill-kept. Anchors and cordage were mixed up with clothing and household goods. An oil can stood on top of a barrel of flour, and wares for fishermen were piled helter-skelter on shelves intended for women's merchandise.

A thickset, unshaven man of thirty-five or so advanced toward them through the gloom.

"My partner, Mr. Cyrus Pettigrew," Ullman said politely.

Pettigrew shifted a huge cud of tobacco to one side of his mouth and spat carelessly on the floor. Brown tobacco juice splashed on a white sugar bag. Jonathan saw Ullman wince.

Pettigrew mumbled some sort of greeting. "How'd ye make out upstate?" he asked Ullman.

"Shall we talk about business after we have provided for my friend? He hass no place to sleep."

"Plenty hotels in town," Pettigrew grunted.

"Maybe he could stay here with us. We have lots off room upstairs."

Pettigrew shrugged his shoulders. "Don't matter none to me. He'll have to take potluck."

Jonathan said he could afford to go to a hotel, but Ullman would not listen to his protests. He led the way upstairs. "Cy hass funny ways," he said as soon as they were out of his partner's hearing. "He iss a Yankee. But maybe you are used to them."

"M-m," Jonathan murmured. "I'm used to 'em, all right." Pettigrew reminded him of the popular ballad:

*Clocks, nutmegs, and whatever else
You call a Yankee crop,
If you have cash he's glad to sell;
If not he'll always swap!
For he was born a merchant, sir,
A Yankee trader bold,
Who swapped his whistle for a knife
When only four years old.*

"You could sleep in my bed," Ullman suggested hopefully. But when they entered the loft they saw that someone was already occupying it. A swarthy-faced man, unshaven, and evidently sleeping off a drunk, was lying across the little iron cot. He was snoring loudly; his mouth hung open; and his tobacco-stained teeth were broken and decayed. A long white scar ran across his forehead, cutting through one eyebrow to give it a perpetually upturned and quizzical twist. Ullman shook the sleeping man, but he simply groaned and tried to turn away, uttering throaty protests.

"Who is it?" Jonathan asked.

"A friend of mine—Pierre Brion. He iss the captain off a sailing boat."

They went downstairs together, and they had hardly reached the street level when the man who had been lying on the bed

was after them with a roar. He came flying down the stairs, nearly falling on Ullman in his haste to greet him.

Jonathan looked at him in surprise. It seemed impossible that anyone who had been so completely unconscious could so suddenly be wide awake.

Brion threw his arms around Ullman, calling out weird greetings in French and English. "I did not know it was you!" he cried. "I felt someone destroying my good sleep. Nom d'un chien! You should know the liquor has no effect on me."

Ullman shyly introduced Jonathan, who immediately became the object of Brion's attentions.

"Anyone who is a friend of Monsieur Jacob is a friend of mine. We must drink to our friendship. We must——" He paused abruptly and put his hand on his belly. "Oh, mon Dieu, I am so hungry and thirsty. I must have food or I die."

He seized the arms of the two younger men and insisted that they accompany him to an eating place. It was a dank, low-ceilinged room with a thick odor of food about it, but Brion seemed very much at home there, and he explained to Jonathan that he would get a magnificent meal from the uninviting-looking kitchen. He went into an excited colloquy with the proprietor and then with the greasy-aproned cook who came running out to serve him.

Jonathan, who had been raised in a strict temperance household, politely declined the wine that was poured out for them. Brion looked at him disappointedly.

"But, monsieur, it is imperative that you drink wine here. The water is poisonous—it is death even to smell it. Not even a dog would touch water in Pensacola. We have to give wine to the dogs and cats. There is nothing else for them to drink!"

Jonathan looked at Ullman, who grinned and lowered his eyes. "Perhaps I could have milk," he said weakly.

"Milk!" Brion roared. "Milk is for calves. Would you rob a little calf of his food? We have the very finest wines of France here, the finest wines of all the world, and you want to rob the little calf. Qu'est-ce qu'il me veut, ce pétrousquain-là? Perhaps you prefer whisky, monsieur?"

Jonathan shook his head. "Is the water really bad here?" he whispered to Ullman.

"It iss not good. In summer one cannot drink it at all. In winter, maybe. But we all drink wine."

Jonathan struggled for a moment with his conscience. He had eaten dried salt fish for breakfast, and he was thirsty. From the glass of clear white wine placed temptingly before him the fruity bouquet of sun-ripened grapes arose.

"Is it very strong—the wine?"

Brion laughed. "Strong? One could drink gallons of it without effect. Take a little sip and see for yourself. In it is the sunlight of France, the essence of her finest soil. The whole world will look better when you have some of that bright sunshine inside." He raised his own glass. "Let us drink to our friendship!"

Jonathan slowly picked up the wineglass and touched it to his lips. He drank, thinking to himself that he was breaking with his own convictions. But what else could one drink in a town where the water was unfit to use?

The wine was delicious, the meal a masterpiece. Jonathan left the table in good spirits. He had never eaten under such jolly circumstances. Brion was a marvelous host, a fount of entertainment, a teller of really funny stories. When they walked out on the sun-bright streets of Pensacola, even the blue water of the harbor seemed more brilliant in color than it had been before.

The afternoon passed in a pleasant haze; Brion took them to another place for dinner, a larger establishment near the water front, where most of the patrons were Spanish. Brion kept filling Jonathan's glass and urging him to drink and forget himself. His face seemed sad, the Frenchman said. They must do something to brighten it up.

"I like you!" Brion cried as they finished their second bottle of wine. "I can see that you have the heart of gold. But you are too serious. We must make you laugh. The girls, eh?" He winked outrageously. "Look—the beautiful young demoiselles are ready to join us and help us drink our wine." He pointed unsteadily

across the smoke-filled room at several gaudily dressed girls who had just entered.

Jonathan shook his head. Brion seemed offended. "But they are friends of mine! All the world is my friend. You must let me invite them."

Jonathan tried to dissuade him, but Brion was already out of his chair, lurching across the room toward the girls. He returned with three of them.

"This is Mimi Numéro 1," he said, introducing the first girl, a brown-faced Spanish maiden who could hardly speak English. "This is Mimi Numéro 2." He pushed forward a half-Indian, half-Spanish girl with a broad placid face that was wreathed in smiles. "And this is Mimi Numéro 3," he said, leading a pretty young French girl to Jonathan's chair.

Mimi Numéro 3 promptly sat down beside Jonathan. She had a thin, delicate face and lustrous black eyes that stared eagerly into his. Her dress was cut so low in front that he became embarrassed whenever he looked at her, for his eyes inevitably sought the curve of her breasts.

"You wish to buy me a drink, monsieur?" she said.

"Mais non, Mimi," Brion reproached her. "Je paye tout. Mon ami n'achète rien. Je m'y oppose." He addressed the two men. "Is it not remarkable, my friends, that the girls are always called Mimi? Wherever I go, Paris, Marseille, la Nouvelle-Orléans, toujours, partout, always the girls are called Mimi. It was so in the old days, and it is so now. There is a philosophy in that—somewhere."

The waiter brought more wine for the girls. Brion stood up. "We will drink to the Mimis, messieurs. To the Mimis of the world—everywhere!"

The girls giggled, and Jonathan flushed. He was still sober enough to realize the incongruity of his position. Mimi Numéro 3 took over Pierre Brion's work of keeping Jonathan's glass filled. She leaned closer to Jonathan, so close that he could breathe the mysterious feminine odor he associated with Caroline.

"My name is not Mimi," she said softly. "It is Stephanie. What is your name?"

"Bradford, ma'am."

Her lips twisted in an amused grimace. "No, no. I do not mean your last name. Your first name. And you must not call me ma'am." She mimicked the way he had said it. "Call me Stephanie. And you are——?"

"Jonathan," he said reluctantly.

"Bon. It is a good name." She slipped her arm in his and leaned against him so that he could feel the softness of her breast. "Monsieur Brion told me you are too serious. We must make you happy. Why is it that you are so sad?"

"I'm not sad," Jonathan protested. "I——"

"It is a girl, is it not? Was she beautiful? Did she have black hair like me? Ah, she did! Good. Then I can make you forget her. You do not come from the South. You do not speak like the other Americans here."

Jonathan admitted that he was a Yankee.

"But I love Yankees!" she cried. "I knew one from New York. His name was John Doe. Do you know him?"

Jonathan smiled and said he regretted that he was not acquainted with John Doe of New York. He found himself more at ease. As more and more liquor was offered him, his tongue loosened, and he began to talk about his travels. When he found himself telling about the duel he had fought in Mobile, he knew that he was really drunk, and he tried to force control of himself. The room had somehow become much smaller, a narrow space circumscribed by Stephanie's white face and the yellow circle of the wineglass. He noticed suddenly that Brion and Ullman were not at the table and that the two girls who had been with them were gone.

"Where did the others go?" he demanded.

"For a walk in the moonlight," Stephanie grinned.

"It's cold outside. They couldn't have gone out there."

"All right—not in the moonlight then. Besides, there is no moon. Would you like——? No, perhaps you had better have another drink."

"I don't want another drink," Jonathan protested, trying to stand up. Stephanie pulled him down. The yellow mouth of

the wineglass was in front of him again. He did not want to drink, but he found himself drinking anyway. The room had closed in on him again. He was conscious now only of the hollow between Stephanie's breasts, and he was looking there frankly. She did not seem to mind. She pressed herself closely against him. For a moment he confused her with Caroline, and he tried to kiss her. Her lips came to his without hesitation, and he tasted the sweet liquor she had been drinking.

"Maybe you like to go upstairs too, now?" she whispered.

He looked at her uncomprehendingly as she rose from the table. When he stood up, she took his arm and led him toward a flight of stairs behind the bar. Suddenly he was in a small room where a single bed stood against the wall. Stephanie was in his arms, kissing him fiercely. His mind was so foggy that he hardly knew what was happening.

They would have to be careful lest someone hear them, he thought. But for once Caroline was not concerned with being overheard. She was laughing when she tugged off her dress, and she said something that seemed unlike her, for she had never made fun of their love. But when she came to him, naked and smooth-fleshed, it was the same Caroline he had always known.

XIX

WHEN SOMEONE SHOOK HIM and called his name, Jonathan woke to find the sun glaring into his eyes. He remembered vaguely that he had been cold and then had gradually warmed up as the sun beat down on him. He had been partly conscious of its brightness, but he was so deeply sunk in his own dreams that the glaring light had been only a nuisance which he had sought to escape by burying his face in his arms. He realized that he was lying on the sand. The face above him was Brion's, and it was dark against a blue sky. Jonathan sat up dazedly,

blinking at the waves running up on the beach. Everything swam in sunlight, and his head ached violently.

Brion was grinning. "I did not expect that you would make such a night of it," he said. "Why didn't you come back to the store of your friend, Monsieur Ullman?"

Jonathan groaned and shook his head. "How did I get here?" he asked.

"That is what I thought you would tell me. How did you get here?"

"I don't know." Jonathan was silent for a moment, trying to recall what had happened. His last recollections were mixed up with Caroline and a girl named Stephanie. The recollections were embarrassing.

"Are you all right?" Brion asked.

Jonathan felt his face. It was rough and unshaven, and there were grains of sand on his skin. "I guess so," he said, trying to stand up. Brion had to help him to his feet. He stood waveringly until he was able to shake off the vertigo that still lingered in his brain.

"Did you have money with you?" Brion inquired. "It is not good to get drunk with money in one's pocket."

Jonathan felt for his money belt. It was gone! At first he could not believe that it was missing. He ran his hands over his body with frantic gestures.

Brion made a sharp grimace. "It is all my fault, my friend. I should have known better. We shall try to find your Mimi. She may be a rich girl this morning. Was it much money?"

"Nearly six hundred dollars," Jonathan said desperately. He would be stranded if the money were irretrievably lost. The belt contained every cent he had, and he could not forget that five hundred dollars belonged to Joel Tupper.

Brion sighed. "We will visit the fair Mimi. I hope we can find her."

Although it was late in the morning, the big saloon where they had dined on the previous evening was entirely deserted. Brion spoke to a boy who was leisurely sweeping up sawdust from the incredibly dirty floor. The boy jerked his finger in the general

direction of the second story. Brion and Jonathan went upstairs, walking carefully so as to make as little noise as possible. There were four rooms opening on the narrow hallway. Jonathan did not have the least idea which one of them was Stephanie's. Brion cursed and went downstairs again to find out. Jonathan waited alone in the hallway, glancing around apprehensively every time he heard a sound.

One of the doors creaked softly. Jonathan wheeled around. The door was thrown open, revealing Stephanie, who was dressed only in a bright-colored wrapper. She recognized Jonathan and greeted him enthusiastically.

"Mon chou! Back already? Quel——"

Jonathan's stern face stared her down.

"What's the matter? What has happened?" she asked. "You look at me as if——"

Jonathan was relieved to hear Brion coming up the stairs. The little man bounded into the hallway and seized Stephanie by the arm, yelling at her in a stream of torrid French that was completely incomprehensible to Jonathan. She retorted in an equally voluble strain that brought protests from some of the other rooms. Several girls stuck their heads out. Jonathan recognized the broad-faced Mimi Numéro 2 among them.

Brion was puzzled. He turned to Jonathan. "She swears you left here with the money belt," he said. "Says you did not even take it off when——" He grinned and waved his hand suggestively.

Stephanie pushed forward. "Monsieur, how could you believe such a thing of me? I am an honest girl. I did not take your money. When you left here, it was still with you. Where did you go?"

Jonathan colored.

"He does not know," Brion said sadly.

Stephanie was shrill. "So why do you come running to me as if I were a thief? There are dozens of misérables who would rob a drunken man in this most accursed of places. When it is dark they roam the streets. You know that——"

Brion tried to quiet her, but she rushed over to Jonathan. "It

is all my fault, mon chou. I should never have let you go away in such a condition. But you insisted. You said you had to go home. I thought you knew where you were going."

The other girls began to crowd around her, adding their voices to hers. Jonathan became impatient.

"Let's get out of here," he whispered to Brion. "It's my own fault. I——"

Brion shrugged his shoulders. "You will need something to eat," he said hopefully. "We can talk about it then." He swept the girls aside and headed for the stairs. Stephanie ran after him, still protesting. Her voice followed them to the big room below.

Jonathan's conscience was troubling him. He felt degraded and thoroughly disgusted with himself. This was a fine ending to his travels, to his high-minded mission for a great cause. And he was in a difficult position. He did not dare write home for money, and he was stranded without funds.

Brion led the way to the same evil-smelling little restaurant they had dined in on the previous day. There he ordered a large omelette aux fines herbes and insisted that it be accompanied with liberal potations of white wine. While the dish was being prepared, he sat staring mournfully at Jonathan.

"Yes," he said suddenly, "it is really my fault. You are a stranger here. I should have watched over you. Those cochons would steal the teeth from a shark. It is all my fault."

Jonathan smiled ruefully. His mind was trying to break through the alcoholic fog to find some way out of his predicament.

"I shall have to find a way to repay you, since it was my fault you were robbed," Brion said. "I will take you as my partner with a full half share. You can then recoup your losses, for I know a place where we can bring up money from the sea."

Jonathan looked at him uncomprehendingly.

"I am a treasure hunter," Brion announced grandiloquently. "I find what others have lost."

Jonathan frowned. "You mean you go looking for buried treasure?"

Brion's face became disdainful. "Bah! Assuredly not. I do nothing so childish. When I seek treasure, I go because I know it is there, and I do not look for pirates' gold. I deal in plainer metals. I am a scavenger of the seas. I dredge up old copper from sunken ships, and I assure you that it pays better than pirates' gold because it is easier to find. I make a regular business of it. My ship is the only one on this coast equipped for my specialty. You will see her."

The omelette was brought steaming from the kitchen, and when they had finished it, they went to inspect Brion's boat.

They walked out on a shaky little wharf where a small schooner was anchored a short distance from the shore. Jonathan looked at her disappointedly. She was a weatherbeaten little mongrel with a floored-over bottom and a centerboard. A heavy winch was mounted on the stern, and there were queer-shaped grappling irons and huge coils of rope piled up around it.

"There is nothing like her this side of the Florida Keys," Brion said proudly. "Is she not beautiful? And my machines—they are unique."

Jonathan tried to sound appreciative. As the boat swung around in the wind he could make out words spelled across the wide stern. Bad as he felt, he chuckled when he read the schooner's name, *La Belle Mimi*.

Brion hauled in a frail-looking cockleshell that was tied to the wharf, inviting Jonathan to go out and inspect his vessel and his precious "machines." Once they were on board, Jonathan listened respectfully while Brion explained how he worked. He had already located the hulk of a promising wreck. The Pensacola Navy Yard would buy all the sheet copper they could raise, and there was some market for the lead and bronze that might be recovered.

Jacob Ullman was horrified to find that Jonathan had been robbed, but he could not conceal his delight on hearing that his new friend was going to remain near Pensacola for a while. Brion told him that they would run into port once a week to give the workmen a holiday.

Jonathan's luggage arrived from Mobile, forwarded as prom-

ised by Robert Henry. Attached to one of the bags was a brief note which announced that Caroline had been hastily married to Hugh Ballard on the day after the duel. Henry offered no explanation beyond saying that Caroline's family had persuaded her to go through with the ceremony in order to quiet any gossip.



The few days of preparation needed to outfit the schooner passed in frenzied activity. Brion hired a crew of four wiry little Spaniards and kept them busy carrying tents and supplies from Pettigrew and Ullman's loft to the wharf. He proved to be an amazingly efficient person. Under his guidance all the preparations for the voyage went forward quickly and smoothly. In less than a week they were ready to sail.

While the schooner was being made ready, Jonathan learned about his new partner from Jacob Ullman. Brion was much older than he looked—well past sixty, in fact, for he had been born ten years before the turn of the century and had served as a powder boy with the French fleet at Trafalgar. Napoleon was his idol, and he still cherished a decoration given him by the Emperor. But he was even prouder of the scar on his forehead, for he had received it defending the great man's honor. Six years after Napoleon's death, while Brion was in the midst of action against the Algerian fleet, one of his fellow officers had taken exception to his use of the forbidden name as a battle cry. A fierce saber duel took place on deck; both men had been wounded and then broken out of the service for indulging in a personal quarrel during combat. But Brion had never regretted what he had done. After his dismissal from the navy he had come to America, where he spent many years with the Key West wreckers; after that he had drifted from one port to another, living an amphibian life along the Gulf Coast.

"Be careful what you say about Napoleon," Ullman warned Jonathan. "It iss the one subject on which he will not joke."

"I wouldn't think of offending him," Jonathan said. "He's been more than kind to me—espécially to take me on this voyage.

He certainly wasn't responsible for my loss, although he insists on blaming himself for it."

"Honor iss important to Monsieur Brion," Ullman murmured. "It iss all he has. But don't worry—he will make you earn your money. He makes everybody work hard. It iss too bad he has no children. Then he would haff something to live for. But when you sail with him you will see. A demon drives him when he iss at sea."



When Jonathan sailed with Pierre Brion, he found that the man was indeed driven by a demon—but it was the demon of economic interest. They located the wreck without trouble, for Brion had taken careful sightings on shore positions to enable him to find it again. On still days they could even see its dark shape lying below them in the water. As soon as the shore camp was established and the actual salvage work had begun, Brion drove his men from morning to night to get the metal out in as short a time as possible. Otherwise, he explained, the profits of the venture would be eaten up by the men's salaries. He did not believe in working on shares. Jonathan felt like a slave-driver, but Brion would tolerate no interference with his customary methods. He toiled furiously himself, and he expected everyone else to keep up with him.

The season was an unusually dry one, but even when it rained, Brion would let nothing stop him. He would take the boat out in the midst of a tropical downpour that soaked everyone to the skin. As the weather grew warmer, mosquitoes added to the men's discomfort, and the easygoing Spaniards grumbled constantly. They hated to work in the rain, and they objected even more to working in the sun, which became hotter every day. But Brion never let up on them. Day after day they dragged out huge pieces of waterlogged timber and stripped the sheet copper loose. Wood that could not easily be detached from metal was taken ashore to be dried out and burned to release the metal fittings. Several times Brion took cargoes of salvage to

the Navy Yard. After each sale he deducted the operating expenses and then divided the profits with Jonathan.

The returns were not large. After five weeks of backbreaking toil, Jonathan found that he had earned less than two hundred dollars. It was good pay, but it was no fortune, nor was there a fortune to be made from the enterprise. Only once in his career had Brion ever made a large sum of money. Ten years before, while he was working off the northern coast of Cuba, one of his grappling hooks had brought up an iron safe containing five thousand dollars in gold. Even that bit of good luck had not profited him, for he had squandered all the money in a few weeks of riotous living in Havana. As a good Frenchman with a proper respect for the value of money and the importance of having a family, he deplored the way he lived. But what was the use of saving money, he asked Jonathan, when he had no one to whom he could leave it? He had never married because he had never been in one place long enough to ask any woman to be his wife.

Jonathan, however, put away every cent of his profits. He had to replace the money he had lost, and he could let nothing stand in his way. Salvaging was not a career but a temporary expedient to him. He had important work to do; he had already deviated from the straight course of action to which his life was dedicated; and he was heartily ashamed of what he had done.

Hard labor from dawn until sunset enabled him to forget Caroline. For a few hours after dinner the men would sit around the campfire swapping stories in a strange mixture of English, Spanish, and French. Then they all went to sleep early, for they had to be up and out to sea before sunrise. Time flowed past uneventfully. It was early May before Jonathan realized it. Work on the first wreck had to be abandoned because their dragging operations had scattered its timbers so widely that there was no longer any use trying to bring them up. Brion told Jonathan that he was going to let the men go until he located another wreck. He had a list of ships that had been sunk along the Gulf Coast from New Orleans to the Florida Keys, but one had to be particular, for only those which were in shallow

water could be worked profitably, and they had to be of fairly recent origin, since the salty Gulf water quickly corroded their metal.

Brion had nothing but disdain for the wrecks of ancient ships. Spanish galleons with bronze cannon and chests of gold might sound alluring to the amateur, he said, but no professional would bother with them. There was more money in bright new copper than there was in old treasure chests, for treasure chests were hard to find. Long-buried wrecks, too, were likely to be covered with sand and coral, so his hooks could not catch in them. Give him a nice, new clean wreck any day, he said, spitting out his contempt for romantic notions of his profession.

It was only after the temporary crew had been dismissed, and Jonathan sailed alone with Brion, that he really came to understand the man. Pierre Brion had a strangely dual nature; he was firm in his belief that the workmen he employed should be made to render every bit of service he could wring out of them, but, at the same time, he was a fiery apostle of liberty and democratic freedom. Men should work or be made to work, he said, but they should have all the freedom they wished in matters concerning recreation and freedom of movement. He denounced Negro slavery as heartily as any Abolitionist, but he saw nothing wrong in exploiting the stupid or the weak. The world was anyone's oyster so long as one had the ingenuity or the strength to open it.

As the little schooner coursed back and forth over the grounds where Brion's notebook told him a wreck should be found, Jonathan learned how to handle the boat so expertly that Brion said he was a born sailor. He would often sit at the tiller, stark naked, letting his body drink in the sunshine until his skin became toughened and browned. Brion told him he was crazy. The sun was too hot for any white man to expose himself to its rays. Brion himself always avoided it as much as possible, sitting on deck fully clothed even in the hottest weather. Jonathan noticed that his partner was much more susceptible to mosquitoes than he was. Brion cursed the winged horde that came offshore at night to make existence unendurable. Every bite swelled up on

him, and he was tortured by the tiny drops of venom injected into his skin. Jonathan's dark complexion seemed to be less inviting to the mosquitoes. He was bitten by them, but their stings had little effect on his sun-toughened skin.

Nearly a week of slow dragging of grappling hooks across the sea bottom passed before anything was found. Then a bit of iron railing was brought to the surface. Brion decided that it came from the wreck they were seeking—that of a small steamer from New Orleans which had gone to the bottom after a collision with a larger vessel during the winter of 1843-44. The condition of the iron led him to believe that it had been exposed to the water for about ten years. He took sightings on some tall pines on the shore and also left a marking buoy to indicate the site of the wreck. Then they sailed to Pensacola to rehire their crew.

By the time they had outfitted and returned, hot June weather had set in. Brion insisted on starting work immediately. Camp was pitched on the beach; food and supplies were taken ashore, and the schooner was again made ready for her salvaging operations. The wreck proved to be troublesome. It was not in deep water, but it was so solid that it was difficult to break it up. Brion had to return to Pensacola for gunpowder.

XX

SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER that year were unusually dry in Pensacola, with bright sunny days succeeding one another in a long procession of glowing warmth. Farther west along the Gulf Coast, however, there had been a good deal of rain. In June, there were rumors of yellow fever in New Orleans. Nothing was printed in any of the Gulf Coast newspapers, but ships carried the news from port to port. An Irishman arriving in New Orleans from Liverpool early in May had been the first to die. When Brion and his crew put into port the second week in June,

they heard that the fever had reached Pensacola. An Englishman had died of it there, and several cases had started in the same house from which his body had been removed. The natives were not greatly disturbed. A few cases of yellow fever were to be expected as the weather grew hotter. Every summer took its toll, and there was no way to ward off the mysterious disease. Rich men sent their families north, but the poor stayed on, hoping to avoid being stricken.

When *La Belle Mimi* sailed from Pensacola on the fourteenth of June, her crew was glad to be out on the open sea. Mosquitoes, however, made the shore camp uninhabitable. The men had to take refuge on the boat from the winged plague, sleeping on deck at night, but even when they were anchored several miles from shore, some of the infernal little pests managed to fly across the water to attack them. Everyone suffered, and work progressed slowly as the crew became irritable from lack of sleep.

The wreck was a disappointment. Powder charges in watertight containers were sunk and exploded, but they only tore apart the superstructure of the partly buried wreck, leaving the sheet copper on the hull beyond reach. The schooner had to put back to Pensacola again for more powder. There they found that the yellow death was spreading. Two people had died during their brief absence, and several others were sick.

The summer exodus from the Gulf cities was beginning early, but Brion scoffed at it. At the beginning of hot weather, he said, there were always hysterical predictions of a yellow-fever epidemic. Then, as the summer wore on, there were a few deaths, of course, but actually one was no more likely to die of yellow fever than of the colds and pneumonias that afflicted the North in wintertime.

Once they had arrived again at the wrecking grounds, the menace of fever was quickly forgotten. The weather became cooler, but the skies remained clear until rainy weather set in in July. Mosquitoes arose in new plagues to make life miserable, but everyone on the boat remained healthy. A heavy underwater explosion tore the wreck apart, and for several weeks the crew was busy recovering a good haul of copper.

When they sailed into Pensacola Harbor with decks loaded with salvage metal, they stopped at the Navy Yard to dispose of their cargo. The officer in charge told them that the fever in town was no worse—in fact, some people thought it was actually dying down. Certainly it was nothing to worry about. Jonathan banked another hundred dollars and wrote to New England to say that he could probably be expected home in a month or two.



On the third day after their arrival at the site of the wreck, Brion complained of a severe headache. He kept on with the work all day, but by evening his face was hot and flushed, and he was so weak that he could hardly stand. Jonathan saw the men whispering among themselves, but they said nothing to him or to Brion.

When dinner was served, Brion refused to join the others. He lay down on deck and covered his head with a bit of mosquito netting. Jonathan tried to persuade him to eat, but he would not even look at food—the very sight of it nauseated him.

"I feel very bad," he confessed. "Let me alone, and by morning I may be well. Keep a close watch on the men though. I have seen how they talk together. They think maybe I have the yellow fever." He paused and gazed, hollowed-eyed, through the mosquito netting at Jonathan. "It is possible that they are right."

"You told me you were immune," Jonathan said helplessly.

"Que sais-je? I have lived through much yellow fever, but I have never had it. Now I am older, weaker. I do not know what is the matter. But I have seen many cases—and they all began like this."

His words were frightening. If yellow fever were present on the boat, it might kill everyone on board. No wonder the men were talking among themselves. The disease was supposed to be remarkably rapid in its spread. A house that had only one case might develop a dozen more overnight, although, curiously enough, some people in it would usually be spared—people who

were exposed to the closest kind of contact with those who had been infected.

That night the crew slept in the bow as far away from their captain as they could get. Brion became worse during the night. When Jonathan bent over him, he found him burning with fever and sunken into a paralyzing sleep. By morning, it was evident that he was seriously ill. Without waiting for him to awake, Jonathan ordered the anchor lifted and the sails spread. He decided to return to Pensacola for expert medical advice. By sailing all day and keeping on through the night they could hope to reach port by early morning if the wind held.

The men were sullen and slow to obey orders, but they finally got the schooner under way. Its motion awakened Brion. He called Jonathan over to him, but he was too sick to make more than a feeble protest.

The terrible fever continued all day. Jonathan rigged up a canvas shelter to shield the sick man from the sun. Brion lay under it, unconscious most of the time. By evening, his temperature was even higher. He awoke just before sunset to stare up at Jonathan with swollen, bloodshot eyes.

"It is the yellow fever, all right," he said, trying to smile. "I know what it is like. Maybe it would be better if you put me on shore and left me there alone."

"If you have the fever, it's too late for us to escape," Jonathan said dully. "We've all been exposed to it by now."

Brion turned his face away, "*C'est un sale coup*," he mumbled. An hour later he was delirious, crying out broken phrases in French. The crew huddled together in the bow, chattering to one another in the darkness. The wind had died down at sunset, and the little boat stood still with her sails flapping idly.

Jonathan left the useless tiller and told one of the men to take it over. He had to get some sleep. They might have to unship the oars by morning.

He lay down on deck, not far from where Brion was talking to himself in the dark. He was so tired that he went to sleep immediately. In the middle of the night he woke up suddenly. Brion was quiet, there was no wind, and everything was un-

usually still. Nevertheless, Jonathan knew that something had awakened him. He got up and groped toward the tiller. Even in the semi-darkness, he could see that no one was there.

He hurried forward and noticed that the little tender was gone, and when he listened carefully, he could hear the faint sound of oars moving on the motionless surface of the water, far away.

He hailed the boat, but there was no answer. Then he pleaded with the men to return. They refused to answer. When he listened, he could no longer hear the sound of oars.

Brion was awake. He called out feebly to Jonathan. "They've run off and left us, eh? I was afraid they would. Canaille!"

Jonathan went over to him and put his hand on his brow. "The fever has gone down a bit," he said cheerfully.

"It always does. This is the second stage, when you seem better for a short while. Now we shall see whether I am to live or die. By morning we shall know. The black vomit will begin soon. If it is streaked with blood, I shall die. How will you sail the boat?"

"I'll try to handle it alone."

"Then take down some of your extra canvas now. You won't have time if the wind comes up quickly."

By the time Jonathan had the ship ready, Brion was asleep again. He seemed to be resting more easily. Before it was dawn, however, he was retching out the contents of his stomach into a bowl. Fortunately it was still so dark that he could see nothing. Jonathan took the bowl aft and held a lantern over it. He could see the red streaks.

"There is blood?" Brion asked.

"No," Jonathan said slowly. "There is no blood."

The little Frenchman believed the lie. He settled down again, but he was to have no rest. For hours he tossed about; his skin, which had been hot, grew cold, and he was unconscious for long periods of time. When daylight came, Jonathan could no longer conceal from him the fact that he was vomiting blood. But by then Brion was so far gone that he did not care. He looked at Jonathan with lusterless eyes; his features were drawn and hag-

gard, tinted with a yellowish hue; and he was so weak that he could not sit up without being supported.

There was no sign of wind. The schooner lay motionless upon the water, her sails hanging like listless rags. The crew had disappeared. Jonathan could see a distant white spot on the edge of the beach where they had left the tender.

As the sun mounted toward the zenith, Brion became weaker. Once, while Jonathan was bending over him, he opened his eyes and made an effort to speak. "Hell of a way to die," he muttered. "No one to care—no one anywhere." He managed to lift his hand to touch Jonathan's. "*La Belle Mimi*—she is yours." He smiled wanly. "The money, too—what there is of it. All yours. You are my only friend." Then his eyes closed slowly, and he drifted off into unconsciousness.

During the midafternoon the wind sprang up. Jonathan was kept busy as soon as it began to blow. He headed the boat on a long tack out to sea, lashed the tiller, and hurried over to the sick man's shelter, where he had noticed sudden signs of movement.

Brion's body was as tense as a taut bow. It shook slightly, and then, while Jonathan watched, it slowly began to relax. Eyes stared glassily upward, and the jaw sagged. The career which began at Trafalgar had ended appropriately at sea.

XXI

DURING THE WEEK after Brion's death and burial at sea, Jonathan had plenty of time to think. There was no need for him to remain in Pensacola. He had several hundred dollars, and he was free to go anywhere, to do anything. But his conscience troubled him, for he knew that his journey through the South had been a failure. What he had planned as a crusade had turned out to be a pleasure jaunt. He had betrayed a cause, been

unfaithful to Lucy, and, worst of all, he had degraded himself in a shameful affair with a common prostitute. The months he had spent at sea seemed like a dream from which Brion's death had aroused him. He had to do something to redeem himself.

Only some hard-struck blow at slavery would make up for the time he had wasted in sin and idleness. He thought of a dozen fantastic schemes; then one idea grew and took form.

The little schooner was his to take where he wished. He would sail it to the Bahamas with a boatload of slaves, who would be free as soon as they touched British soil. Such a voyage would be a fitting climax to his Southern journey. He could get in touch with Carter, give him a chance to win his freedom, and take half a dozen of his fellow slaves with him.

Communicating with Carter was a simple matter. A letter could not be sent through the mails, for a message addressed to a slave would inevitably be delivered to his master, but there was a Negro attendant on the Mobile coach who could be depended on to carry a secret letter to a fellow slave. Jonathan sought him out and arranged with him to hand the message to Carter privately. He worded the communication carefully and signed it simply "A Friend," but its meaning made it clear from whom it came. He told Carter that he would wait for him until the following Wednesday, when the schooner would be ready to sail.

He then went to Pettigrew and Ullman's store to lay in a large stock of provisions, and he purchased a new tender to replace the one stolen by the Spanish crew when they deserted the ship. But he said nothing about his plans even to Jacob Ullman, for confiding in him might implicate him if the voyage failed. Helping slaves escape was a dangerous business, and a Southern court would punish anyone even remotely connected with it.

Once the preparations for the long voyage around the tip of Florida were completed, Jonathan was faced with the major task of persuading six Negro slaves to accept his gift of freedom. He was in a curious position—he was able to dispense liberty to half a dozen men, yet he knew it would be difficult to convince

them to accept it. He was a stranger in the town, acquainted with none of its Negroes, and he could expect nothing but distrust from them. They might even suspect him of trying to entice them to some distant market to sell them into new bondage. Such tricks were not unknown.

Without any definite plan of action, he strolled through the streets of Pensacola, trying to think of some way of putting his scheme into effect. He wandered toward the outskirts of the town, where the Negroes' shanties were built along the borders of a big swamp.

A ramshackle little structure of unpainted pine boards stood on the very edge of the marsh. The word "Church" was lettered in scrawled capitals over its door. As Jonathan stood looking at the pathetic hovel that was an outpost of God in a part of his own country, he felt ashamed for the whole United States.

Someone was hammering inside the building. Jonathan pushed the door open. He could hear a wave of comment from the puzzled Negroes who were watching him from the steps of their houses. White men had no business in a black man's church.

Jonathan hastily stepped inside and closed the door behind him. He saw a single whitewashed room with two tiny unglassed windows at its far end. A young man was bending over one of the crude benches that served as pews, driving nails in it to strengthen it. When he heard Jonathan's footsteps, he straightened up. He was tall and thin, with a long narrow head and a wide-mouthed, good-natured face. He put the hammer down on the bench as if he had been caught doing something forbidden.

"I'd like to talk to your pastor," Jonathan said.

The Negro shifted about from foot to foot. "We ain't got no pastor, suh. Dey don't allow us none."

"Who holds services here?"

"Sometimes a white preacher comes an' talks to us. An' sometimes when he don't come, my brudder makes de prayers."

"Could I speak to your brother?"

The Negro looked at him unhappily. "Sumpin' de matter, suh? Sumpin' wrong? We ain't done——"

"No, there's nothing wrong," Jonathan assured him. "Nothing wrong at all. I want to talk to your brother. I think I can help some of your people."

The Negro looked at him askance. "Yes, suh. Ah'll go fetch him. You want to sit down on de bench a minute? Ah'll be right away back."

"Go ahead. Get him, please. But say nothing to anyone else. I want to see him alone."

"Yes, suh." The Negro sidled out between the benches and hurried toward the door. Jonathan walked around the room, examining its meager furnishings. There was no Bible present—it was against the law for a Negro to learn to read. There were a few faded flowers, a cracked pitcher on a table, and that was all. The room was clean and orderly, but there was very little about it to indicate that it was a place of worship.

The door opened a few minutes later, letting in the young carpenter and an older man. They advanced toward Jonathan, clearly ill at ease.

He was almost as uncomfortable as they were. "I want to talk to you about a matter of importance," he said finally. "About a matter of importance to you and your people."

The two Negroes looked at each other. Jonathan wondered whether it might not be better to speak to the older man alone. One person would be less likely to betray him than two. Then he decided that it did not matter. He would have to trust many Negroes before he was through.

"What is it you wish to say, sir?" The older man's voice was quiet and dignified, its accent showing some trace of education.

"Shall we sit down?" Jonathan asked. "I have a long story to tell."

The two Negroes were hesitant, but as soon as Jonathan seated himself, they sat down on one of the benches facing him.

"I hope we won't be disturbed here," Jonathan said. "It would be bad for us to be found talking together."

"Yes, sir, it would," the older man said. "That's why I brought my wife with me. She's sitting outside on the steps. She'll let us know if anyone comes near."

"Well," Jonathan said slowly, "I shall be frank with you, although I have dangerous words to speak."

The two Negroes looked at him steadily.

"I'm from the North," he said. They nodded; his manner of speaking had told them that.

"I have just inherited a small schooner. She is called *La Belle Mimi* and was formerly owned by a Mr. Pierre Brion. You may know of her."

The older man shook his head.

"Well, at any rate, she's now mine to do with as I wish—to take anywhere I wish. I've told you I'm from the North. I might add that I don't believe in slavery."

The two men's eyes were intent upon Jonathan's face.

"I want to take some of your people with me," Jonathan said.

"Yes, sir," the older Negro said politely.

"I'm a friend of many people in the North who want to free your people. Perhaps you have heard of Theodore Parker?"

The Negroes shook their heads.

"Or of Edward Beecher or——" Unfortunately, Jonathan knew very few famous Abolitionists personally. He would have to mention others he did not know so well. "Or William Lloyd Garrison? Or Wendell Phillips?"

The Negroes had never heard of any of them. They could not read newspapers, and there was no way the names of the Northern Abolitionists could reach them.

"It doesn't matter," the older man said. "The names of people far away are of no importance here."

"Then what can I do to make you believe me?" Jonathan pleaded. "What can I say——?"

"It is not that we don't believe you," the man who acted as pastor said. "What is it you want from us?"

"I want nothing. I can take half a dozen men with me to the Bahamas. Once they set foot on English soil, they'll be free. You know that?"

"Yes, we know that."

"Then what do you say to my plan?"

There was a long interval of silence. By this time it was

nearly dark inside the little church, and Jonathan could hardly see the faces of the two men.

"I don't know what to tell you," the pastor said. "I shall have to speak of this to my people—to those who can be trusted to keep the matter secret. It is a dangerous business, as you say."

"Shall I return here tomorrow after you've had time to discuss it with others?"

The older man nodded.

"I'll be here tomorrow at this time then."

"I'll be here waiting for you," the pastor said in a subdued voice. He bowed to Jonathan as he walked toward the door. A Negro woman was sitting on the church steps. She did not look up as Jonathan passed by her, but sat still with her head sunk between her shoulders as if she did not know he was there.

They won't do it, Jonathan thought miserably. They won't do it. I've failed. I couldn't make them trust me.

He returned to the schooner, discouraged and at odds with himself.



The next day he worked on the boat all morning, putting her in shape for a long voyage. He was sure he could depend on Carter. If necessary, he would take him alone. One brand snatched from the burning was better than none at all. During the afternoon he went ashore in the tender he had purchased on the previous day. As soon as he landed, the young Negro carpenter he had met in the church rose to greet him. He had been lying hidden in a clump of sedge from which he had been watching the schooner.

"Ah wants to see you, suh," he said. "Ah wants to talk wid you before you goes to de prayer-house."

"What's the matter?" Jonathan asked anxiously.

"Dey ain't nothin' de matter, suh. Ah jest wants to talk to you."

Jonathan sat down on the sand and waited for him to speak.

"Well, suh, my brudder he talked to his people. He talked

powerful hard. But everyone dey say: 'What for a white man want to do dis?' Dat's what everybody want to know. What for you do it? We ain't got money. We can't pay you nohow at all."

Jonathan sighed. "I know you have no money, and I didn't expect you to pay me."

"Den why does you want to do it?"

It was a logical question, and it would have to be answered convincingly. Jonathan searched his mind for a sensible reply. "Let me try to tell you," he said. "If you saw a man drowning out there in the bay, you'd make an effort to save him, wouldn't you?"

The Negro looked at him blankly for a moment, then a smile of comprehension crossed his face. "Yes, suh, reckon Ah would."

"And you wouldn't expect him to pay you after you'd pulled him out?"

"No, suh, reckon Ah wouldn't."

"Well, that's how it is with me. That's how I feel toward men in bondage. I want to save them from it."

"But we ain't drownin'."

"No, of course not," Jonathan said, impatient at such a literal interpretation of what he had said. "But don't you want to be free? To have no master? To be able to go where you want—to do as you wish?"

The Negro's face lighted up again. "Yes, suh. Certain Ah do. Ef Ah went wid you to dis new place, Ah could?"

Jonathan nodded solemnly.

"Den why don't all we black folk go dere?"

Jonathan had to explain. "White men don't want you to go. They want you to stay here and work for them."

"Den what for you white man want to take us?"

"Because all white men aren't your enemies. Some of us want to free you. We believe that all men are created equal—that everyone should have an equal chance in life."

"Ain't no white man 'round here ever told me dat."

"Well, one is telling you now. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, suh, reckon Ah do."

"Will you go with me then?"

"Reckon Ah will."

"Good. And the others?"

"Dey want to know what for white man say he take 'em."

"Do you think you can tell them now?"

The Negro stared at him dumbly. It was exasperating. Jonathan began again patiently. "You remember what I said about helping a man who was drowning? Well, that's it. That's why I want to help you and your people."

"You want Ah should tell 'em dat dey is drownin' and dat you is goin' to pull 'em out?"

Jonathan swore under his breath. "No," he said desperately, "don't tell them that. Just tell them that you talked with me and that you believe in me and want to go with me on my boat to a land where you'll all be free. Tell them you trust me. Tell them you're on your way to freedom. To freedom—will you remember that?"

"Yes, suh. Certain Ah will."

"Well, go tell them then. And make them believe."

The Negro rubbed his face gleefully. "Yes, suh. Certain Ah will." Then he was gone, loping awkwardly down the beach.

I hope to God he understood me, Jonathan said to himself. He's no talker, but they may believe him. They'll believe what he says more than they would any white man, no matter how eloquent he was.

He went slowly along the beach toward the town, kicking the sand idly as he walked. If he could wait until Carter arrived, he would have an intelligent Negro to help him persuade the others, but he knew that once Carter reached town, they would have to sail immediately, because there would be a hue and cry after him. He would have to do his own recruiting.

He spent several hours with Jacob Ullman, and then, toward sundown he went to the little Negro church. No one was near it as he approached, but when he opened the door, he saw nearly a dozen men sitting silently on the benches in the half-dark room.

"I want you to speak to my people," the pastor said, greeting

Jonathan. "I've talked with them after long prayer, but I don't know what to advise them. You ask them to take a great risk."

"Freedom is a great prize," Jonathan said. "Men must be prepared to risk much to gain it."

The old pastor introduced Jonathan to the men who were looking at him in silence, trying to make out the features of the white man who had come to their church.

Jonathan began speaking in a lowered voice. As he went on, the room grew darker, until the men sitting on the benches were hardly visible in the black night. It is a hopeless task I am trying to perform, Jonathan thought. They will never believe me, a stranger, a man whom they have never seen before and of whom they know nothing. But he talked long and earnestly, and no one disputed what he said. When he finished, he stood waiting, but no one spoke.

He called the young carpenter, Willis. He shuffled forward, clumsy and uncertain of himself. Jonathan seized him by the arm. "Tell them you believe in me," he whispered fiercely. "Make them believe too."

"Yes, suh," the Negro said miserably. "Yes, suh, dat Ah will." He stood for a moment, clearing his throat and turning his head from side to side as if he were seeking someone in the darkness. Then he began to speak. At first his voice was so low that it could hardly be heard. He spoke hesitantly and badly. But he began to warm up to the subject, putting into his words some of his own conviction and belief. His thoughts came faster; his words took on spirit and fire.

"You all know how Moses went ter ole Pharaoh an' said: 'Let my people go.' But Pharaoh didn't want ter let 'em go. You all know how de Lord and Moses brung down plagues on Pharaoh's land. Well, bredren, dere's a plague on dis land now. White people die ob dat plague. But we black folk, we don't die, so maybe dis is a plague brung down by de Lord ter help us go free. Now Moses he led forth his people, an' he took 'em through de sea, makin' de waters part. He took 'em ter de promised land, de land of milk and honey, de land where de people of Israel could be free."

He addressed his brother. "Tell 'em dat piece from de Bible. Tell 'em dat piece about de Red Sea. Begin wid 'De Lord shall fight for ye, and ye shall hold your peace.'"

Like many Negroes who were unable to read, Willis' brother had memorized whole sections of the Bible. He took up the words readily, telling the story of the passage through the Red Sea, and repeating the Biblical words almost verbatim. When he spoke the final phrase: "And the people feared the Lord and believed the Lord and his brother Moses," his younger brother took the floor again.

"Now, bredren," he went on, "maybe dis is our chance ter go to dat land ob freedom. Maybe dis is de man sent by de Lord ter bring us dere. You don't know, an' Ah don't know. We kin only believe. Well, bredren, Ah believe. Ah believe dis is de day. Now six ob us kin go from de land ob bondage ter de land ob freedom. Ah wants ter be one ob de six. Are dere five odders willin' ter be saved? Willin' ter be saved jest like in de holy baptism, for now is de time ob our salvation. Stand up, brudders, an' be saved!"

The men on the benches stirred restlessly, but no one stood up.

Willis spoke to them scornfully. "What de matter wid you all? Don't you want ter be saved? You dere, brudder Samuel, you has talked ter me 'bout freedom. Heah's your chance. Stand up an' be saved."

A dark figure rose from one of the benches.

"Glory be!" Willis muttered. "One man willin'. How 'bout you odders? Don't you want ter be free?" He called out the names of four men, urging them to arise and pledge themselves to fight for their own liberty. One by one he made them stand up.

Jonathan felt that he had witnessed a miracle. Conviction had lent eloquence to the inarticulate Willis. Out of his desire for freedom he had been able to persuade others of his race to share the risks of a long and dangerous voyage to an unknown land. And yet there were white people who claimed that the

Negroes were happy in their bondage! Someday he would tell them what he had seen.

The old preacher was uttering a prayer for the success of the voyage. Out of the darkness came a chorus of deep-throated voices speaking a heartfelt "Amen."

XXII

THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO but wait for Carter. Jonathan had received favorable word from him, but he would have to walk the sixty-five miles between Mobile and Pensacola, avoiding the public highway where white men might stop and question him. No slave could travel through the South without a pass from his master, and a runaway knew that every man was his enemy.

Jonathan made all his arrangements with Willis, telling him that he and the five others must be prepared to sail at a moment's notice, for they would have to clear the port as soon as Carter arrived. Meanwhile, he occasionally visited the courthouse, where public bulletins were posted. On the following Tuesday, he saw the notice he had been expecting.

RUNAWAY. \$100 REWARD!

RUNAWAY from the undersigned on the night of Saturday, July 26, a negro man named CARTER. He is of very dark complexion, rather above medium height and size, but is well-proportioned and very bright and sensible. He is aged about 23 years, and seems soft-spoken and mild, but has a look quite insolent. *He has a scar on his left thigh.* He had on when he left, a black cloth cap, black cloth pantaloons, a plaited sack coat, a fine shirt, and brogan shoes.

I will give a reward of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the apprehension and delivery to me of said man, or for his confinement in any jail, so that I can get him again.

H. BALLARD
Mobile, Ala.

July 28, 1853

Carter had evidently chosen a Saturday night for his departure in order to prevent Ballard from advertising word of his escape until Monday. Since it was now Tuesday, the fugitive should be somewhere near Pensacola. Jonathan brought the schooner close to shore; visited Ullman for the last time, although he knew it was impossible to speak any word of farewell to him; and then went to the little church to tell the six Negroes to be ready.

When he returned to the beach, only an hour or two of daylight remained. He rowed out to the schooner to make himself a lonely supper and to wait for the day to end.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he heard the whistle for which he had been listening. He jumped into the tender and hastily rowed ashore. A tall figure rose up against the night sky when he called out Carter's name.

"I'm certainly glad to see you," Jonathan said heartily. "I was beginning to be afraid you wouldn't get here on time. I saw the poster——"

"Yes, I saw it too," Carter said calmly. "There was one tacked up on a tree near the highway. I got rid of Mr. Ballard's hand-me-down clothes as soon as I read it."

He was barefoot, and only the black trousers remained of the costume in which he had left Mobile. He had thrown away his other clothes in order to avoid being identified by them.

Jonathan hastily explained the situation, saying that he had to go to the church to get the other slaves. He instructed Carter to row out to the schooner and wait there until he returned.

"Luck is with us tonight," he said, looking out across the harbor. "The wind is strong and right. We sail as soon as I bring the others here."

Carter picked up the oars. "I'm mighty grateful, Mr. Bradford——"

"Never mind that," Jonathan said quickly. "You just wait for my signal. I'll be back here as soon as I can. Meanwhile, you'll find something to eat on board." Then he started off, running along the beach toward the town.

There was a faint glimmer of light shining under the badly

fitted doorway of the little church. Willis was sitting inside alone, crouched over a candle stub on the floor.

"Where are the others?" Jonathan said blankly. "Aren't they ready?"

"Yes, suh, dey's ready all right. Ah just didn't want 'em to sit in heah rousin' 'spicion. Ah'll git 'em right away quick. You go 'long by yourself. De curfew bell's done rung, so we black folks can't be seen on de streets. We'll go round by de swamp. Ah'll come last, jest to make sure nobody gits weak in de legs an' runs home." He chuckled and looked up at Jonathan slyly.

Jonathan nodded. It was a good plan, but they would have to hurry. He left the church and hastened toward the bay.

As soon as he reached the water front, he whistled sharply. He heard the tender put out for shore. While he waited, the Negroes began to arrive, creeping up silently, one by one. They had to be ferried to the schooner in small groups, and the process seemed intolerably slow.

When they were all on board, Jonathan showed Carter and Willis how to haul up the anchor and help with the sails. The little schooner slipped across the harbor in the starlight. Jonathan headed toward the lighthouse near the harbor entrance. Fort Pickens loomed momentarily alongside them; the beaches beyond it were lined with phosphorescent surf; and the wake left by the schooner was a glowing furrow in the black water. Jonathan felt the cool night breeze on his face as he sat holding the tiller. He would have to remain awake until long after dawn in order to put as many miles behind them as possible.



When they were finally clear of the harbor entrance and were sailing along easily on the open sea, Jonathan asked Carter for news of Mobile.

"Well, sir," Carter said, "everybody's afraid of the yellow fever there. Spring Hill has been isolated from the town, and——"

"But what about Miss Walker?" Jonathan cried.

"She's all right, I reckon," Carter said slowly. "I haven't seen her for more than a month. After they closed Spring Hill

off from the city, Mr. Hugh stayed in a hotel, and I slept in the warehouse."

"But before that? What happened after you got home on the day of the duel? I haven't heard anything except that Miss Walker's married."

"I'll tell you all I can," Carter said, "but there's a lot I don't know."

Jonathan impatiently urged him to take up his story from the day of the duel.

"Yes, sir," he said obediently. "Mr. Hugh refused any further medical attention when we arrived in Mobile. As soon as we got to shore he rushed up to the warehouse, had me saddle his horse—we'd ridden into town—and dashed off toward Spring Hill. On the Shell Road he met Mr. Walker, who was on his way to the office. I learned that from the Walkers' coachman, but not much more, for Mr. Hugh made old Ananias take his horse and ride it back to the stable. Then he jumped into the carriage and drove Mr. Walker home. They both sat up on the box, to the scandal of everyone who saw them, but I reckon Mr. Hugh didn't care. He was more concerned about not having one of the servants overhear him. So I don't know what was actually said. Ananias told me Mr. Hugh was terribly angry—he almost kicked him out of the carriage."

"But when he arrived at the Walkers' house? What happened there?"

"Well, sir, they tried to keep the servants from hearing what they said, so they went upstairs. Miss Caroline's mother took her in with the others, and there was a lot of high-tempered talk. But later in the morning they all drove to Mobile, and Miss Caroline was married there before noon that day. Mr. Hugh's face was hurting him bad. It bled all through the ceremony, but he didn't seem to care. They were married in the minister's house with no one but the family present."

"And then?"

"They went to New Orleans next morning on the regular packet boat. They stayed away for nearly two months."

"But there was nothing about it in the papers!"

"No, sir, there wasn't. Right after the marriage, Mr. Emory went to the office of the *Register* and talked to the editor. He took his pistol with him. All the paper said was that Mr. Hugh and Miss Caroline got married. People did gossip a good deal, of course, but the paper didn't say anything except what Mr. Emory let it say."

"And they stayed in New Orleans for two months?"

"I reckon they did, sir. All Mr. Hugh's mail was sent to him there at the St. Charles. He never did write. In fact, he wouldn't answer even the important business letters Mr. Emory forwarded to him. Then one day he and Miss Caroline came back. They stayed with the old missus after that."

"So you've seen them together day after day for three months now?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Hugh's building a house in Mobile though. It ought to be ready before winter."

Jonathan had an awkward question to ask. He hesitated a moment and then blurted it out. "Do they seem happy?"

Carter was slow to answer. Finally he said, "That's hard to say, sir. They're very proper with each other in company. But Sally—she's the young girl Mrs. Ballard gave Miss Caroline to serve as a maid—said that they—well, that sometimes they fight like cats and dogs when they're alone."

After long minutes, Jonathan asked one more question. "And Miss Caroline—is she well?"

Carter answered softly. "Yes, sir. I believe so, sir."

The schooner swept on through the night, driving a straight course. Jonathan stared out over the dark Gulf waters, glad that he was leaving the South forever.

XXIII

WHEN MORNING CAME, Jonathan hardly noticed the sun as it rose out of the sea, red-colored and huge, the harbinger of a

very hot day. They were completely out of sight of land, and no boats were to be seen anywhere. Carter had lain down on the deck, and the six other Negroes were scattered around in the grotesque attitudes of sleep.

Carter sat up, rubbing his eyes in the dull red light. He woke up the other Negroes. And now Jonathan got his first clear look at the men who had volunteered to accompany him. Seen in the light, they were an unsightly lot, ill-dressed and dirty, the beaten creatures of oppression—but some spark of courage burned in them, for they were willing to strive for their own freedom.

Jonathan told Willis where to find food, and one of the men was put to work helping him prepare breakfast. The others sat apathetically on deck, not knowing what to do.

After explaining how to steer according to the compass, Jonathan turned the tiller over to Carter as his second-in-command. He felt sick and weak. The smell of cooking nauseated him, so he went forward and sat down on a pile of cordage. Something was wrong. His head ached violently.

He lay on deck all morning, drowsing in the sunlight and listening to the soft voices of the Negroes. Occasionally he slept fitfully, and during the afternoon he fell into a deep sleep that lasted for several hours. When he awoke, he was terribly thirsty. As he sat up, he noticed that the wind was dying down and that the ship was moving more slowly. Carter was still at the tiller, an immobile block of ebony against the western sky.

When he saw Jonathan sit up, he left the tiller in Willis' charge and hurried forward.

Jonathan tried to smile. "I'm afraid luck's against us," he said as cheerfully as he could. "It looks as though I'm going to be sick. And we can't put into a port anywhere, or they'd seize us all on sight."

"But out here with no medical attention, sir——"

Jonathan grinned ruefully. "If this is yellow fever—and I'm afraid it is—I don't think a doctor can do me much good. The only chance we have is to put in toward shore and try to find some isolated inlet where we can lie hidden until I recover—if I do. If I don't—well, I'd suggest that you make your way into

the interior. There's plenty of wild country there. I can show you on the map where the great swamps are. It won't be a very pleasant life, but at least you'll be free there."

The Negro's face was troubled. "We'll get on all right. It's you I'm worried about."

"There's nothing you can do for me now. The fever will have to run its course—one way or the other. You'd better head for the shore while I'm still able to help you navigate."

Carter went back to the tiller. The schooner swung around slowly to the northeast.

Jonathan dozed for the next few hours while the boat covered the miles that separated it from the mainland. He was awakened late in the afternoon, when the pine trees of the Florida coast were in sight. The long, unbroken shore line was not more than half a mile away. No opening of any kind was to be seen in it.

"Head east," Jonathan directed. "There must be an inlet somewhere." He gave sailing instructions to Carter and then sank back again.

When night fell, the boat was still following a coast line that offered no shelter. Jonathan was awakened again. He advised Carter to anchor rather than to try to navigate the shallow water in the dark. The sails were lowered and the anchor dropped. Jonathan tried to give Carter some rudimentary information about sailing, but words could not make a competent sailor out of a man who had never handled a boat before.

The Negroes settled down amidships, a frightened, huddled mass of men who saw their chances of escape dwindling. They were also afraid of the terrible disease that had already killed thousands of people on the Gulf Coast that summer, but Carter explained to them that they were not likely to be attacked by the fever. Generations of ancestors living in the tropics had made Negroes less susceptible to it than white men.

Carter stayed near Jonathan all night, feeding him quinine, bathing his face in cool water, and rubbing his hot skin with quick-evaporating rum. But nothing availed. The fever soared higher, and Jonathan's brain raced with delirium.

Bright images danced before him. He saw Caroline; she peered through his dreams, maddening, taunting, and forever elusive. He saw the faces of black people. They haunted him with their accusations, tortured him with their unspoken charge that he had been unfaithful to the cause he had sworn to serve. Was it enough to help a handful of them escape? He groaned and rolled over. His dreams continued. . . . He was in Alton, wandering among its limestone walls, looking for his father. His mother called out for him, but she was always beyond his searchings, always gone before him in his wanderings. How could he ever still the longings within him? What was he struggling for—the freedom of the slave, or peace of mind for himself? Could any living being ever be free? Was death freedom—a blanking out for all eternity of the troubled passions of earthly existence? Darkness yawned, and a grave stood waiting, inviting him to rest forever from the struggle, to escape from the never-ceasing commands of life.



By morning, Jonathan was completely in the grip of the fever; efforts to rouse him brought only incoherent groans and irrational mutterings. The Negroes were frantic. Some of them wanted to go ashore, abandon the boat, and strike out for themselves in the wilderness, but Carter insisted that they carry out their instructions to find an inlet. They hauled up the anchor and clumsily began the long series of tacks needed to keep the schooner moving east. The wind was against them, and such sailing called for more skill than the untrained Negroes possessed. After nearly coming to disaster several times, Carter decided that it would be better to stand out farther to sea, where they would have more room for maneuvering.

By noon they had made little progress in the unfavorable wind. Each time they came close enough to the mainland to see its shore line, the endless beaches offered no shelter. As the day passed, the spirits of the Negroes sank. The white man who had promised to take them to freedom was unconscious and in imminent danger of dying. Carter had trouble managing

them. They had lost confidence in him because of his obvious inexperience in handling the boat, and they began to rebel against his leadership. The faction that wanted to abandon the ship grew in number; even Willis hinted that it might be advisable to go ashore. But Carter insisted on staying with the schooner, since it represented their only real chance of gaining freedom. Life in the Florida swamps was to be thought of only as a last resort, for a fugitive there was always liable to be hunted down by men who made a profession of recapturing runaway slaves.

Carter headed out to sea. By nightfall the mainland was almost out of sight, and then, when darkness came, he decided to sail by compass in a southerly direction. He had only a vague idea of the difficulties confronting him, but he knew he had to go south and then east to round the tip of Florida. The dangers of navigating the Florida Keys were unknown to him, and he was inexperienced at reading the charts and maps on board the boat. But he was sure he had to keep going until the white man who had befriended him either died or recovered sufficiently to take over the navigation again.

Fortunately, the skies were clear, and the wind blew steadily. During the night Jonathan became worse, but Carter was unable to leave the tiller to tend to him. He deputed the task to Willis, although there was not much anyone could do for the sick man. His voice rising in delirium terrified the Negroes, who kept together in a compact little group. The presence of a communicable disease on board added to their fear, for much as Carter tried to convince them that they were immune to the dreaded infection, they knew that Negroes sometimes did fall sick and die from yellow fever, even though such cases were rare. When Jonathan began to spew forth black vomit, the other Negroes refused to let Willis come near them because he had been exposed to contagion. They stayed as far aft as they could, for the man upon whom they had looked as a friend and savior had become a creature to be shunned.

The boat sailed on through the darkness with Carter grimly holding it on the course that was taking them away from land.

The Negroes began to sing to hide their own fears, but Carter commanded them to be silent lest they disturb the sick man, who was still their only hope of escape.

When dawn finally came, a surly atmosphere of dissatisfaction and rebellion had settled down on the ship. The Negroes were talking among themselves, and Carter could hear revolt brewing in their voices. He wanted to see whether he was entirely out of sight of land, but when he stood up to look, he noticed something that made him forget everything else. Far behind them, dim against the northwest sky, a thin trailer of black smoke lay strung out along the horizon.

He called to Willis to come aft, and then he hurried to Jonathan's side to try to awaken him. Mutiny amidships was smothered in fright; five black men rushed forward to cluster around Carter, offering him primitive medical advice, but it was evident that nothing would bring the sick man out of the deep-sunk stupor where he hovered on the edge of death.

Carter was in despair because he had to spread more sail, and he was not sure he knew how to do it. His even more ignorant crew would be of little help. It was possible, of course, that the steamship would pay no attention to them, but it was not wise to admit it to the men if he wanted their full co-operation.

He stood still for a moment, trying to figure out how to handle the complicated tackle that controlled the sails. Then he gave his orders. He watched the five Negroes struggle to break out more canvas. The unruly cloth buckled and flapped in the wind while Carter wondered how sailors ever managed to get a ship in proper trim. But somehow the sails were unfurled and made fast in all sorts of amateurish ways. The boat was moving perceptibly faster, but when Carter looked past the quiet figure of Willis sitting in the stern, he saw that the smudge on the horizon was nearer.

He took the tiller himself and sent Willis forward to look after Jonathan. The other Negroes hung over the rail excitedly discussing the pursuing steamship. Within an hour the white bone of spray at her bow was clearly visible; in less than two hours she

was so close that they could make out the figures of men standing on her foredeck.

Willis came aft to report that the sick man showed no signs of regaining consciousness. Carter realized that he would have to fight this battle alone, and as he turned around to look at the rapidly approaching steamboat he knew that he did not have a chance of winning it.

He kept on, ignoring the flags that were breaking out on the mainmast of the pursuing ship. They meant nothing to him or to any of the other Negroes. But they had all spent their lives around the water front, and they recognized the steamer as a United States gunboat.

There was a sudden cry from one of the Negroes; then Carter heard a queerly muffled roar. A column of water shot up just ahead of them.

The water splashed again, this time only a few feet away. Through the sound of firing and the splash Carter heard a man shouting from the steamship, which was now not more than a few hundred feet away. But he did not know how to bring the schooner to a quick stop.

He threw hard on the tiller, bringing the fast-sailing little boat around so hard that she almost capsized. The canvas cracked overhead with the sound of a whiplash, and the boom swung around in a terrifying arc.

Carter jumped up and slashed out desperately with his knife at the halyard supporting the mainsail. Canvas tumbled down from the mast in a tangled mass of cloth that buried some of the men in its folds.

A longboat was putting out from the gunboat, and someone was still shouting at them from the bridge. By the time the men were clear of the canvas that cluttered the decks, the longboat was alongside, its commanding officer leveling a rifle at the frightened crew of the schooner.

"What's the matter here?" he asked coolly. "Didn't you boys ever sail a boat before?"

Carter hesitated a moment before answering. Then he decided

to tell the truth. "No, sir," he said. "The captain's sick with yellow fever. He's unconscious on deck up there."

At the mention of the word "yellow fever" Carter saw the expression on the officer's face change.

"We'll bring the surgeon over," he said hastily. Then, after making sure the schooner was helpless, he ordered his men to row back to the ship.

It was nearly half an hour before the longboat returned, bringing a gray-bearded man in naval uniform. He sprang nimbly on the deck with a small black satchel in his hand.

"Where's the sick man?" he asked Carter.

"Up forward, sir. I'll show you the way."

When the surgeon bent over Jonathan, he did not even bother to touch him. "How long has he been ill?" he asked Carter.

"This is the third day, sir."

"Have you been giving him quinine?"

Carter nodded.

"Well, that's all anybody can do for him. He's pretty far gone, but I've seen worse cases."

"Will he live, sir?"

The surgeon shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" he said irritably. "Some people live through yellow fever. Some don't. No one can tell." He turned and walked toward the stern, trying to keep clear of the canvas that still littered the decks.

The longboat moved closer to the schooner as the surgeon went aft. When it came alongside, he handed his bag to one of the sailors and was helped aboard.

"It's yellow fever right enough," he said to the commanding officer. "There's nothing I can do about it. It's your job now."

The longboat was rowed a safe distance away, where it stopped with its oars banked, rising and falling on the long swells.

The officer began to question Carter.

"What's your captain's name?"

Carter hesitated.

"Well, what's his name?"

"Jonathan Bradford, sir."

The officer glanced significantly at the surgeon. "That's the man we're looking for all right." He took out a folded sheet of paper from his breast pocket. "Answer your names when I call 'em," he barked out to the Negroes lined up along the rail. Then he began to read off the names of the six Pensacola slaves. To his annoyance, they responded in hardly audible voices so that he had to repeat himself several times.

"That accounts for six of 'em," he said when he had finished. "Now, who are you?" he demanded of Carter.

"I'm Mr. Bradford's first mate."

The officer snorted. "Hell of a first mate you are. You can't sail a boat."

"He was teaching me, sir."

"He owns you?"

"Well, not exactly, sir."

"You mean you're another damned runaway?"

Carter was silent.

"We'll deal with you when we get in port. We're going to bring the ship around now and tow you in. When we cast a line out, I want you to make it fast and no monkey tricks. Remember, we'll have a gun trained on you."

"Where are you going to take us, sir?"

"Back to Pensacola—under arrest."

A groan went up from the Negroes. They turned to Carter, but there was nothing he could tell them. He had them stow the fallen canvas away, and then, when the gunboat circled around to cast a rope to the stranded schooner, he quietly ordered one of them to make it fast.



Jonathan was conscious for short intervals during the night, but no one on the schooner had the heart to tell him what had happened. He was vaguely aware that the boat was moving, but he was not sufficiently restored to his senses even to note that the masts were bare and that the schooner was riding on an even keel. Finally, he fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke, it was daylight, and he could see that they were at the Navy

Yard wharf near Pensacola. Two sailors were lifting him up to put him on a canvas stretcher, and beyond them he saw Carter and several of the other Negroes surrounded by a group of sailors and men in civilian clothes.

Carter tried to rush forward to speak to him, but two sailors held him back. Jonathan was too weak to sit up. His mind was unable to cope with the strange situation, and he lay still while the sailors carried him to another ship. There he was placed in a small cabin with a single round porthole through which the sun shone in a radiant circle of light on clean, white-painted walls. The naval surgeon who accompanied him aboard attempted to explain what had happened, but Jonathan was so overcome by his own sickness and the dull realization of disaster that he hardly heard what he said.

He had plenty of time to hear the story again, however, for he lay aboard the ship for nearly three weeks. And during that time he was told that he was to be brought to trial in Pensacola under the serious charge of stealing slaves.

XXIV

DESPITE REPEATED ATTEMPTS made by the authorities in Pensacola to gain possession of the prisoner, the naval surgeon refused to let his patient be moved until the very day of the trial. Confinement in the dank little town prison might be fatal to a person recovering from yellow fever, he said, and law or no law, he was damned if he would surrender a man to let him die in jail.

But the Grand Jury had brought an indictment against the prisoner, and on Monday, August 22, Jonathan was placed on board a navy cutter to be taken across the harbor to the town. It was a rainy day, with angry gusts of wind driving the cutter through the storm-swept water as it covered the eight miles between the Navy Yard and Pensacola. Jonathan had a brief

glimpse of *La Belle Mimi* as she lay tossing at her anchorage near the water front, and then he was landed at the town wharf, where a good-sized crowd had gathered to see the notorious slave stealer brought to trial.

There was much talk as the prisoner was led ashore, but there was no threat of violence, and several people who had known Jonathan even attempted to speak to him. White men stared curiously from the porticoed store fronts along the main street, but not a single Negro was to be seen anywhere, although the town ordinarily was full of them.

Jonathan was so weak that the short walk to the courthouse exhausted him, and he was so wet and miserable that he hardly noticed the people standing in the halls. There was a moment of silence when he was led into the crowded courtroom. Then he was taken to the prisoner's dock and permitted to sit down in the little boxlike compartment. He leaned heavily against its wooden sides and looked for familiar faces in the audience.

Hugh Ballard was there, sitting up straight in one of the front seats. He made no sign of recognition when his eyes met Jonathan's, but the long scar on his face stood out white against the mounting flush on his cheeks. Jonathan's expression did not change; he was too sick and miserable to care. He smiled back feebly at Jacob Ullman, and he noticed Cyrus Pettigrew make a covert signal of greeting. Most of the people in the courtroom were neither friendly nor hostile—they were simply idlers who attended the trial as they would have attended a boxing match or a cockfight.

The judge swept into the courtroom, a corpulent, elderly man with a huge bald head and a fringe of black curly hair swirling out over his ears. The court stood up; the court sat down; the judge squirmed in his chair, damp and perspiring under his judicial robes. He rapped for order and then asked the prisoner if he had an attorney to represent him.

Jonathan spoke with difficulty, his own words sounding far away and strange in his ears. "No, your honor," he said slowly. "I'd rather conduct my own defense. I don't see what good an attorney can do."

The judge seemed annoyed. He consulted for a moment with the prosecuting attorney, a Mr. Horatio Gamble, who was one of the richest men in town. He had founded his fortune during the real-estate speculation of 1838, when other people had lost their fortunes in a frantic scramble to buy town lots near a projected railroad line. When the plans for the railroad fell through, Gamble was almost the only person in Pensacola to emerge from the resulting collapse of land values with more money than he had had when he started. For many years his fellow townspeople resented the part he had played in swindling them, but they had gradually forgotten what he had done. Every man of property needed Gamble's friendship, for he was a power in local political affairs, and every woman was willing to forgive the tall, handsome, genial attorney, whose deeply tanned face and pure white hair made him a distinguished figure in the town's social life. He exuded confidence from every pore of his obviously well-washed skin; it was unthinkable that he could lose a case once he had set his mind to win it, and that was why he had been made district attorney.

The bench heeded his advice. The judge coughed and stared nearsightedly at the prisoner. "It seems advisable, under the circumstances, for you to have benefit of counsel," he said, trying to speak as if he were delivering his own opinion. "You may have your choice of any of the attorneys now in court."

Jonathan shrugged his shoulders. The judge asked the three members of the bar who were present to come to the bench. Jonathan looked at them and designated the one who seemed least unsympathetic—a tiny, round-shouldered man with a sharp little nose that seemed oddly out of place with his heavy features. He was introduced as Mr. Andrew Mention, and his first action in his client's behalf was to ask for an hour's recess.

He took Jonathan to an anteroom, where he listened gravely to his story.

"You have no case," he said when he had heard it. "Better plead guilty and throw yourself on the court's mercy."

Jonathan shook his head. "I won't plead guilty. I didn't commit a crime. If I were to admit that helping slaves to free-

dom is wrong, I'd be endangering the whole Abolitionist movement. I'd be considered a traitor by everyone whose opinion I respect."

Mention looked at him disgustedly. "We'd better get this clear," he said. "I don't give a damn about your principles, but you can't try this case in a Florida court on an Abolitionist basis. This isn't Boston. Down here what you've done is looked upon as worse than murder. You've committed a serious crime, and you have no legitimate defense."

"What do you propose?"

"Plead guilty and try to get a mitigation of sentence."

Jonathan looked up at his attorney and quietly refused to follow his advice.

"Young man," Mention said in a dry, harsh voice, "if you're looking for martyrdom, you don't need a lawyer to help you find it. The jury will cheerfully find you guilty whether you plead so or not."

"I didn't want a lawyer," Jonathan protested. "I haven't done anything wrong."

Mention made a queer snorting noise. "Look," he said, "you evidently don't understand. Pleading guilty in court doesn't have anything to do with morality or sin. It simply means that you admit to having committed the acts charged against you in the indictment. Only four of the seven owners are bringing charges against you. The indictment will say you stole four slaves. Well, you did steal them——"

"I didn't steal anything," Jonathan said hotly. "I tried to help seven human beings to freedom."

"That's what you call it. But our laws call it as stealing. You may consider slavery unjust and immoral, but it is a recognized institution supported by laws governing the ownership of property. You may not approve of those laws, but they're written on our statute books. They can't be lightly infringed."

Jonathan leaned tiredly on the table. "I'm afraid you don't even understand what I was trying to do."

"I understand it all right," Mention grumbled. "But you've got to understand some things too. You think of yourself as

the exponent of a great cause. You like to think there's more on trial here than yourself. Perhaps there is—but it's you they're going to try—not some abstract idea. It's you they'll punish—not your Abolitionist friends in Boston. I've been appointed by the court to help you. I'm trying to give you honest advice."

"I won't plead guilty," Jonathan said stubbornly.

Mention sighed. "Let me try to make this clear to you. You're entitled by law to a trial if you insist on having one. But in a clear-cut case like this it's a nuisance and an expense for the state to try you. Everybody will be against you. The trial will do you harm. But if you plead guilty, I can point out to the court certain extenuating circumstances—youth, lack of realization as to the seriousness of your crime——"

"I committed no crime! Let the court do as it wishes with me. I'm not ashamed of what I've done."

"I can see you're not in a frame of mind to accept sensible advice, Mr. Bradford. Well, I've been appointed as an officer of the court to take charge of your defense. I'll do what I can, but I'm afraid I won't be able to help you much."

"No one can help me," Jonathan said despairingly. "I'm caught in a trap from which there's no escaping."

"Perhaps. But I should like to remind you, sir, that it's your own stubbornness that's keeping you there."

Jonathan sighed. "Let's get on. Will the trial be held immediately?"

"I hope so," Mention said. "Obviously you're in no position to raise five or ten thousand dollars for bail. I don't want you to have to stay in jail any longer than you have to, so I'm going to ask for an immediate trial. I'm also going to try to make a bargain with Mr. Gamble. I suppose you know that the extreme penalty for slave stealing in this state is death?"

Jonathan stared unbelievably at him.

Mention went on blandly. "Yes, some six or seven years ago the Florida Legislature passed such a law. You see, we in the South take tampering with our slave property seriously. Negroes—unfortunately—are more than mere chattels—they're also live animals with cunning brains who can be roused to heights

of murderous passion. We have to protect our people from them. We'll have trouble with the jury. However, in view of your inexperience and youth I'm going to try to persuade Gamble not to demand the death penalty."

"What are the lesser penalties?" Jonathan asked in a hushed voice.

"Fine, imprisonment, and perhaps branding."

"Branding?"

"Yes," Mention said emphatically, "branding." He noted Jonathan's horrified expression. "It's rare, though. I hope to get you off with a fine and a prison term."

Jonathan sank down on the table, burying his head in his arms. Mention bent over him and laid his hand gently on his shoulder. "I know how you feel, my boy. I'll do my best, but I still think you ought to plead guilty."

Jonathan raised his head and shook it wearily.



When they returned to the courtroom, Mention conferred with the judge and the prosecuting attorney. He was jubilant when he came over to his client. "I've arranged with Mr. Gamble not to ask for the extreme penalty. The proceedings are about to open. This is your last chance to plead guilty."

Jonathan smiled and shook his head again.

The clerk stood up to read the indictment in the singsong voice reserved for the recital of such documents. Jonathan listened idly until he heard his own name mentioned.

"... that Jonathan Bradford, on the twenty-ninth day of July, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-three, with force and arms, in the county foresaid, one Negro slave man, named Willis Scott, of the value of six hundred dollars, of the goods and chattels of one Benjamin C. Wellman, then and there being found, feloniously and unlawfully did aid and assist to run away, thereby causing a loss of labor to the said Benjamin C. Wellman, against the dignity of the State of Florida, and against the form of the statute of such case made and provided."

Jonathan thought it peculiar that he was charged with the loss of only one slave, but the clerk went on to read three other indictments. Mention was on his feet immediately, protesting against four indictments being arrayed against his client for one offense. A semi-private discussion took place at the bench while the courtroom waited impatiently. Finally the judge decided that "in order to come at the subject properly" the case should be tried on the first indictment. The clerk then stood up to address the prisoner at the bar.

"Jonathan Bradford, you have heard the reading of the indictment. How do you plead to the charges contained therein—guilty or not guilty?"

Jonathan avoided his attorney's eyes. "Your honor," he said to the judge, "I must say that with all due respect for this court I can't answer the question put to me. In a matter of this kind, where the freedom of human beings is concerned, I can't admit that what I have done makes me guilty of any crime."

Jonathan heard Mention groan. The judge leaned forward. "We're not interested in your views on Abolitionism, young man. You will be good enough to observe the rules of this court. Do you plead guilty or not guilty to the charges in the indictment?"

"I refuse to admit any question of guilt," Jonathan said firmly.

The judge raised his voice. "Guilty or not guilty?" he repeated, irritably. "We will not——"

Andrew Mention jumped to his feet. "My client pleads not guilty," he said hastily. "That is the obvious intention of his remarks, which I assure you are not meant to——"

"Guilty or not guilty?" the judge snarled, glaring at Jonathan and ignoring his attorney.

Jonathan shrugged his shoulders and sat down. The clerk looked at the judge and asked whether he should enter a plea of not guilty. Mention begged the court to enter such a plea, and after some further dispute it was so agreed.

"For God's sake, go easy," Mention whispered. "You'll prejudice the whole court against you if you act like that."

"I don't have to prejudice this court," Jonathan said dryly. "It was born prejudiced."

Mention sighed and turned his mind to the selection of jury-men. The usual wrangle began. Jonathan looked on while his attorney fought for what he hoped would be a reasonably impartial jury, but when the twelve chairs in the jury box were filled, their occupants were representatives of the wealthiest people in town. Ten of them were slaveholders, and two were well-to-do merchants whose business depended upon dealing with those who owned slaves.

The judge then called a recess; Mention received permission to take his client to the anteroom and eat lunch with him there. A bailiff stood outside, chewing tobacco and occasionally glancing in to make certain that the prisoner did not escape.

"What in hell are you trying to do?" Mention demanded, flinging himself down in a chair. "You can't argue with the judge. And you're antagonizing everyone in the courtroom. Remember—you're a Yankee, and they're going to be out for your blood anyway. Don't go flaunting your Abolitionism in their faces, or you'll be a gone coon. If I'm to be of any help to you, you've got to do what I say, or I might as well withdraw from the case right now."

After exacting a promise from his client to obey him, Mention went on to explain his plans. It was essential, he said, never to admit that Jonathan was an Abolitionist, although the prosecution was sure to refer to him by that term on every possible occasion. Mention was going to call no witnesses, but simply base his defense on the plea that his client was young and inexperienced and therefore deserving of mercy.

Jonathan objected to being described as such a simpleton, but Mention told him they had to grasp at straws, since they had no legitimate defense. They were still arguing when the bailiff stuck his head into the room to tell them that it was time to go to the trial chamber.

When Jonathan entered the railed-off area in front of the judge's bench, he saw the four slaves he was charged with stealing. They were, of course, not to be allowed to testify, but were merely to be used as exhibits. They stood in a row, handcuffed and chained together, looking as downcast and unhappy as

though they were on trial for their lives. They greeted Jonathan with abashed smiles, but lapsed into sullen apathy when the bailiff spoke sharply to them and told them to stand aside. Jonathan recognized Carter and Willis—the other two slaves were barely familiar to him, since he had hardly had much chance to see them before being taken sick. But he felt sorrier for them than for anyone he had ever met, and for a moment he even regretted that he had attempted to free them. They were worse off now than if he had left them alone.

The clerk called the court to order, and the trial began. The prosecuting attorney rose to present to the jury what he was pleased to call the facts of the case, charging that the defendant had been well treated in Pensacola, that he had been ungrateful enough to “steal” a slave from a man with whom he was not acquainted and who had done him no harm. The fact that Jonathan had offered Willis his freedom did not mitigate what he had done. If anything, it added to the heinousness of the crime, for it was surely worse to cause unrest and dissatisfaction among the slaves by offering them their freedom than to kidnap a few Negroes for the purpose of selling them for profit. The defendant was guilty of more than simple theft—he had endangered the whole structure of Southern society by teaching the slaves that it was possible for them to hope for liberty.

Gamble then went on to describe how Jonathan had planned to take the slaves to the Bahamas. He missed no opportunity to refer to the defendant as a “Northern Abolitionist,” a fanatical creature bent on spreading ruin and devastation in the South. When he told how the ill-fated voyage had been cut short by yellow fever, he said solemnly that it had probably been brought to a disastrous end by an outraged deity who had intervened to bring the fugitives to justice.

“There can be no doubt,” he went on oratorically, “that systematic and powerful influences are at work to impair our rights of property and to involve us—and these poor helpless slaves who are the victims of a false philanthropy—in a common ruin. A vicious fanaticism clothed in the garb of religion prowls about our borders to snatch away what is rightfully ours. These

self-appointed reformers do not care if they deluge our hearthstones with the blood of our loved ones. To them, the principle of Negro freedom is more important than the lives of white men and the sacred honor of white women. But we must warn the people of the North that there is a point beyond which our forbearance will not go—a point beyond which we cannot be forced. Rather than bow down to the demands of those who seek to sacrifice us upon the shrine of unholy fanaticism, true Southerners would rather fling caution to the winds, abandon the fond recollection of the ties which have bound us to the North, and declare ourselves independent of those who would enchain us. Southerners—it is you yourselves who are on trial here! As Southerners you will know how to act!”

With a grandiloquent flourish he spread out his coattails and sat down upon the chair reserved for him at the long table in front of the judge's bench. Mention looked quizzically at Jonathan and then rose to say that when the time for it came he was going to put his client on the stand to testify in his own behalf. He did not try to underrate the seriousness of his client's offense; what he had done was a breach of the law—but he wanted the jury to keep in mind his youth and misguided idealism when they considered his testimony.

It was late in the afternoon when Mention finished his opening address. The judge adjourned court until the next morning.

The attorney accompanied Jonathan to the local jail. It was fortunate he did, for his client collapsed before he had gone a hundred yards from the courthouse and had to be carried the rest of the way on a cart which was hastily pressed into service. When they reached the jail, Jonathan was thrust into a narrow cell and was fastened to a ringbolt on the wall while a five-pound iron shackle was put on his ankle. There was no bed or chair in the cell, and it was only Mention's insistence that finally produced a broken-down wooden stool and a straw-stuffed mattress.

Mention stayed for a while, more to cheer up his client than for any other reason. After he had gone, Jonathan slumped down on the chair. The irons and the bleak-looking cell were enough to make anyone feel like a criminal.

The slaves had preceded him to the jail; at dinnertime they were taken out of their cells with some of the other prisoners and given a few minutes to walk around in the brick-walled yard. Carter came to the door of Jonathan's cell. His voice was laden with misery, and his features were drawn and haggard.

"I'm afraid I'm bad luck, sir. I seemed cursed with ill fortune, and I bring it to everyone who tries to help me." He stared disconsolately at the heavy chains shackling the man who had tried to free him.

"I'm sorry things turned out the way they did," Jonathan said remorsefully.

"I suppose they'll send me back to Mr. Ballard and the whipping post now, but——"

"But what?"

"Nothing, sir. Don't you worry about me. You've got to take care of yourself. If there's anything I can do—— But there isn't, of course. I'm just a black nigger slave. I wish to God I'd never been born!" Carter's hands gripped the iron bars of the cell door. Jonathan wanted to speak some words of encouragement to him, but before he could utter them he was gone. The jailer was driving the slaves back into their cells, and Jonathan could hear the iron padlocks being snapped into place.



The next morning was given over to the examination of the prosecution's witnesses. There was a long procession of them, beginning with the captain of the gunboat that had captured the schooner and ending with a man who had once seen the prisoner talking to a Negro in a "suspiciously friendly manner." It was established that Jonathan had persuaded Willis to leave his master; that Willis would never have thought of doing so by himself; that Jonathan did not have a clear title to Brion's schooner; that he had nevertheless provisioned the schooner for a long voyage with enough food to supply seven or eight men; that he had left Pensacola Harbor at night for the obvious purpose of trying to escape detection; and that only the fact that he had fallen sick with yellow fever had prevented him

from getting away successfully. These and many other facts were established; every witness called by the prosecution added weight to the testimony being piled up against the prisoner.

Mention did the best he could with his cross-examination, but he could make little headway in the tide of accusations that was engulfing his client. He came over to Jonathan and sat down heavily, pushing his pudgy white hands across the table. "My boy," he said, "I need more material to work with. Isn't there something else you can tell me? Gamble's having too easy a time of it."

Jonathan was grim. "Nothing I could tell you would help. I took the slaves on my boat. Everyone knows it. That's all there is to the case. I expect this court to find me guilty."

Mention sighed. "Very well, then," he said. "I'm going to put you on the stand now. But for God's sake be sensible and watch what you say. Try to make a good impression."

After asking the routine questions establishing the identification of his witness, Mention began to query Jonathan about his upbringing, his education, and his antecedent history. He had to convince the jury that the defendant was a man of respectable and upright character. And he portrayed him as a well-meaning youth who had been led astray by his own overzealous nature. Such a youth might be misguided, but there was nothing vicious in him, nothing mercenary or self-seeking.

As Mention had predicted, this technique produced a favorable effect on the court. The jury thought Jonathan a naïve young fool, the judge considered him an idiot, and even some of the slaveholders in the audience remembered that they had once passionately believed in many things that they were heartily ashamed of now. Andrew Mention relaxed visibly and actually smiled when he turned his witness over to the prosecution for cross-examination.

Horatio Gamble swung into action, striding across the room with a lithe step. He took his position in front of the witness chair, balancing himself on the balls of his feet.

"Well, Mr. Bradford," he began, "this is a very pretty little tale you've told about yourself. I should like to ask you a few

simple questions of fact. I leave emotions to my colleague, Mr. Mention, who is very good in dealing with such matters." He looked around at the jury as if saying to them: Now watch this, boys, it's going to be good.

Jonathan gazed at the prosecuting attorney uneasily. Mention was fluttering his little white hand to warn him to think carefully before answering.

"The first question I should like to ask you, Mr. Bradford," Gamble said with his most disarming smile, "is why you happened to visit our fair section of the country? Was it a pleasure trip? Ah, it was! How fortunate to be able to travel at so early an age. Are you a rich man, Mr. Bradford?"

"My father left me some money," Jonathan muttered.

"And how much did he leave you, if I may ask?"

Mention was on his feet objecting. "I don't see how that is relevant, your honor."

"Sustained," the judge said. "Counsel will refrain from asking irrelevant questions."

"But, your honor," Gamble said in an injured voice, "I will connect the question later on."

"I can't allow it. You may proceed."

Gamble's mouth twitched. He began a direct assault. "Mr. Bradford, is it not true that you were sent here by Northern Abolitionists who financed your journey?"

Jonathan hesitated a moment. "No, sir," he said finally. "No one sent me. I came to the South of my own accord, I am preparing myself for a career in scientific agriculture. I came here to study and observe."

"Observe what?"

"Agricultural methods," Jonathan said firmly.

"In Pensacola?" This brought an immediate laugh, for the section was notoriously barren and sandy.

"No, sir, I came to Pensacola to take a ship for New Orleans."

"And why did you remain here for nearly six months?"

"I had to earn some money," Jonathan said slowly.

"You had no money when you arrived?"

"Yes, but——"

"Yes, but what?"

Jonathan squirmed in his chair. "I was robbed the first night I came here," he said finally.

"Indeed. What a pity! And did you report your robbery to the police, Mr. Bradford?"

"No."

"No? Why not?"

"I didn't think they'd be able to restore the money."

"And what were the circumstances under which you were robbed, Mr. Bradford? It seems peculiar that you wished to keep such a matter secret. What were the circumstances?"

Mention did not know how Jonathan had lost his money, but he did not like the trend of Gamble's questions. He entered an objection, and a three-cornered discussion regarding the admissibility of such evidence began. Gamble won his point, saying that he wanted to bring out certain character aspects of the defendant.

Mention sat down unhappily, and Gamble returned to his prey. His voice was still soft and encouraging. "Is it not a fact, Mr. Bradford, that you were robbed while you were drunk?"

Jonathan nodded his head miserably, and the spectators burst out laughing.

Gamble stepped closed to the witness. His voice lost its silken edge and became hard. He shot out the next question. "And is it also not a fact that you were robbed just after you had patronized a woman of ill fame? And that you were so drunk you could not even remember the circumstances?"

The spectators were howling with delight. The judge had to rap on the bench for order. Mention tried to object to the question, but the judge brushed him aside. Jonathan's reply was hardly audible when it came, but everyone in the courtroom knew that it was affirmative.

Horatio Gamble's voice almost sang. "That's all, Mr. Bradford. Your honor, I'm finished with the witness."

XXV

DURING THE LUNCHEON RECESS Mention was bitter when he talked to his client. "It's not what Gamble brought out that bothers me," he grumbled. "It's just that he should know facts I don't. How do you expect me to defend you if you don't tell me anything?"

"It doesn't really matter, does it?" Jonathan asked quietly. "The verdict has already been given against me. It was against me even before the trial opened. Nothing that has been said or that will be said can change it."

"You should have pleaded guilty. Then you'd have saved everyone a lot of trouble."

Jonathan looked at him scornfully. They had been through that argument so often that nothing more could be said.

When Mention made his summation to the jury, he went far to rehabilitate his client. This was not difficult to do in a part of the country where drinking and wenching were looked upon as the natural prerogatives of youth, and Mention even made use of Jonathan's fall from grace by citing it as an example of the defendant's weak and unstable nature. Jonathan squirmed, but Mention went on, purposely ignoring his mute protest.

"I don't attempt to claim that the defendant is a Galahad," he cried. "It's his human fallibilities that make a call upon our mercy. This poor boy has been led astray by Abolitionists who think nothing of using an innocent young man for their nefarious purposes. It is they who are guilty—this boy is only their unwitting tool."

Mention wiped his face, which was streaming with perspiration in the hot courtroom, and then plunged on: "Furthermore, I am sure that you, as Southerners, will want to show the Yankees that the South is still the home of noble-minded chivalry

where men are not afraid to pardon those who have done wrong. Let us forgive this youth, of whom it may truly be said that he knew not what he did. Let us send him back to his people to tell them that the South is a land of merciful, generous-hearted people who can return evil with kindness, base ingratitude with manly forbearance, and render charity where no charity is due."

Then, with a lengthy peroration on the nobility of the Southern character, Andrew Mention finished his appeal for his client. He sat down, pleased with himself and satisfied that he had done everything possible for a man who, in his private opinion, deserved no pardon.

Gamble reviewed the evidence he had established from his examination of the witnesses. He tied up the facts of the case in a neat parcel and then launched into an attack on the defendant in order to make sure the jury had no doubt of his guilt.

"My learned colleague," Gamble said, bowing graciously toward Mention, "has tried to impress you with the notion that his client is a well-meaning but innocent young man. I don't have to tell you that ignorance of the law is no excuse. I have, I believe, already shown you that Mr. Bradford is not so pure in heart as his counsel would like us think." There was a snicker from the spectators.

"The important facts in this case have been made clear to you," he continued. "Even Mr. Mention, in his understandable zeal to protect his client's interests, has not tried to claim that he did not steal the slave Willis Scott from his rightful owner. The act of theft has at no time been denied by the defense. The case is a very simple one, my friends, a very simple one indeed. This young man has tried to deprive your fellow townsmen of their property. His motives are not relevant. What he intended to do with the slaves does not matter. Mr. Bradford's educational background, personal character, or ideals may be admirable—but they do not excuse him. If anything, they add to his guilt, for he should have known better. He is clearly guilty under the law. His own attorney has not tried to deny his guilt—he has merely tried to confuse the issue by playing

on your sympathies for a willful and misguided youth. But great as our natural sympathies are, we cannot afford to let such a man go unpunished. Unless an example is made of him, our fair state will be overrun by Northern Abolitionists who will come down here to incite insurrection among our servile population. Therefore, I am going to ask you to bring in a verdict of guilty and a recommendation for severe punishment. Because the prisoner is young and has committed no previous offense, I am not going to ask you to recommend the death penalty which our laws rightfully provide for this most heinous crime.

"In considering your verdict, I want you to remember that we must not deal too kindly with the fanatics who invade our borders—we have been too lenient with such troublemakers in the past. No white man can rest easy at night while creatures of this man's ilk are amongst us. No white woman is safe from molestation while we permit such doctrines to be preached among the blacks. The judge will explain the possible penalties. I'm sure you will know what to do."

There was a deep silence in the courtroom when Gamble finished speaking. He turned to the judge and told him that the prosecution rested its case; then he walked to the counsel table and sat down.

The judge rose to instruct the jury on the law. He stood beside his tall chair with his left hand draped over its back and his right hand fingering his gavel nervously. At no time during his charge did he look at the jury; his eyes wandered to the ceiling, to the windows, to the back wall of the room, but they never met any man's face. Occasionally he would glance down at some papers on the bench in order to refresh his mind on some legal point, but most of the time he gazed abstractedly upwards as though he were dealing with a matter that had no association with human affairs. His voice, mild and innocuous, went on in a dead monotone that brought yawns from the jurors and restlessness from the spectators.

He droned on, quoting statutes by verse and number. Jona-

than finally heard him come to the end of his monologue to say without raising his voice or changing his inflection that the penalties provided by the law for the crime of slave stealing were: imprisonment not to exceed a term of six months, a fine not to exceed one thousand dollars, branding with a hot iron, and—in extreme cases—death.

And then, blinking owlishly, the judge told the jurymen that they might retire to consider their verdict.



In less than half an hour the jury returned to the courtroom. Mention could have told Jonathan that this was an unfortunate omen, for the twelve men had evidently found nothing to disagree about, but he held his tongue. The bad news would be announced soon enough.

The foreman stood up. "We find the defendant guilty as charged in the indictment, and we award him to be branded on the right hand with the initials SS to mark him for life as a slave stealer."

The next few minutes passed in a red blur of anger for Jonathan. He had fully expected such a verdict, but to hear it actually pronounced was a shock. And then he found that the court was not yet done with him. Gamble petitioned the judge to proceed with the charges made in the other three indictments. After asking permission of both attorneys, the judge suggested that the same jury be sworn in again and be permitted to retire to bring in a fresh verdict without rehearing all the evidence, since the facts of the case had already been clearly established.

This time the jury was out much longer. Mention thought that that looked bad too, for it meant that the jurymen were trying to arrive at additional penalties. But again he said nothing to his client, who sat staring silently at his right hand.

After nearly two hours' deliberation, the jury returned with another verdict of guilty for each indictment and an additional award of fifteen days imprisonment, a fine of one hundred and fifty dollars, and one hour's stand in the public pillory.

The judge quickly adjourned court, saying that he would impose formal sentence the next day.



During the evening, Cyrus Pettigrew was brought to Jonathan's cell by the jailer.

"Too bad," he said without the faintest trace of pity in his voice. "But ye brung it on yerself. Should've paid more attention to yer lawyer—that's what lawyers're fer. And that's what I've come to see ye about. Mention ought to be paid sumpin' fer his services even if he didn't get you off."

"I have no money," Jonathan said. "Everything I had was on the boat, and they've seized that. When the fine is paid and the costs——"

"It's the boat I'm talkin' about—and the money Brion left in the bank here. Ye ain't never teched that, have ye?"

Jonathan shook his head.

Pettigrew pulled a legal-looking document out of his pocket. "Well, I've come to help ye. Jest sign this, and I'll take over payin' yer lawyer. Ye're goin' to lose the boat anyway, and ye ain't never bothered none about Brion's bank deposit, so if ye'll sign this I'll take over the claim and undertake to pay off Mention whether I collect or not. That's fair enough, eh?"

Jonathan wondered whether any deal proposed by the unscrupulous Yankee trader could be fair, but it hardly mattered. He stretched his hand out for the paper and glanced through it quickly, noting that it had been dated several days before his arrest. Pettigrew took out a pen and a small bottle of ink. He looked on with satisfaction while Jonathan attached his signature to the document.

"This'll relieve ye of all obligation in Pensacola," he said, pocketing the paper and the writing materials. "I'll take care of everything."

"But can't you tell me what's going to happen to me tomorrow?" Jonathan asked. "Have you heard anything? Will they go ahead with the penalties right away or——?"

Pettigrew looked down at him coolly. "I dunno. But if I

wuz you, I'd be mighty keerful. I've heard talk around town that some of the gentry'll be waitin' to git their hands on ye as soon as ye're turned loose."



Jonathan slept badly that night. He was up and about before the first streak of dawn. The four slaves were to be turned over to their masters, and before they were surrendered, they were to be whipped.

He waited at the door until the three Pensacola slaveholders arrived. Hugh Ballard appeared a few moments later.

Willis was led out into the yard first, made to strip naked, and lie down on his side. His hands were tied together; his arms were slipped down over his knees, and a long wooden rod was thrust into the space under his knee joints and above his arms. He could then be turned around to suit the jailer's convenience, very much as one turns a chicken on a roasting spit. The paddle, an inch-thick piece of pine board with large holes bored in it, was applied. Fifty blows from it were enough to incapacitate a slave for several days, but they would not impair his value permanently.

Willis tried to keep silent, but before the jailer was halfway through his work, he began to whimper and then cry out as the heavy paddle struck already-lacerated flesh. The dreadful sounds put everyone's nerves on edge. Jonathan fled to the far corner of his cell in a vain attempt to shut the terrible screams out of his ears.

There was a sudden silence after the whipping of the third slave. Then a loud murmur of angry voices came from one of the cells. Jonathan heard Hugh Ballard say, "Who in hell let him have a razor?"

Jonathan went to the door, but he could not see anything, for the men had all gone into a cell at the other end of the building.

The jailer came in sight, dragging something heavy along the ground. It was Carter's body. The throat and belly were gashed open, and blood streamed out of the fresh wounds.



The cries of the whipped slaves kept echoing in Jonathan's mind all morning, and he could not rid himself of the memory of Carter's body. There was still a trail of blood in the yard, although dust had been swept over it. Flies clustered thickly on the wet dirt, which even the hot sun seemed unable to dry up.

At eleven o'clock the jailer removed Jonathan from his cell. Few people paid attention to them as they walked to the courthouse. A small crowd was standing around the front door. The men whose slaves had been whipped that morning were there, and Hugh Ballard was with them.

The courtroom was not even half-full. Jonathan was seated on one of the chairs inside the railed-off area. Gamble and Mention were present, but Mention had nothing to say to his client beyond the mere words of greeting.

The judge rapped on the bench and spoke sharply. "Jonathan Bradford, stand up and step forward that sentence may be imposed."

Jonathan got to his feet and advanced to the bench. The judge looked down at him with lackluster eyes as he began to speak. "You have been found guilty by this court of the crime of stealing four slaves from their masters, and the jury has recommended due and fitting punishment. Is there anything you have to say for yourself before the court passes sentence on you?"

"Yes," said Jonathan firmly, "there is something I should like to say."

The courtroom contained a cross section of the white male population of Pensacola. Slaveholders and men of property sat together in the front rows; behind them were fishermen, small shopkeepers, and workingmen. It was useless, Jonathan knew, to appeal to the slaveholders, but the poorer people had nothing to gain from slavery. He would have to address his words to them.

He thought of Carter, and the memory gave him courage. He could still see the bloodstained body that had been dragged past his cell, and the flies buzzing around the courtroom windows reminded him of the dark stain in the jailyard. Carter's death

was not suicide—it was murder, murder by the slave power that drove men to take their own lives rather than be sent back into bondage.

"First of all," he said, "I should like to tell the court that despite my attorney's well-meant efforts to make you believe that I did not realize what I was doing, I was perfectly well aware of what I wanted to accomplish." He threw his shoulders back and stared defiantly at Ballard. His voice grew louder. "I am an Abolitionist, and I am proud of it!"

There was a murmur from the audience. Mention sat back limply, his face a study in disapprobation.

"I told the court nothing that was not true," Jonathan went on, "but there is more I should tell. It is true that I came to the South to study agriculture, but I came here also to study slavery. I wanted to see it in operation so I could learn to fight it."

The clerk had to call for order. When the courtroom quieted down again, Jonathan continued. "I shall devote my life to fighting it," he said. "It has no place in a country that was founded as a free nation."

The judge rapped sharply on the bench. "Stick to the facts, Mr. Bradford. We are not interested in your opinions."

"The two can't be separated," Jonathan said. "This case has been tried on opinion rather than fact. It is my opinion that slavery is wrong. It is the court's opinion that slavery is right."

"Stick to facts, or you will not be allowed to speak."

"Very well, then. I'll give you some facts. There are nine and a half million people in the South; nearly three and a half million of them are black. That leaves six million whites. About three hundred thousand of them own slaves, and of those only a few own many slaves. More than five and a half million white people in the South are impoverished to benefit those few. I see in this courtroom fishermen, sailors, merchants, plain, honest citizens. None of you own slaves. There is a division of interest here more important than the sectional division of North and South. You men who own no slaves but are called upon to support slavery are riveting the shackles of bondage on your

own limbs. Someday you may be called upon to defend those rich men's holdings. When that time comes, you will have nothing to gain and everything to lose. Are you going to let those few men bring bloodshed and disaster down upon you? Are you going to be their dupes?"

Gamble was standing up, demanding that the judge stop this subversive discourse. The slaveholders in the audience were flocking around him. Jonathan knew he would have to speak fast.

"We Abolitionists don't hate you," he called out above the rising murmur of voices. "We hate only that which is stifling the whole nation, causing you to lose your freedom as the blacks have lost theirs. We are the friends of all men, and we seek freedom for all—white and black alike."

The judge was pounding on the bench with his gavel, but Jonathan went on speaking. There were shouts of approval from some of the workingmen in the crowd.

"How long will you let those few slaveholders deceive you? How long will you let them keep the blacks in chains? How long will you wait until they try to fasten chains on you?"

"Treason!" someone yelled. Gamble's face was purple, and the judge motioned to the bailiff to silence the prisoner. Jonathan saw the bailiff come toward him, heavy-footed and implacable. He kept on, raising his voice to be heard above the tumult.

"They shout treason," he thundered. "Well, if it is treason here to want to help men to freedom, then I say that this state is worthy of no man's allegiance! If what I have done is a crime according to slaveholders' law, than I say: Change that law!"

The bailiff charged at Jonathan, clapping his hand over his mouth. There were howls of protest from the working people of the town, but the judge threatened to clear the courtroom unless order was restored. The uproar ceased, but the spectators were still unruly when he began to speak from the bench.

"I am sorry the prisoner has seen fit to disabuse the privilege accorded him by this court," he said coldly. "However, although much provoked, I shall not add to the sentence already awarded

by the jury." The spectators became noisy again, but this time it was the slaveholders who objected. The judge rapped for order and went on speaking. "The bailiff will make certain that the prisoner remains quiet while formal sentence is passed on him."

XXVI

JONATHAN WAS KEPT STANDING near the pillory until the noon bell rang. Then the jailer led him to two heavy planks mounted between the courthouse pillars, told him to thrust his neck and hands into the holes provided for them, and dropped the upper board to hold him fast. He informed Jonathan that he would release him in an hour. Then he instructed the bailiff to guard the prisoner and returned to the jail.

Some of the slave owners seated themselves on the benches under the portico. A conversation obviously carried on for Jonathan's benefit began.

"Must be hot out there, eh?"

"'Tain't so hot as it could be for slave stealers."

"Gettin' off rather easy, this un."

"Seems to me we ought to make an example of him. Then Northern Abolitionists'll know better'n to come down here."

A little Negro boy stuck his head around the corner of one of the near-by buildings and then quickly vanished. One of the slaveholders whispered excitedly to a friend. The two men jumped up and ran across the square after the boy. In a few minutes they returned, dragging him by the arm. One of them carried a small paper bag.

"Goin' to have some fun now," they announced to the idlers on the courthouse steps. They led the frightened boy around the corner of the building. A long whispered conversation followed. The boy's thin, shrill voice kept protesting.

"Ah cain't do it. Hones' Ah cain't. Wouldn't nobody talk

ter me if Ah did." There was the sound of a slap, and then a terrified whimper. A man's voice rose threateningly. "You little black bastard—you'll do as we tell you!"

There was another vicious slap, and then the boy was dragged out in front of the pillory. The bailiff looked on impassively, as if what was happening was none of his business.

The man with the bag opened it and took out an egg. He placed it in the boy's hand and ordered him to throw it at the prisoner.

The boy began to sob; his hand closed convulsively over the egg and crushed it so that its yellowish contents dribbled down between his fingers. The man cuffed him on the side of the head.

"Ah won't do it! Ah cain't do it!" the boy wailed. "Ah don't care if you beats me. Ah cain't do it, an' Ah won't."

The man struck out at him again, but the little Negro lunged away, breaking loose from his captors. He scurried off, running at top speed across the square.

"Oh, let the little bastard go," someone said. "It's too hot to go after him anyhow. How many eggs did you get?"

"Only two. He broke one—the god-damned little nigger."

"Well, throw it yourself. Don't let it go to waste."

The egg struck the board of the pillory an inch away from Jonathan's ear. He felt its warm stickiness splash on his face, and he smelled the sulphurous odor of its decayed contents.

The men on the porch snickered. "Hell, you can't throw a damn's worth, Harry," one of them taunted. "Git me another ripe egg, an' I'll show you how to plaster it all over his face."

They suddenly became silent, for the judge had appeared in the doorway. He summoned the bailiff.

"Here—what's going on?" he demanded.

"Well, sir, I thought——"

"You can't let a prisoner be treated like that. He's got his punishment coming to him, but it's the court's duty to see that it's lawfully administered."

Bad as he felt, Jonathan could not help grinning. The judge glared at him and strode back into the courthouse.

At one o'clock, when Jonathan was taken from the pillory, a crowd began to assemble to see a white man branded. Hugh Ballard hurried up the steps, lowering his eyes as he passed the prisoner.

When Jonathan was led into the trial chamber, the judge and the jury were already in their places. A portable brazier with a charcoal fire burning in it stood beside the prisoner's dock. Jonathan was seated without ceremony. The jailer took a piece of cord from his pocket and requested him to place his right hand on the railing so he could tie it fast.

As soon as it was firmly bound in place, he went to the brazier and drew from it a branding iron which had been heated to a dull red glow. The initials SS burned red on its flattened end. Working quickly, he pressed the hot iron into the soft flesh of the palm. There was a sizzling noise and a smell of burning flesh.

Jonathan clamped his jaws together and repressed the scream that tore at his throat. Dimly he saw the jailer lift the still-smoking iron and take it away.

The faces of the men in the courtroom were spinning around in a circle . . . in the center, grim and unsmiling, was the judge, and somewhere, far on the periphery, was Hugh Ballard.



Jonathan was back in his cell by half past one. Because of the terrible burn on his hand, he was not put in chains. He was simply thrust into his cell and left to lie there on the straw pallet.

Mention came to visit him during the afternoon. "I have bad news for you, my boy," he said commiseratingly. "They're not through with you yet."

Jonathan turned pain-racked eyes toward him and lay still, clutching his right wrist with the fingers of his left hand.

Mention sat down on the one chair in the cell. "You shouldn't have made a speech like that. You're in real trouble now." He hesitated a moment and then went on. "Mr. Ballard has persuaded the owners of the other three slaves to press charges against you. They're preparing new indictments. Oh, I know,

it doesn't seem right," he said hastily. "But it's happening. And they're going to ask for the death penalty now."



A short while later, Jacob Ullman came to Jonathan's cell. "You know what they're doing?" he asked in a choked voice. "Mention hass told you?"

Jonathan nodded.

Ullman leaned down to whisper to him. "Tonight," he said, "tonight we get out of here. Before they chain you up again."

He went over to the cell door which the jailer had locked behind him and thrust his hand through the barred opening. He was grinning when he returned to Jonathan. "It iss one of Cy's padlocks. They all open with one key. It will be easy. We must think now for some way to get you out of the town."

"The Negroes," Jonathan suggested. "Perhaps they'll help."

"Yes, but they do not have boats. No black man can own a boat. And it iss a boat we need. But perhaps I can arrange it. Yes, I am sure I can. How can I get in touch with your black friends?"

Jonathan told him about the little church near the swamp. Ullman went on shaping his plans rapidly. "Late tonight I will open this door," he whispered. "You must get up and be very quiet. When the door opens, do not talk. Just walk out and follow me."

"A boat will cost a lot of money," Jonathan protested. "I've been stripped of every penny."

"The money iss not important. We must get you away from here. And you must leave the South, for you will not be safe in it anywhere."



There was no question of sleep that night. The pain in his hand kept Jonathan awake, and waiting for Ullman's summons made him conscious of every sound in the jailyard. It was long after midnight when the signal finally came. There was a scratching at the door, and then Ullman whispered softly for Jonathan to come out.

"I could not open the gate," he said. "I had to climb over the wall. It iss going to be hard for you to get over it with only one good hand."

"I'll manage," Jonathan muttered. "I'll do anything to get out of this place."

They walked cautiously across the jailyard. Ullman yanked at the end of a rope hanging over the wall. Immediately someone began climbing up the other side. A Negro appeared above them. He dropped down beside them, and then he hoisted Jonathan up as high as he could lift him. Jonathan clutched at the rope, and with assistance from his companions he managed to reach the top of the wall. Ullman and the Negro quickly joined him there.

"You'll have to jump for it now," Ullman said.

The Negro tugged at Jonathan's good arm. "Jest you wait a minute, suh," he said. "I'll go down and ketch you."

He leaped from the wall, landing on the ground below just as a light appeared in the second story of the prison.

"Jump!" Ullman urged frantically.

"What's going on there?" the jailer called out. "Stop, or I'll shoot!"

Jonathan launched himself blindly into the darkness. He almost screamed when his wounded hand came in contact with the solid shoulders of the Negro.

A shotgun roared out from the jail, and a shower of lead pellets struck the wall, rattling against its solid brickwork. Ullman had leaped down just in time.

"Are you all right?" Jonathan gasped, trying to forget the terrible pain shooting up his arm.

Ullman was picking himself up. "He missed me," he giggled nervously. "Come—we must go fast."

The Negro had vanished into the night. Jonathan had never seen him before, and he did not know who he was, but there was no time to ask. Ullman seized his arm and propelled him rapidly across the sandy waste surrounding the jail. There were loud shouts behind them as they ran through sparsely settled streets.

The pastor of the little swamp church was waiting for them at the beach. Ullman turned Jonathan over to him. "You'll be in good hands now," he said hurriedly. "Everything is arranged." He shook Jonathan's left hand, and then he, too, was gone, swallowed up in the darkness.

The Negro pastor led the way to the edge of the water. "We'll have to wade for a while," he said apologetically. "Otherwise they'll follow our tracks in the sand."

The cool sea water lapped over their ankles as they splashed into it. After what seemed to be miles of plunging on through swirling black water they came to a little bayou where they returned to shore. They trudged through swampy ground to a patch of trees looming up blackly against the sky.

A tiny spot of fire was burning there, hidden in the shelter of a high bank. As they came closer to it, Jonathan could see its flames casting a warm yellow glow on half a dozen black figures.

"You'll be safe here," the pastor said. "No one can find this place."



The Negroes were all elderly men, the most respected and influential of their community. They promptly took Jonathan in charge. One of them insisted that he eat some stew that was boiling in an iron pot over the fire. Another, the oldest man present, drew out a little wooden case containing a black sticky salve that smelled of fish. He spread the foul-smelling stuff on the swollen wound. As it sank into the raw, open tissue it had an almost immediately soothing effect.

The Negroes then sat down gravely in a circle around Jonathan, their faces like carved ebony masks in the flickering light of the flames. The pastor spoke first. "Early in the morning a sloop will put in here to take you to a port where you can get a ship home. Mr. Ullman has given me a purse for your passage North. My people have added a few dollars to it. As you know, they have almost no money, so they could not give very much."

Jonathan shook his head. "I don't like to take the money of the poor."

"The money of the poor is often that which is most freely given, sir. You will honor us by accepting it."

Jonathan thanked him and took the small leather purse.

"Old Job here," the pastor went on, "will stay with you until the boat comes. He's so old that his master won't miss him, for he can no longer do any useful work. We others will have to be back in our places before morning."

Jonathan sat down on the sand and stared moodily into the fire. "I can't forget Carter," he said. "It seems such a waste of fine human material."

"He is not the only black man who killed himself rather than be enslaved," the pastor said. "Job, who is a Coromantee from the Gold Coast, can remember many such instances. He was brought to this country on a slave ship."

Jonathan looked interestedly at the wizened old man who had given him the salve. He had never spoken to a slave who had actually been on the Middle Passage from Africa to America. Eagerly he questioned Job about the voyage.

The ancient Negro began to talk in a cracked and guttural voice that still had traces of the African dialect of his youth. He described the slave trade as it had been in the early days of the century, when it was still a legitimate business. Jonathan sometimes could hardly understand him, but through the badly spoken English came a story of horror that took on new meaning to Jonathan as he sat on the beach surrounded by men who still were slaves.

Job told of the fierce-riding Arabs who pitted one native tribe against another in order to capture the defeated people and lead them in long 'coffles to the trading ports at the mouths of the great African rivers where slave ships came from England and America to pick up their cargoes. Many Negroes died on the way to the coast, and those who were considered unlikely to survive the terrible ocean voyage were ruthlessly killed off.

At the trading ports the slaves were taken aboard, stripped naked, and packed into the holds of the ships according to

a prearranged plan whereby every inch of space was utilized. They were laid out like corpses on shelves in the hold, crowded so closely that when they wanted to turn over they all had to move together at a given signal. And there in that hot, pitch-black ship's bottom they began their weeks-long voyage across the ocean. If the winds held, most of them came through alive. A calm meant many deaths, and each day added to the voyage reduced the ranks of the living.

The old Negro chanted his words as though he were speaking the litany. "Ebery mornin' de white men come tru de ship an' pick out de dead. Pull dem out o' der places among de live uns an' carry 'em up out o' de darkness to tro dem oberboard. Oberboard into de water, into de big water dat flow 'round de ship. An' we uns down in de hold, we lie dere an' shibber, ebery man of us tinkin' we be de next to die. De night go on foreber, for it was allus black down dere. An' sometimes we sing de ole songs ob our tribe, singin' out de words o' misery an' death, de songs we uster sing back in de jungle where de wild beasts come an' sing wid us tru de night.

"An' den one day, dat boat she stop, an' dey take us out in de light. De sun burn into my eyes so Ah kin hardly see. Dey take us on de shore an' sell us to de white people who come dere to buy us cheap becuz we don't know how to talk dere language.

"An' den Ah wuz worked an' beaten. Tru de long years Ah wuz worked an' beaten to keep me aworkin'. Oney now when Ah's ole an' useless dey let me rest, cuz dey know Ah is soon gwine ter die."

The old slave's voice trailed off into silence. Jonathan sat very still. He could still picture the slave ship breasting the giant waves of the Middle Passage. Above the sound of the wind in her rigging he could hear the dreadful wail of human anguish rising from her hold. We have sinned against a whole people, he thought. Every black man in America has been brought here against his will. He saw himself as a child standing beside his father's coffin, and he remembered his oath: "I swear to dedicate my life to freedom—to the conquest of the power that would

keep men enslaved. I will let nothing stop me in this battle, and I will work until this great task is accomplished. So help me God!"

XXVII

SHORTLY BEFORE DAWN Job awoke Jonathan and led him along the bayou to a point of sand where the narrow inlet met the harbor. There the old Negro lit a lantern and swung it three times. From somewhere out on the bay an answering signal flashed.

By the time a rowboat arrived, it was light enough to see a small sloop lying several hundred yards offshore. A rough-bearded man stepped out of the tender to greet Jonathan.

"Mr. Bradford? Good! My name is Charles Picquet. I'm told you were a friend of my compatriot, Pierre Brion. I am at your service, monsieur."

Jonathan thanked Job for his services, and then he was out on the broad waters of the bay. The sloop was under sail before the sun rose. Pensacola was a tiny cluster of houses and fishing piers as they headed toward the open sea.

Picquet held a hurried colloquy with his two sons and Jonathan as to what port they should make.

"Mobile is the nearest place to get a northbound ship, but I can't go there," Jonathan told him.

"We'll have to go on to New Orleans then," Picquet said grimly. "You'll have trouble getting passage there though. Ten thousand people have already died, and ships are afraid to enter the port. But you can lose yourself in a big city. You've had the fever, I'm told, so you have nothing to fear."



By midmorning, Pensacola was far behind them. The long tacks needed to take them westward often brought them so close

to the desolate beaches of the mainland that they could see sunbleached driftwood lying half buried in the sand. During the afternoon Picquet pointed out the entrance to Mobile Bay. He turned away from it toward open water, deciding to stay outside the scattered islands along the coast so they could keep going all night. The following day they entered Lake Borgne and then sailed into Lake Pontchartrain at night, skillfully piloted through the inlet by Picquet, who claimed that he could navigate the complicated channels in the dark simply by smelling the marshes.

They came in sight of the lights on the railroad wharf north of New Orleans before dawn, but Picquet decided to wait offshore until daylight, when Jonathan could get a train to take him across the six miles of swampland to the city.

At sunrise the boat was brought alongside a pier on which two railroad cars were standing. Picquet gave Jonathan the name of a shipping office; a few minutes later his white-sailed sloop was moving away from the wharf.

Jonathan walked along the wooden structure to the shore where ramshackle bathing houses, billiard parlors, and bowling alleys were built on piles over the water. To the south he could see a great cloud of black smoke rising over the gilded domes and pointed spires of the city. After some time a tiny locomotive came in sight, its bell tolling and its whistle screeching. It picked up the cars and started off for New Orleans, passing through cypress groves and endless swamps.

As the railroad line neared the city, it joined a highway. Scattered houses gave way to long rows of dwelling places. The black haze floating idly in the red rays of the sun became thicker. Jonathan discovered that it was coming from hundreds of tar barrels, which were being burned in a desperate effort to purge the air of fever.

He had expected to see New Orleans deserted, but the streets were crowded. When the train pulled into the long wooden railroad terminal in the heart of the city, scores of cabs and fiacres stood waiting for customers. But Jonathan paid no attention to them. He inquired his way to the shipping office

whose address Picquet had given him, and he went there on foot.

A clerk politely informed him that it would be impossible to obtain passage on the few ships leaving the port. Every vessel that dared come up the river had all its berths booked before it arrived, and people were willing to pay any price for them. But he also told Jonathan that Mr. Marcus Dearing, Joel Tupper's local representative, had an office near by.

Dearing's office was tenanted only by a young Negro lad who said that his master was probably to be found at the St. Louis Hotel. After being told how to get there, Jonathan wearily recrossed Canal Street to enter the French Quarter.

The smoke from burning tar hung heavily in the narrow passageways, almost obscuring the ancient brick and stucco buildings. Through the swirling pall the sun's rays shone with a sickly glare that made the whole section look as if it were in the midst of a general conflagration. Jonathan walked quickly along the muddy streets, his wounded hand bound up in a dirty handkerchief and his face unshaven and dirty. His eyes smarted from smoke, his body ached all over, and he wanted nothing so much as to lie down and sleep.

Many of the stores along the Rue Royale were boarded up. Placards on their doors informed the public that their proprietors had gone away for the duration of the epidemic. Several times Jonathan saw announcements in French stating that the establishments would be closed until further notice because of the owners' deaths. And when he passed the open door of a carpenter's shop, he noticed that the men were engaged in making only one product—coffins.

At the junction of the Rue Royale and the Rue de Conti two streams of carriages and carts were jammed together in the narrow streets. They were all funeral vehicles. Few of them carried mourners, for everything on wheels was needed to transport the dead to the cemeteries beyond the Rue du Rempart.

Jonathan threaded his way through the stalled carriages and hurried toward the St. Louis Hotel. When he approached the imposing high-columned structure in the heart of the old city,

he could hardly see its upper stories, for the tar barrels burning in front of it filled the surrounding streets with a billowing mass of black smoke. He entered the north lobby and asked at the desk for Dearing. Evidently the place was badly understaffed, for he was curtly given a room number and left to find his own way.

A wide, circular staircase built of solid mahogany ran to the upper floors. Jonathan ascended this and knocked on the door of the room the clerk had designated. A groan from within was his only answer. He was afraid Dearing might be a victim of yellow fever, but when he pushed open the door he saw that Tupper's agent was simply very drunk.

He lay sprawled out across the bed, fully dressed, and with a several days' growth of unsightly beard on his normally smooth-shaven face. He was well dressed, but his clothes were rumpled and his boots were splashed with mud. On the floor near him lay a woman's shawl; several empty brandy bottles stood on a table near the bed; and the room stank of stale cigar smoke.

Jonathan tried to arouse the sleeping man, but he was too far sunk in his stupor to do more than grunt and mutter incoherently even when shaken violently. Half a dozen letters lay on the floor. Jonathan picked them up and put them on the bureau. He noticed that one of them was from Mobile.

It was obvious that he would have to wait for hours until Dearing slept off the influence of the alcohol in his system. The room was impossibly close and hot. He decided to wait outside.

The huge hotel was a city in itself, with a bank and business offices attached. Jonathan wandered around it and finally entered the big rotunda, which was celebrated throughout the South as a trading center. Tall Corinthian capitals of painted wood supported a high flat dome; an iron balcony ran around the circular walls; above it were elaborate murals hardly visible in the gloomy light; and below it, portrait medallions of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and others who had fought for American freedom, looked down upon a slave auction that was being held in the center of the rotunda. Deaths from yellow fever had brought a flood of chattels to the market, and slaves,

household furniture, paintings, and various objects of art were being knocked down at a fraction of their value to an indifferent crowd standing in front of an auctioneer who was conducting the proceedings in a rapid-fire mixture of French and English.

Jonathan had seen enough slave auctions. As soon as he caught sight of a black figure standing despondently on the platform, he hastily made his way to the street.

Curiosity soon brought him back to the Rue de Conti again. He walked along it in the direction the funeral carriages were going until he came to a small chapel on the Rue du Rempart. There the press of vehicles and people was at its greatest. Dozens of coffins were piled up against the walls of the church. People were passing through the open gates and standing in anxious groups on the roadway. More vehicles were headed toward the white walls of a small burying ground farther down the street.

Jonathan followed the procession to the cemetery gates. No one stopped him, so he entered the walled inclosure. He was almost overpowered by the frightful stench of death. A dozen tar barrels were blazing, but not even the pungent odor of burning tar could disguise the smell of flesh putrefying in the hot sun.

Some of the flimsy wooden coffins had burst open, pushed apart by the swelling bodies inside. Hordes of flies were crawling into the open cracks to feast on the unburied dead. A gang of Negroes under the charge of a white man were digging shallow trenches in the open spaces between the elaborate family tombs. Jonathan saw two of them stop work to take deep swigs of whisky and then go back to their digging again. They were all drunk; they staggered as they swung their picks or tried to lift a shovelful of dirt out of the trench that was hardly deeper than a plow furrow.

They have to keep them drunk or they'd never stay here, Jonathan thought wildly, and then he hurried back to the cemetery gate, glad that he could get away. The last thing he remembered seeing was a pile of ancient gray bones.

The tar-laden air seemed wholesome when he reached the street. People stood talking or sitting idly on the piled-up coffins.

At the corner of the cemetery wall two old women were selling ice-creams and candies, from which they casually brushed the flies away with long-handled brooms. And then Jonathan noticed that someone had been sick on the plank walk on which he was standing. He moved hastily away and almost ran to the St. Louis Hotel.



Dearing was still asleep. The air in the room, foul as it was, was no worse than the smoke-laden atmosphere of the streets, and it was far preferable to the stench of the cemeteries. Jonathan slumped down in a chair near the window and promptly fell asleep.

Several hours later he was suddenly awakened. Dearing was standing in front of him, a bit uncertain on his legs, but at least able to stand up.

"How'd you get here?" he demanded thickly. "Were you here last night?"

Jonathan explained that he had come to consult him as Tupper's agent. Dearing poured himself a drink from an almost empty bottle. He glanced significantly at Jonathan, who declined.

"The old man? He's on his way here. I've been hearing from him from various Southern ports for the last few weeks. He's trying to collect some of his bills." He put his glass down on the table, then picked it up again and poured himself another drink. "Should be here any day, I guess. Why anybody should want to come to this damned charnel house I can't figure out. How'd you get here?"

"I'll explain that later," Jonathan said. "There's some mail for you on the bureau. I picked it up from the floor and put it there." He was relieved to hear a Northern accent.

Dearing swayed toward the bureau and swept the letters into his hand. He opened them fumblingly and read them with bloodshot eyes. "He's on his way all right. Here's a note from Mobile—says he'll be here Tuesday. What's today anyhow?"

Jonathan had to admit that he did not know. He had lost all track of time.

"Well, it don't matter," Dearing mumbled. "If he's here, he's here, and if he ain't here, he will be. I've got most of his money for him, so he won't have anything to complain about. We'll go down to the river landing and see if his ship's arrived yet."

Jonathan was wide awake now. This was his one chance to get out of New Orleans—to get away from the South before the authorities in Pensacola could spread word of his escape.

"Is Mr. Tupper traveling on his own ship?"

"Must be. He couldn't get anybody else's to bring him into this hell hole."

"Shall we go down to the river now?"

Dearing stared at him vacantly. Then he ran his hand over his face. "I've got to shave before I go out on the street. Got a reputation to uphold in this town, you know. Can't let people see me like this. And certainly not Tupper. My God, no! He don't approve of drinkin' anyhow." He peered at Jonathan. "Say, you could stand a shave yourself. What say we ring for a barber?"

He staggered over to the bell cord, and the next hour was spent under the attention of a Negro barber who came to the room with his equipment. The barber, seeing the handkerchief tied around Jonathan's wounded right hand, offered to change the dressing, but Jonathan, knowing that it would be dangerous if anyone saw the brand, declined his services, explaining that he had only a slight wound which would soon heal of its own accord.

"Shall we go to the river now?" he asked Dearing again.

"Better get something to eat first," Tupper's agent said imperturbably. "The old man can wait. I suppose he's too scared to come into the city. Let him sit out there on his boat. And besides, it may not have arrived yet. I'll ask downstairs. Got to find out what day it is too. That's important. Can't let the old man trip me up on that."

At the desk they were told that it was Tuesday but that no vessel had come into the port of New Orleans for the last seventy-two hours. Dearing grinned at Jonathan. "See—it never

pays to hurry. Let's eat and enjoy ourselves. And by the way, you might tell me who you are and what you want of me."

They went into the hotel restaurant, where Dearing immediately ordered a bottle of brandy brought to the table. "You've got to drink if you want to live through this," he said. "I don't know how I'd have lasted through the summer if I hadn't been half-conscious of what was happening. I've seen a lot of my friends go. In fact, so many of 'em have died that I'm not quite sure who's alive and who isn't. It hasn't been so bad for the natives here as it has for the Irish and the Germans. Poor devils! The city was alive with 'em this spring. Now you have to scratch to find a Paddy or a Dutchman anywhere. You've seen the cemeteries? Pretty, eh?"

He stared down morosely at his glass. "It's not that I'm afraid of dying, but I'd hate to be thrown into one of those fly-infested ditches——" He shuddered. "Let's talk about something else. What was it you said you wanted to see me for?"

Jonathan told him he hoped to get passage on Tupper's ship.

"Did you just arrive?" Dearing asked curiously. "And if you did, how did you manage to get here?"

Jonathan thought quickly. He could afford to tell the truth if he did not tell too much of it. "I came on a fishing sloop owned by a friend of mine. He brought me here from the Florida West Coast."

"You should have gone to Mobile," Dearing expostulated. "You'd have had a much better chance to get a ship there. Well, perhaps the old man will take you. Do you know him well?"

"Pretty well. I owe him some money."

"You do? That's fine. Tell him if he doesn't get you out of here you'll die and never pay him back."

Jonathan grinned. The waiter was bringing the food, serving it with great ceremony as if to defy the yellow death outside the windows.

They ate hungrily, saying little until the meal was finished. Then Dearing said apologetically that he ought to go to his office. He asked Jonathan if he wanted to come with him.

"No," said Jonathan slowly. "I'm going to stay right here. I'll take a room and go to bed. And then I'm going to sleep the clock around—unless, of course, Mr. Tupper's ship is reported. Will you keep me informed? I've just come through a bout of yellow fever myself, and I'm still pretty weak."



Jonathan asked at the desk for the least expensive room he could get. When the clerk turned the big register book around for him to sign it, some secret prompting urged him not to put down his own name. Word of his escape would soon reach New Orleans if it had not already done so. He registered as Jonathan Moore, realizing as he did so that he had already given his right name to Dearing and had been addressed by him several times as Mr. Bradford.

But he was so tired he hardly cared. And he was not only exhausted—his right hand was troubling him. The whole arm felt sore, and the flesh around the burned area was so tender that even the handkerchief irritated it.

He did not undress but dropped down on the bed and immediately went to sleep. The room was dim with twilight when someone pounded on the door. It was Dearing, and he was carrying a crumpled newspaper.

"I had quite a time finding you," he said with a queer look. "You're registered here as Moore. I thought you told me your name was Bradford." Without waiting for Jonathan to answer, he handed him the paper, pointing to a short item on the second page.

Jonathan went to the window, where there was still a faint glimmer of light.

SLAVE STEALER ESCAPES

Our Pensacola correspondent notifies us that a notorious slave stealer, one Jonathan Bradford, of Boston, Mass., broke out of the local jail on Saturday night. He had just been branded on the palm of the right hand with the initials SS (which will serve to identify him), and he was being held for further charges brought

against him by Pensacola residents. Bradford is a swarthy complexioned man of about twenty-five years, six feet tall, with black hair and eyes, and of a determined aspect. Police officers in Gulf ports are warned to be on the lookout for him, since it is believed he will try to engage passage on a ship to the North. A suitable reward will doubtless be offered for his return to justice.

A lengthy passage on the heinousness of the crime of slave stealing followed. Jonathan did not bother to read it.

"Sounds like you," Dearing said.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know. I never had a slave stealer fall into my hands before. You'd better stay here till Tupper arrives."

"You're not going to turn me over to the police?"

"Not till I talk to Tupper. You're a friend of his. I wouldn't want to turn in one of his friends without letting him know about it first. Maybe you'd better tell me something about how you happened to get into trouble. You don't look like a criminal."

It took Jonathan nearly an hour to explain all the circumstances. Dearing ordered supper to be served in the room while he listened. When the tale was finished, he had few comments to make.

"It's a good thing the fellow who used to be Tupper's agent here isn't in charge any more. He was a real fire-eater who'd call the police and damn your eyes for being a slave stealer. I don't hold much with slavery myself. I was born in New Hampshire, where slavery's looked upon as downright sinful."

Jonathan settled back on the bed. He winced as his injured hand came in contact with the bedrail.

"Maybe you'd better let me see that hand," Dearing said.

Jonathan took off the covering and showed him the raw, red wound. The initials burned into the flesh were hardly legible in the swollen mass of cracked tissue surrounding them.

"Now we'd call that real barbarous up home," Dearing said. "But I don't think we can risk letting a doctor see it here. He'd know right away how you came by it."

"That's why I want to get on board Mr. Tupper's ship as quickly as possible."

"I've left word downstairs for them to notify me as soon as it's reported. Meanwhile you'd better get some more sleep—and don't leave this room."



Dearing brought word the next morning that Tupper's ship had arrived. He left Jonathan to order breakfast and hurried down to the water front to consult his employer. An hour or so later the little Boston merchant came to Jonathan's room alone. His nose was plugged up with a patent inhalator as a protection against yellow fever. He proceeded to take this out of his nostrils in order to soak the filters in some kind of strong-smelling oil. He blew out his lips and settled down in a chair after putting the inhalator back in place. It made his voice sound as though he had a very bad cold.

"Now, sir," Tupper began abruptly, "what's this story Mr. Dearing tells me about you?"

Jonathan meekly explained what had happened. Tupper listened, breathing heavily through the device in his nostrils. He shook his head disapprovingly when Jonathan told him about his attempt to run slaves to the Bahamas.

"Such a deed smacks more of freebooting than of emancipation," he said. "It shows a lack of respect for both law and strategy. It is to be deplored—especially since it was unsuccessful. You were supposed to be on a tour of education—not on a filibustering expedition. I'm afraid, Mr. Bradford, that you have allowed your youthful enthusiasms to lead you astray. Let me see your hand."

He inspected the brand, making throaty little sounds over it as he examined the seared flesh. Jonathan's fingers were stiffened and clawlike. It was obvious that the wound needed immediate medical attention.

"Too bad," Tupper said. "If you weren't a criminal at large I could take you on my own ship to Boston. I have a surgeon on board. Wouldn't dream of entering these disease-ridden ports without one."

"I was hoping you'd let me return with you. Otherwise I'll

surely be rearrested and sent back to Pensacola for trial. They'll demand the death penalty now."

Tupper snorted so hard that he nearly lost his inhalator. "Nonsense! They can't do anything like that. It's unconstitutional."

"The Constitution doesn't allow cruel and unusual punishments, I believe. But I was branded anyway. If you don't mind, I'd rather not stay and be a test case. I'm likely to lose my neck before the higher courts can decide the matter. And besides, you know what I've done is no crime. I'm sure Theodore Parker——"

"That man Parker is my evil genius," Tupper snapped. "He has led me into more illegal and illicit enterprises than any law-abiding citizen should permit himself to be involved in. It will do you no good, sir, to mention his name."

Jonathan shot his last bolt. "But you wouldn't want to confess to him that you left me facing a capital charge here? And for helping slaves to freedom?"

Tupper winced. "You're asking me to break the law."

"Theodore Parker wouldn't recognize such a law. He believes in a higher law than the slave code. He wouldn't hesitate to help me. He broke the law when he helped fugitive slaves escape to Canada. And unless I'm mistaken, you gave him money to assist them."

"Did Parker tell you that? I made him swear never to mention it."

Jonathan smiled. "No, he didn't tell me. I just assumed it was true."

Tupper walked up and down the room agitatedly. "I can't be party to helping a fugitive from justice," he muttered. Then he went over to Jonathan and examined his hand again. "I'll tell you what I'll do though. You need medical attention. You come to the ship tomorrow morning, and I'll have the surgeon dress your wound properly. We sail at six, so be there early."

Jonathan's face fell. Tupper looked at him slyly. "You realize, of course, that I can't let you stay on board. And I must warn you that stowing away is a very serious matter. Very serious,

indeed, sir, and commonly punished by making the culprit work his passage home." He waved his hand cheerfully at Jonathan and went to the door. "I'll be expecting you before six tomorrow, and until then I wish you a very good day." He bowed and left the room, sniffing through his inhalator like a grampus gasping for air.



Shortly after sunrise, Dearing took Jonathan to the water front, where he was rowed out to a little steamer anchored in the middle of the river. Tupper turned him over to his surgeon to have his hand dressed and then promptly disappeared.

Jonathan was sitting in the surgeon's cabin when the steam whistle screamed out warning of their departure. Tupper was nowhere in sight.

"I understand you're going to be a stowaway," the surgeon said, smiling at Jonathan as he snipped off the loose ends of the bandage.

Jonathan grinned and nodded. They both stepped out on the after deck.

The paddle wheels revolved, churning the brown waters of the Mississippi to a creamy foam. The ship got under way, moving past the empty wharves of the plague-stricken port. Warehouses, churches, and shabby dwelling houses on the outskirts of the city were soon left behind; then they floated on for hours through wide, flat marshlands. Jonathan remained in the surgeon's cabin all day while the steamer chugged along between the low-lying banks, seeming to make little progress because the swampy shores were always the same. Toward sundown, he went on deck when they were about to cross the bar. For miles a great fan of muddy water spread out into the Gulf. The land was giving up its hold on them reluctantly. The soil from a dozen states was on its way to mingle with the salt of the ocean; granules from the bosom of Illinois were mixed in that mighty flood—limestone particles from Alton and dark rich earth from the prairies near Jacksonville.

As the ship moved slowly into clearer water, Jonathan realized

that he was again severing himself from his own past—from his past in Illinois, from his past in the South, where he had spent a year. An episode was finished, a segment of his life had been completed to be laid away in the dim storehouse of memory. The Delta was already a streak on the horizon; it blended into the graying sky; it was absorbed into the darkness, fading into it as night closed over the waters.

Farewell to the South—the free North beckoned now. Farewell to slavery—to tyranny and oppression; farewell to laws made to punish those who sought freedom; farewell to the scattered memories of a year in which his own youth had died. He who had left the North a boy was returning to it a man.

In that year he had been to many places and come in contact with many people; he had experienced love and pain and frustration; he had learned much, gained much, lost much. His mind raced with images—with pictures of great rivers, scenes of sunlit harbors, recollections of rain-drenched forests, memories of tree-shaded cities and of a vast land that stretched for hundreds of miles along the seacoast from Washington to New Orleans. Fresh in his nostrils was the scent of pines, of a woman's perfume, of wood burning in campfires and in the boilers of steam engines, of the clean salt sea, and of the languorous blossoms of Southern flowers. But these were not the only odors he remembered—he recalled, too, the harsh pungent smell of sweat, the sick sweet exudation of disease and death, and the stench of his own flesh burning when the hot iron had been pressed into his hand.

Among the mingled images were the faces of people, of Caroline's features when he had last seen her, of the dark streak of blood on Ballard's face when his bullet had plowed across his cheek, of the strong, sturdy countenances of the men who had worked with him on Brion's boat, and of Brion's yellowed skin on the day he died. And he saw again a judge whose blank features receded into the dull brownness of the trial room's walls. Everywhere, and associated with everything, were the faces of black folk, patient and questioning, resigned and rebellious. He remembered them as he had seen them in slums

and alleys, in cotton fields and on steamboat landings. He saw them, too, as he had seen them around the campfire on that night on the beach after his own release from bondage. Beyond them was a glimpse into the heart of Africa; in the flickering light of burning pine wood he had seen the jungle come alive.

He recalled Sylvester Munday's quiet courage, Carter's desperate longing for freedom, Jacob Ullman's steadfast and unswerving devotion. Robert Henry had come to his assistance; Caroline's father had defended him against Ballard's subtle attacks. He had made friends as well as enemies; he had experienced delight as well as pain.

All these things were the South to him, the South he hated, feared, despised. Why did he regret leaving her? What was the hold she had upon him? She is like Caroline, he thought. She is like Caroline—wanton and lovable, capricious and tender, dangerous in her moods, yet beautiful to look upon and made for the love of men.

He was out of the South now, free from her power. But he could not forget her, nor could he forget the girl who was like her. The year and its memories had been sealed into his life. The South was part of his own country, and Caroline was part of himself.

Now a new phase of his life was about to begin. Lucy was waiting; he would marry her and settle down on a farm somewhere. Together they would work to drive slavery from the land.

BOOK FOUR

Invasion of the Citadel

THE NEW ENGLAND
STATES, 1853-54





XXVIII

BOSTON HARBOR was bright with sunshine; the waves danced gaily, breaking the blue mirror of a September sky. The city, veiled behind a lacy pattern of masts and spars, stretched along the bay front, a red and gray frieze symbolizing Yankee enterprise. Beyond it rose the historic hills that had been liberty's ramparts during the Revolution. The crisp, clear air was a tonic, and the cool shadows forecast invigorating autumn. Jonathan blessed every rock and islet in the harbor. It was good to be in the North again.

But it was a lonely homecoming. No one knew of his arrival; he left the ship and hurried toward the Franklin omnibus station, grudging every minute that kept him from Lucy.

Every letter had mentioned Wandrei. But surely Lucy could not really love him. She might have been fascinated by his attentions, but the spell would be broken now.

There was an intolerable wait for the South Boston omnibus, and then when the lumbering old vehicle got under way, its horses jogged placidly through the narrow streets and took what seemed hours to reach the Sea Street Bridge. When it arrived at the foot of Dorchester Heights, Jonathan could not stand its crawling progress any longer; he jumped out and ran up the hill.

The square bulk of the Perkins Institution for the Blind dominated the top of the ridge, where it stood on a high-walled

embankment above the street. Jonathan took the stone steps three at a time. When he reached the level plateau around the building, he almost collided with a file of children marching toward him. At the end of the column a woman was marshaling a few stragglers into line.

It was Lucy—a Lucy grown strangely mature, a Lucy who seemed very sure of herself as she stood up straight and tall in her nurse's uniform.

For a moment they looked at each other across the wide expanse of lawn. Jonathan stepped hesitantly forward, but Lucy ran toward him, her skirts billowing out behind her, and her face radiant with surprise.

When she came to his arms, the touch of her body, the scent of her hair, and the softness of her lips awakened echoes. Caroline had taught him much. He would never think of Lucy as his sister again.

The children had stopped marching and were turning inquiring faces toward them. Jonathan backed away embarrassed.

Lucy touched his arm. "It's all right, darling," she whispered. "They can't see us. They're all blind, poor dears."

But Jonathan writhed under their sightless inquisition. He clutched Lucy's shoulder with his one good hand, hiding the other behind him. "I've got to see you alone," he said. "Ask for leave. They can't refuse you a few hours——"

She smiled at him placatingly. "Of course, darling. This isn't a jail. You stay here and keep them out of trouble while I speak to Dr. Howe."

Jonathan spent an uncomfortable few moments alone in the company of the blind. He did not know how to take these strange children who smiled at him shyly when he spoke to them, but who refused to respond to his overtures. Some of the girls giggled, and the boys started pushing one another out of line. Jonathan tried to look stern; then he realized that they could not see his face. He was thinking up phrases of mild reprimand when Lucy returned. He watched her admiringly while she restored order with a few gently spoken words. The children marched up the asylum steps with sure feet and filed into the building.

Lucy's eyes were shining when she turned to Jonathan. "Aren't they wonderful? You should see them when they first come here—little blind creatures afraid of a world that has no use for them. Dr. Howe is a genius. I've learned so much from him. Do you know—I was actually afraid when I started to work here. Imagine anyone being afraid of those poor innocents!"

Jonathan shook his head in mock amazement. "I take it you like your work."

"I love it—and the children too."

Her love was boundless, he thought. It extended to every living creature and reflected glory on everything she did. She had none of Caroline's coquettishness, and she was thoroughly honest and aboveboard in all her dealings with men. He took her arm as they walked down the stairs. They went gaily along the street to the ruins of the old Dorchester Heights fort, whose threatening guns had driven the British from Boston.

Lucy stretched out her hand for Jonathan's as she started up the sloping earthworks. She saw him hesitate, and then she noticed that he was keeping his right hand hidden from her. She seized it and saw the wound.

Her voice broke with horror, and she forgot everything else while she listened to the story of the branding, cradling Jonathan's hand in her own as if it were a hurt child. When his story was told, he knew that the moment had come for him to declare his love. The South was far away; Caroline a figure from some fevered dream; and only the girl at his side seemed real. He looked into her compassionate eyes and drew a long breath.

"I've been waiting for this moment," he began slowly. "I've been wanting to tell you——"

The hands that had been holding his were suddenly withdrawn. Lucy's expression changed swiftly. Her face became unhappy, and she tried to hold her voice steady when she spoke. "Jonathan, darling, I have something to tell you first. Something you must know."

He sensed what she was going to say. A dull, sick feeling settled down on him. "It's about Manfred Wandrei, isn't it?" he asked.

She nodded. "I'm going to marry him."

The bright September landscape dimmed. Despite the blazing sun Jonathan felt cold in the sea breeze that swept in from the bay. He stood looking out over at the blue water on which a sailing ship was moving slowly away from the shore. Lucy had spoken only to save him from embarrassment—that he knew. But he had lost at love again.

He covered his hurt pride with the usual empty phrases; he wished her happiness; he praised Wandrei—but he stammered when he spoke the courteous lies, and she had to come to his rescue with conventional words of thanks.

Jonathan cursed himself. He had thrown away the precious gift of love, arrogantly assuming that he could pick it up again when he wanted it. Certainly he deserved what had happened. But the future, which was to have been so pleasant with Lucy, now seemed terrifyingly empty.



Jonathan spent the night in a hotel, avoiding Mrs. Taylor's boardinghouse because Wandrei was staying there. In the morning he went to Tupper's office.

"I'm looking for a job," he began abruptly. "Perhaps you can find a place for me on one of your ships. Any kind of ship, going anywhere. And the sooner it sails, the better."

"What's that?" the old merchant asked testily. "You told me you were going to be married."

"I thought I was—but now—well, I want to get as far away from Boston as possible."

"She threw you over, eh?"

Jonathan bit his lips. "We had never arrived at a clear understanding."

"So now you want to go away and forget her?"

Jonathan walked to the window and looked at the ships lining the wharves. Some of them would soon be sailing halfway around the world. During the long sea journey from New Orleans he had felt isolated from everything on land. He wanted to recapture that feeling now. "Yes," he said, not turning around.

Tupper leaned back in his chair. "You can't do it. I won't let you."

Jonathan faced him angrily. "What do you mean?"

"You swore to devote your life to freeing the slaves, didn't you?" Tupper's chair came down with a bang. "Then why do you want to run off to sea? Do you expect to find slaves in mid-ocean? Come to your senses! You're acting like a silly, moon-struck boy. Are you going to let some female thwart everything you set out to do? I invested good hard cash in your education, and now, by God, I want to see some results!"

Jonathan started to speak, but Tupper silenced him savagely. "You're not sailing on any ship that puts out of Boston. I'll see to that. Sit down there and let me talk to you." His voice changed its tone and became almost affectionate. "Let's try to work this out."

Jonathan reluctantly sat down.

"Well, let's see now," Tupper said gruffly. "We've got to find something that will keep you usefully employed." He appeared to be lost in thought. "M-m, I think I may have it. Yes, I think I have. And a very good idea it is too. It'll take you out of Boston for a while, yet you'll be doing important work. Have you seen Parker yet? No. Well, you're going to see him now. I'll give you a note for him and let him tell you what it's all about."



Theodore Parker was aghast when he saw Jonathan's hand. Muttering imprecations at the slaveholders' barbarity, he made him tell the whole story of his year in the South. Then he picked up Tupper's note and scanned it with a puzzled expression. "What's this about your wanting to go to sea? Something about a young lady——"

Jonathan hastily explained.

"You can't do anything like that! Tupper's right. You're the most valuable person who's come our way in a long while. You'll be a drawing card at every antislavery meeting from here to Kankakee."

Jonathan was indignant. "So that's his plan! Well, I don't

like it. I don't want to be made a spectacle of. And besides, I'm still facing capital charges in Florida. The authorities there can extradite me."

"I'd like to see 'em try it," Parker growled. "We'd make a national issue of it. But don't worry—they won't be such fools. You've got to do this for us. You'll be worth more on the platform than a dozen lecturers like me."

"I'm not a public speaker," Jonathan protested. "I know nothing about oratory."

Parker smiled. "You won't need to. Did you ever hear Frederick Douglass speak? He knew nothing about oratory either. He was just a poor slave who got up and told his own story. He's in town now, and I want you to meet him. You won't have to face an audience alone. We'll send you out with him for a while, and then I'd like to have you travel with me."

"I don't like it," Jonathan complained. "It smacks too much of the circus."

"What's the matter with circuses? I don't see anything wrong with 'em. I've been accused of running a circus at the Boston Music Hall, but it's always crowded while other churches have only a handful of worshipers. There's a lot to be said for showmanship—especially when it's used for a good cause."

"I have to make a living. I'll need money."

"The Antislavery Society will take care of your expenses while you're traveling, and Tupper says he'll give you employment when you're in Boston."

Jonathan still hesitated. Parker approached him and put his hand on his shoulder. "I know how you feel, my boy. But this isn't something one likes or dislikes. It's a duty that must be performed. Do you think anyone *likes* to stand up on a lecture platform to be gaped at? Or enjoys traveling on draughty trains and eating hotel meals? I loathe lecturing, but it's one way of reaching the public. You've got to do it. It's the greatest contribution you can make to our cause."

"It would take me away from Boston immediately, I suppose."

Parker nodded vigorously. "I'll have you see Garrison right away so he can print a piece about you in *The Liberator*. Then

you come back here this afternoon, and I'll introduce you to Douglass. I'm sure he'll jump at the chance to take you with him on his tour. He's leaving Boston tonight. You won't mind that, eh?"

"No, I have nothing to keep me here now."

"You'll want to speak to the young lady before you go, won't you?"

"No," said Jonathan defiantly, "I won't. I don't intend to make any explanations to her."

Parker shook his head sadly. "I think you're making a mistake. You're sure you don't want to see her?"

"Absolutely certain," Jonathan said. "She's the last person in the world I want to see."



William Lloyd Garrison had been the idol of Jonathan's youth. He had often heard how *The Liberator's* editor had been dragged through the streets of Boston by a mob of gentlemen in broadcloth, and he admired his uncompromising stand for immediate emancipation. Of all the Abolitionist leaders, Garrison was by far the most colorful. An exponent of passive resistance, he was superbly militant when it came to fighting for his principles. And his newspaper was as intemperate as its editor. When he founded it, he had stated his credo:

"I am aware that many object to the severity of my language, but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—AND I WILL BE HEARD!"

From the very beginning, *The Liberator* had been a commercial failure; it was perpetually in need of funds, and as soon as funds were obtained, it needed more. Its circulation was small and largely restricted to Negroes and those who were convinced Garrisonians, but its influence was amazing. It was read by men who molded public opinion, and it was quoted widely by other newspapers—usually with scorn. Even in the South, where Abolitionist literature was forbidden, the slaveholders

knew what *The Liberator* had to say, and they roundly cursed its editor for saying it.

But much as Jonathan had always admired Garrison, he had come to disagree with him on matters of policy. The antislavery movement had been broken into two divergent groups by his contempt for political action. And he stood for disunion, maintaining that the slave states were not fit to be part of a civilized nation. He had denounced the Constitution as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Jonathan felt that the problem was not to be solved by casting off the South. Slavery was not a disease that one could quarantine; it was a canker that ate at the heart of the nation.

Yet he was looking forward to meeting his boyhood hero. When he entered the dingy building where *The Liberator* was printed, he was directed to a middle-aged, bald-headed man who was bending over a pile of proofs laid out on a rough wooden table. The face raised to greet him was that of a benevolent country parson. Mild eyes regarded him with gentle inquiry, and a wide, generous mouth smiled a cordial welcome. The famous editor wore the same kind of flat-lensed glasses which were so characteristic of Theodore Parker, and he squinted through them in the same absent-minded way.

Garrison took Parker's letter of introduction in ink-stained fingers and scanned it hastily. As he read, the kindly printer became the crusader. His voice was harsh when he stood up and abruptly asked Jonathan to let him see his hand. Then his face softened, and he laid a gentle hand on his arm. "I'm glad you came here, Mr. Bradford," he said earnestly. "*The Liberator* will be honored to print your story."

For an hour he questioned Jonathan, taking notes as he talked. He said he would write a complete account for the next issue of the paper—the current week's edition was just going to press and there was room only for a brief announcement. This he set in type with his own hands, picking up the little metal characters with the practiced hand of an expert.

Jonathan watched him as he stood over the type cases. To the slaveholders, Garrison was a scheming fanatic bent on their

destruction. The United States south of the Mason and Dixon line was as firmly closed to him as though it were some hostile foreign land. He would be lynched within an hour of his arrival in any Southern city, and Jonathan knew that he himself, now that he was branded, was in the same position. The type that was being set would proclaim his whereabouts to the Florida authorities. The publicity his lecture tour would bring him would damn him forever in the slaveholders' eyes.

Jonathan wandered about the shop while the type went to the proving table and was locked up for the press. He waited until the first sheet came off, smelling of ink and still wet and smudgy to the touch. He saw the brief paragraph on the front page; soon people all over the nation would be reading it. He was committed to action now. There was no turning back.

Only that morning he had gone to Tupper's office, confidently expecting to be given a berth on a ship that would take him far away from the scene of struggle. Now he was more involved than ever. But he was glad he was leaving Boston. At least he would not have to face Lucy and Wandrei.



Douglass was waiting in Parker's study when Jonathan arrived. The man who had been born a slave had no trace of servility. His appearance would have marked him anywhere; he was tall and heavily built, with a great shock of hair on a massive head, and he had a deep rich voice that came from a barrel-like chest. It was easy to understand why he was such a success on the platform. He dominated Parker's book-lined study, making Jonathan forget the room that was stamped with the individuality of its owner.

"Mr. Parker says that you've agreed to go lecturing with me," he smiled. "But he also says you're worried about appearing on the platform. I don't see why. You have a good story to tell."

"I don't like being regarded as a freak," Jonathan told him frankly. "The man with the branded hand—special attraction—on display for one evening only!"

Douglass laughed. "You've got to have something to draw a crowd. Why do you think they come to listen to me? They want to see the black slave who escaped from the South, the poor, uneducated colored man who has been in Europe and who now runs a newspaper of his own. That's the way the world is. We've got to take advantage of human curiosity. But you have nothing to be ashamed of. The brand you carry is a mark of honor. You've felt slavery's iron in your own flesh, and that qualifies you to talk about it. I predict that you'll be a great success."

"I'm sure he will," Parker said confidently. "People may come to stare, but they'll remain to listen."

"He'll get used to being stared at," Douglass chuckled. "When I was first introduced as a speaker, the chairman said I was a graduate from slavery with my diploma written on my back. I wondered then if I was to take off my shirt and show them the marks of the lash. Mr. Bradford has it easier. He's carrying a souvenir of Southern hospitality in his hand."

XXIX

FOR TWO MONTHS Jonathan traveled with Douglass through the small towns of New England and upper New York State. They attracted large audiences wherever they went, for people wanted to hear Douglass and see the man the slaveholders had branded. The Antislavery Society was delighted with their success, and *The Liberator* printed full accounts of their tour. Jonathan lost his hesitancy about appearing in public; under the more experienced orator's coaching he learned how to tell a straightforward story of his experiences. Douglass taught him a great deal about handling audiences, but more important, he showed him what Negroes had to contend with even in the free North.

The celebrated Frederick Douglass was received everywhere as a distinguished guest, yet it was impossible for him to go to

white people's hotels, and he often had trouble getting accommodations on trains. Jonathan was outraged by the discrimination shown against a man whose great ability was unquestioned.

"We have more than slavery to fight against," he commented bitterly. "If you're treated like this, what can other Negroes expect?"

Douglass smiled. "You're just beginning to understand what it's like to be born with a black skin. You white Abolitionists seem to think that if slavery were overthrown, there wouldn't be any problem left. We Negroes know what we face even when we're free. All my life I've had people say to me: 'We don't allow niggers in here.' I've tried to despise those who say it. But those words affect a Negro's whole life. He knows that the best he can hope for is to be tolerated. There's no peace for a Negro—ever. He's got to be prepared for unpleasantness at any moment. And bad as it is for me, it's worse for the others. I am sometimes *Mister* Douglass, but they're always just 'Hey, you, nigger!'"

Then Jonathan told him about Carter. Douglass nodded slowly. "Yes," he said, "I know how he felt. It's hardest of all on the Negro who is educated, who hopes for a decent life for himself. The slaveholders know what they're doing when they try to keep us from learning to read or write. Barnyard animals have no ambitions. But Carter took the easiest way out. When a Negro commits suicide, he leaves his race weaker by one member who might have fought for freedom. There's a long, hard struggle ahead of my people. But first we've got to get rid of slavery."



Through Douglass, Jonathan gained an insight into the way Negroes thought and felt and lived. When the tour was over, and Parker joined him in Rochester, he discussed the Negroes' problem with him. He was genuinely shocked to find that his idol had flaws. Parker actually thought the African the lowest of all five races of men.

Jonathan was angry and hurt. "You're trying to put men into

neat little pigeonholes," he said heatedly. "Human beings can't be tied up in bundles and classified like botanical specimens. There are all kinds of people in the world, and you can't generalize about them. They have to be judged by their individual merits."

"Wait a minute," Parker expostulated. "I've never shown any actual discrimination against any of God's people. I simply believe that men have certain racial characteristics, especially in their more primitive stages. I hope humanity will one day rid itself of all such racial traits. It's regrettable that they exist now."

"But you admit you're prejudiced against the Negro!"

"I wouldn't quite say that, but I have to be honest. I want to see the Negro freed. Certainly his limitations are no reason for degrading him. I cannot see him wronged. I would fight to the death for his rights as a man, but I can't accept him as an equal."

"Does Douglass know how you feel?"

"Sometimes I think he suspects it," Parker said reluctantly.

He was right. Discreet inquiry brought out that Douglass sensed his attitude. Negroes were quick to note even the slightest indications of racial antagonism. Nevertheless, he refused to be unduly upset. The very fact that Parker had surmounted his deep-seated prejudices was to his credit.

But it was a disheartening experience for Jonathan. If Theodore Parker thought as he did about the Negro, it was going to be difficult to eradicate such feeling in lesser men.



But he could not be angry with Parker for long, for he was a delightful companion and a sincere and honest person. He never tried to conceal his shortcomings; he admitted them bravely, and he confessed to long hours of silent struggle to overcome his failings. In Jonathan's eyes he became less of a god and more of a man. Apparently there were no gods on earth. It was a bitter lesson, but Jonathan gained maturity in learning it.

The two of them made a good platform team, for Parker supplied the theoretical background, while Jonathan followed

up his discussion with facts. He was not sorry, however, to see the tour ended. It was a wearing business, and he longed for a regular place in which to eat and sleep. Parker returned to Boston, and Jonathan went on to Hanover to spend the Christmas holidays with the Moores.

He had been in constant correspondence with them ever since he returned. They understood why he had fled Boston and was avoiding Lucy.

William Moore was waiting at the snow-covered railroad station. He seemed worried, but it was natural to put his anxiety down to the trouble he was having with President Lord. Jonathan asked him about the latest developments in his long quarrel with the college authorities.

"It's no worse and no better," he replied grimly. "Lord won't tolerate an Abolitionist on the campus. Since I'm in the Chandler School, he has no direct control over me. But he works in subtle ways. A new man has been put into my department to take over more and more of my duties, and I have trouble getting the scientific apparatus I need. But that isn't what I wanted to tell you."

"What's the matter?"

"Lucy and Manfred are here," he blurted out. "They didn't know you were coming and——"

Jonathan stopped short. His first impulse was to return to the train. Then he realized that he would have to face Lucy someday. He might as well do it now.

"All right," he said. "If they can stand it, I can."

Moore brightened. "Good! I knew you'd see it that way. Lucy said you would too."

They started toward the college, walking in the middle of the roadway, where the snow was packed down tightly by sled runners. It was cold, and they had to hurry their steps. When they came in sight of the little house the Moores had rented, Jonathan's resolution almost failed him. Why couldn't Lucy have been alone? It was hard enough to meet her. But Wandrei too! He drew a long breath and went on.

The whole family came rushing to the door. Lucy and

Wandrei were momentarily thrust into the background while Mrs. Moore and Danny made a great fuss over Jonathan's homecoming. The first few minutes passed in a flurry of excitement. When he had to congratulate the engaged couple, there was so much noise and confusion that his embarrassment went unnoticed. And then Danny came to his rescue by dragging him away.

"I want you to address some of the students here," he said. "We'll make a real affair of it. Hire a hall and everything. Why, we can charge admission and donate the proceeds to the Anti-slavery Society."

"I'm sure Dr. Lord will like that," his father murmured.

"He's in Boston," Danny said contemptuously. "And even if he wasn't, he couldn't stop us. This has nothing to do with the college."

"It might do this place some good to hear the truth about slavery," Wandrei said. "It's amazing that a Northern university should be so reactionary."

"That's Lord's fault," Danny said, coming to Dartmouth's defense. "He thinks this is his private preserve." He turned to Jonathan. "Will you do it?"

Jonathan smiled. "I've been lecturing for months. I was looking forward to some peace here."

"But just this once," Danny pleaded. "Then you can have all the peace you want."

"All right. But make it the last night I'm here, so I can have a week of rest first."

"The day after New Year's then," Danny cried. "I'll make all the arrangements."



The overcrowded little house made it impossible for Jonathan to see Lucy alone until the next day. A skating party was made up then, and he had a few minutes with her on the ice. They skated down a narrow pathway cleared of snow. The others were ahead of them, so Jonathan slowed down under the pretext of having to fix one of the straps holding his skates.

"I suppose you planned all this deliberately," he began.

"I did not," she answered hotly. "We didn't decide to come until the last minute, and I didn't know you were going to be here. You've been acting very strangely. You left Boston without even saying good-by, and now you accuse me of planning and plotting. Don't you want to see me?"

"No," he said. "I don't."

She was hurt. "You say that because I'm marrying Manfred, I suppose."

"Let's just say that since I play no part in your life, I just feel superfluous."

"Oh, Jonathan, you're such a fool!"

He flushed. "Thank you."

"I don't mean that. I just mean that you're—— Oh, what do I mean? Well, that I gave you so many chances to tell me you loved me, and you always kept rebuffing me, and——"

"Chances?" he said blankly. "What chances?"

"A million of them! All during that frightful trip east and then in Boston. And most of all on that day when I went with you to the docks."

"When you began laughing for no reason at all?"

"Of course. I thought you were going to ask me then, but you said something stupid about pistol shooting. I'll never forget it. And I thought I'd never forgive you either."

Jonathan was silent.

"I forgave you long ago," Lucy said hopefully.

"It hardly matters now, does it?"

"Because I'm marrying Manfred, you mean?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "You can't expect me to like him after what he's done. He took advantage of my absence——"

She was horrified. "Oh! you can't say that. He thinks you look upon me as a sister. He's the most honorable person alive."

"Is he? Then it must be you who——"

"I thought it would come to that. Well, it won't work, Jonathan. If you had said anything before you went away, I'd have waited—gladly. But you seemed so indifferent—so eager to be rid of me. If you had even said something in your letters. You

don't know how I searched every one of them, hoping for some word—— But it wasn't there. Just page after page of geography and agriculture. And you haven't even been honest with me. Who was that Miss Walker in whose home you stayed in Mobile? You wrote of her as if she were a dried-up spinster of fifty. Why did you stay in her house so long? I know you were injured, but you remained there for weeks. What was she like?"

"She was very beautiful," Jonathan said maliciously. "And she was nearer twenty than fifty."

Lucy's mouth tightened. "Oh, was she? No wonder you stayed in Mobile so long."

"I found it very attractive," he said solemnly.

"I'm sure you did. Those Southern girls——"

"——are very attractive too. They—— Well, let's not talk about that."

"Oh, yes, we will! Did you fall in love with her?"

"In a way——"

"And did you ask her to marry you?"

Jonathan hesitated. "There were complications, but——"

"But you did?"

"Yes, I did." He wanted to hurt her now. "I certainly did. She was——"

"And you accuse me! Yet you—you went and—— Oh, Jonathan, I can hardly believe it!"

"We're quits now," he said coolly. "We've paid each other off in our own coin."

"Not quite. I agreed to marry Manfred because I thought you didn't want me. But you—you knew! You knew I loved you!"

"How was I to know?"

"You must have been blind if you didn't. I threw myself at your head a dozen times. Well, it's all over now. I suppose I ought to hate you. But I can't. I can't. I still love you—and I hate myself because I do."

He stared at her openmouthed. "Then it's all right," he began. "We can——"

"Oh, no, we can't. I've promised to marry Manfred. There's no reason why I should break his heart just because you've broken mine."

"But you don't love him. You can't if you love me!"

"I do love him. And I'm going to marry him if it's the last thing I do."

"You said you still loved me."

"I do, but I won't marry you!"

"That's not fair to Manfred."

"I'm going to tell him everything, and then if he still wants me, I'm going to marry him—and I won't let anything stop me!"



That evening she stopped Jonathan in the hallway. "I've spoken to Manfred," she said. "He still wants to marry me. He says he'll make me forget you. Europeans believe love comes after marriage—not before."

"Europeans have lots of queer ideas."

"Well, they're civilized ideas anyway. He says there's no reason why you and he shouldn't be friends."

"Does he?"

"Jonathan, I want you to. Manfred is a stranger here. He knows very few people. You and he have a lot in common. It would be silly for you both to go on hating each other just because of me."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to be more friendly and not go stalking around like a male elk ready to lock horns with any potential rival."

"Is that what you think of me?"

"That's the way you've been behaving. Won't you please—for my sake—try to like Manfred? Please."

"Oh, all right, but——"

"No 'buts.' You've promised." She held out her hand and led him into the tiny parlor where her father and Wandrei were talking.

Wandrei motioned cordially to Jonathan to draw up a chair. "We're discussing Stephen Douglas," he said. "Your father tells me he knew him in Illinois."

The famous political leader had lived in Jacksonville for a short while, but he had gone on from there to Springfield and then to Washington, where he was now one of the outstanding figures in the Senate.

"There's a bill in Congress now that will decide the fate of the Nebraska Territory," Wandrei said. "I suppose you've followed its progress?"

"The organization bill? Yes, I saw that it has been sent to Douglas' committee for consideration."

"It may be a very important measure. A lot is involved."

"It can't concern us much. Everything was settled in 1820 when it was agreed that Nebraska was to remain free. The South can't break her bargain now."

"Can't she? I wonder," Wandrei said softly. "Do you think you can trust Douglas?"

"Douglas has no say in the matter. The Missouri Compromise was a solemn compact which has all the effect of a Constitutional amendment."

"But not the same legal standing. Douglas is said to be out for the Presidency. If he had the South behind him—— Here, I want to show you something." Wandrei reached out for an atlas which was lying open on the floor. He pointed to the state of Missouri and ran his finger around its borders. "See—Illinois to the east—Iowa to the north—and your new Nebraska Territory to the west. Missouri will be a peninsula surrounded on three sides by land where slavery is forbidden if Nebraska remains free."

"She'll have a hard time keeping her slaves at home if that happens. They'll be able to slip across the border almost anywhere."

"That's just what I mean. I wonder how many Southerners are studying their maps right now."

"Well, it's too bad for the slaveholders in Missouri, but I'm not going to feel sorry for them."

"No, but I wonder how they'll take this. Somehow, I can't believe they'll let Nebraska go without a fight."

William Moore sided with Jonathan. "There's nothing they can do about it," he said. "We settled all that when I was a young man."

"I hope you're right," Wandrei said. "But I've seen a good many things that were supposed to be settled put ruthlessly aside when circumstances changed."

"You can't go by European precedent," Jonathan argued. "This is America—we do things differently here."

Wandrei smiled. "I've noticed that people are much the same everywhere."

Jonathan was nettled. Was Wandrei making a personal reference in what had started out as a political discussion? "What do you mean?" he asked sharply.

"Simply that human nature does not change from country to country. I find America different in some ways from Europe, but your Southern slaveholder thinks and acts very much like a feudal lord."

Lucy had noted the edge in Jonathan's voice. "Shall we have some tea now?" she asked, standing up and opening the door to the kitchen. "Mother has made some currant cookies. I'm sure you must all be starving."



Danny came in while the tea was being served. "Everything's fixed," he said cheerfully. "We decided to hold the affair in town so old green-eyes can't complain that we polluted a college building." He meant President Lord, who always wore green eyeglasses.

"What sort of place did you get?" his father asked.

"We had to take a loft over Hallerman's store. No one wanted to let us have a regular hall. I can't blame 'em. They know what may happen."

"What may happen?" Jonathan asked uneasily.

"The boys may be a bit rough."

"Rough!" William Moore said. "Dartmouth's student body is notorious as the rowdiest in the country."

"Why didn't you tell me about this before?" Jonathan demanded.

"You don't mind, do you?" Danny said anxiously. "You must be used to difficult audiences after lecturing with Douglass."

Jonathan glanced covertly at Wandrei, but the German's face gave no indication of what he was thinking. "No, I don't mind," he said slowly. "I just like to know what to expect." But he was more worried than he would admit. Douglass had always brought unruly audiences under control before introducing him. But there could be no backing out now—not while Wandrei was watching.

Danny tried to be helpful. "There won't be many people. Probably not more than a few dozen students'll come. All you have to do is outyell 'em."



But on the evening of the lecture, Jonathan was surprised to find the loft well filled. Posters had disappeared almost as fast as they were put up, but news of the Abolitionist invasion had spread by word of mouth. Few antislavery speakers dared to appear in Hanover, and the townspeople wanted to see the fun.

Danny whispered that none of the proslavery students had appeared yet. His own friends were occupying the front rows in order to serve as a guard for the speaker.

As soon as Jonathan was introduced, someone in the rear of the loft threw open a window, letting in a cold blast of air. A terrific din immediately began outside. Horns were blown; tin cans were rattled; and bells were rung. Heavy footsteps sounded on the stairs, and fifteen or twenty students marched into the room, shouting and jostling one another. They all took seats and quieted down suddenly.

As soon as Jonathan tried to speak, there was a loud guffaw from the back of the room.

"Show us your hand," someone shouted.

"Let's see how the cat's paw got burned."

"Hey, mister, let's see your backside. Maybe that got scorched too."

Jonathan stood on the platform, trying to retain his composure. As soon as there was a slight lull in the noise, he began again, but his words were immediately drowned out by concerted booing and hissing and shuffling of feet. Horns were tooted, and empty bottles were sent skidding across the floor.

One of Danny's friends stood up to appeal to the students' sense of fair play. "Let him talk, fellows," he begged. "Give him a chance. He's here as our guest."

"He's a dirty nigger lover, that's what he is. We don't want to hear him."

"Send him back to Boston. They like niggers there."

A dead rat frozen hard as a rock sailed through the air and landed on the platform. Danny sprang up and kicked it back into the audience. His action infuriated the proslavery students. They rose as one man and started forward. The little band in the front rows stood up to meet them. Women began screaming; chairs were overthrown; and someone lurched against the stove, dislodging the smoke pipe from the chimney and bringing it down with a crash.

"Watch out or you'll have a fire here!" Professor Moore cried. He fought his way through the crowd and pushed the hot pipe onto the square sheet of metal under the stove. Smoke and soot made everyone cough.

The two opposing groups of students were facing each other, ready to fight. A burly-looking farmer came forward and lined himself up with the proslavery students.

"Why don't you keep out of this?" Wandrei said quietly. "It's bad enough that the boys——"

"Mind your own business," the farmer snapped. "We don't want no nigger lovers here." He lunged at Wandrei. It was the signal for a general scrimmage. The students went for one another with a will, and their elders followed them into the melee. Jonathan jumped down from the platform and ran to Wandrei's side.

The invaders slowly gave way. Wandrei had succeeded in knocking down his opponent, and he took on another. Jonathan fought by his side, pushing the proslavery adults toward the door.

In a few minutes the room was cleared of their opponents, and the door bolted. Wandrei's face was bleeding; his usually immaculate clothing was torn; and his knuckles were bruised. Jonathan had a big welt on the side of his head where a chair rung had hit him.

"Get up on the platform," Wandrei whispered. "You've got to go through with this."

Jonathan climbed up unsteadily and faced the audience. People were still milling about, and there was a loud hum of conversation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he pleaded, "please sit down. The lecture will go on as planned." He hastily straightened out his disheveled clothing and waited for his listeners to resume their seats. As soon as order was restored, he began to speak.

"What has happened here tonight shows the effect a single proslavery-minded person can have on a whole community," he said. "New Hampshire surely is not in favor of slavery. These icebound hills offer no foothold for cotton and rice. Yet even here the long arm of the slave power has reached out to strangle public opinion and pervert the minds of young students who never saw a slave. I accuse President Nathan Lord of using his high position to spread proslavery ideas. I accuse him of——"

A red-faced man in the audience jumped to his feet. "We won't permit you to slander Dr. Lord. He has as much right to his opinion as you have to yours."

"I don't care what opinion Dr. Lord holds in private," Jonathan retorted, "but I do say he has no right to try to influence his students."

"He doesn't. He never said a word to 'em."

"Then why do they turn out in numbers to attack an Abolitionist speaker? There isn't a college in New England where a thing like this could happen. Dartmouth is the most northerly outpost of reaction. Its students think and act like the sons of

slaveholders, yet none of them come from the South. How do you explain that? Who is to blame if not Dr. Lord?"

"It don't matter. You can't come in here and run down one of our most prominent citizens. As town marshal, I order this meeting closed."

"That's an abrogation of the right of free speech!"

"I don't care what it is. I order this meeting closed."

Wandrei got up and went over to him. "If you represent law and authority here, what were you doing when those students started a riot? I didn't see you make any effort to stop them."

"Mister, I'm not here to argue. I order this meeting closed. Open that door and go on about your business." He signaled to several men in the audience. They clustered around him, displaying deputies' badges. "All right now, everyone outside. And you up there on the platform—clear out before I arrest you for disturbing the peace."

Professor Moore tried to expostulate with him, but he refused to pay attention. His men began driving the audience toward the door.

The Moores were indignant when they reached the street. "This is one of those cases where it's heads you lose, tails I win," Wandrei said. "If the students didn't succeed in breaking up the meeting, the marshal was sure to." He turned to Jonathan. "You did a fine job, though. I'm glad you laced into Lord. Obviously he's the one responsible for the state of affairs here. I only hope you haven't further endangered Professor Moore's position."

"Nothing can hurt me now," Moore said quietly. "The best I can hope for is to be permitted to stay for the rest of the college year. I know my contract won't be renewed."

Jonathan walked on ahead with Danny. It was not until they had reached the house and were gathered in the parlor that he spoke to Wandrei. "I want to thank you for coming to my aid," he said earnestly. "I've misjudged you. I'm sorry and——"

"That's all right," Wandrei said. "We all have to stand together in this. Now that we're out of the marshal's jurisdiction,

I'd like very much to hear the rest of your lecture. You never told me about your experiences in the South, you know."

XXX

WHEN JONATHAN RETURNED to Boston with Lucy and Wandrei, he had a good opportunity to become better acquainted with the man he had been trying to avoid. He envied Wandrei his self-assurance and rational optimism, for he had none of Jonathan's doubts; he cared nothing about the various schisms that had split the antislavery movement; he was convinced that the liberal cause must someday prevail everywhere; and he refused to worry about the way things were going.

"One must view mankind as if from a great height," he said. "Then you get some indication of what has been and what will be. There's a long record of progress broken by setbacks and temporary defeats, but on the whole the human race has done well by itself. There's no reason to despair now. Have faith in the people—they're the final court of appeal. They're slow to arouse, yet when the time comes, they stir like a huge mass in which some mighty ferment is working. Whenever that happens, there is an upheaval. Thrones totter, and the whole course of history is changed."

"But they don't seem to know what's good for 'em," Jonathan objected. "I've seen poor whites in the South who were as enthusiastic about slavery as any plantation owner."

"They'll learn. They'll have to. The man who is blindly against us today, tomorrow may be fighting on our side. Or if not him, his son. It may take years. Yet time is working for us. Never forget one thing—no one likes to be a slave. The hope of freedom can rouse the dullest mind. I've seen that happen in Europe. I saw the Revolution of 1848 spread from country to country until it seemed as if the whole continent would be aflame."

"And now——"

"Now they think they've put out the conflagration. But they haven't—it still smolders deep beneath the surface. Someday it will break out again."

"It seems strange for a person of your background to talk like that."

Wandrei smiled. "My father was a Prussian landowner, but my mother was a friend of Goethe and an admirer of Byron. I drank freedom with her milk. The last time I saw her, she urged me to renounce my father's estates and devote myself to the secret cause. I changed my name. I severed all connections with my past. Now I have no desire for property or wealth."

Lucy answered the unspoken question that was shaping itself in Jonathan's mind. "After we're married, we may settle somewhere in the West. Manfred has convinced me that he's needed there more than here in the East."

Wandrei shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows? It hardly matters where we go. This is a worldwide thing. Each nation is a cockpit for the battle between liberalism and reaction. You Americans tend to think that your struggle against slavery is a unique phenomenon. It's not. It's part of a great international movement. When one of our men falls on the other side of the world, his loss eventually will be felt here. There are no political boundaries in our work. That's why I don't agree with your Mr. Garrison about the South. We can't just let her go and not care what happens there. The black slave who toils without compensation in Mississippi lowers the standard of living of the white mechanic in Massachusetts. But people here will learn. It may take a long time, but someday the lesson must sink in."



When the train arrived at the Boston terminal, Wandrei bought a newspaper. It contained what he had been waiting for,—the report of Douglas' committee on the organization of the Nebraska Territory. He and Jonathan studied it eagerly.

"Look," he said excitedly, "here is the joker in it buried

away at the end: 'When admitted as a state, the said Territory or any portion of the same, shall be received into the Union, with or without slavery, as their constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission.' Certainly it is very strange that if your Missouri Compromise guarantees freedom in Nebraska, Mr. Douglas should be talking about it in terms which concede the possibility of slavery. And now this—this is even stranger: 'All questions pertaining to slavery in the Territories, and in the new states to be formed therefrom, are to be left to the people residing therein.' "

"But there aren't more than a handful of people in the whole Territory."

"Mr. Douglas is wisely providing for the future. Doubtless they will settle there someday. The question is—what kind of people? Those who support slavery or those who stand for freedom?" He turned to Lucy. "I don't suppose you care much what part of the West we settle in, do you?"

"Why? Oh, Manfred, you aren't thinking of going to Nebraska! It's a howling wilderness, even worse than Illinois was when Mother and Father first went there."

"It'll be populated soon enough," he predicted grimly. "If the people residing there are to determine the question of slavery, I think our side is going to need votes and need them quickly. It looks to me as if a new battle front was opening up in the West. You aren't afraid, are you, darling? I never promised you a quiet life."

Lucy looked up at him courageously. "I know the words of the marriage ceremony, dear. 'To love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part.' And I remember what Ruth said too." Her lips trembled, but she tried to smile.



Jonathan went to see Tupper the next morning. The old merchant was sulphurous in his comments on Douglas' report, but he readily made good his promise to give Jonathan employment. He put him to work checking ships' cargoes; he found him an inexpensive boardinghouse near the docks; and he even

went so far as to say that if Jonathan would apply himself to the business, he might hope to become a chief clerk. Of course, that would be a matter of ten or fifteen years. . . . Meanwhile, he paid him ten dollars a week, from which five was deducted to be applied against the loan he had made.

Later that month, Douglas proposed a bill in the Senate which provided that the Territory in dispute be divided into two sections. The northern half, Nebraska, was to be free soil without question; the status of the southern half, Kansas, would be decided by those who settled there. It was an open invitation for an invasion from near-by Missouri. A few thousand proslavery votes might win the new Kansas Territory for slavery despite the fact that it had been pledged to freedom under the terms of the Missouri Compromise.

The few antislavery men in Congress made a direct appeal to the people of the North, calling upon them to protest by mail, by public resolutions, by mass meetings, and by every means at their command. Northern labor took alarm; Northern politicians who had opposed the Abolitionists became their allies overnight. The country was in an uproar. Even the South had been taken unawares, for the proposed act of legislation had been secretly prepared. At first the slaveholders did not know how to take the new bill, but when they saw the violent reaction against it in the North, they automatically approved of it.

Everyone North and South followed the newspaper accounts of the debates on the Senate floor, but it soon became evident that Douglas was in control of the situation and that he was rapidly steering his bill toward certain acceptance. The Democrats whipped their Northern party members into line. On March 4, the bill passed the Senate by a vote of 37 to 14.



A harder battle loomed in the House. There the better-populated free states had many more Representatives than the slave states, but with the aid of the "doughfaces"—Northern men of Southern principles—the South might be able to jam the bill through by a narrow margin.

Wandrei made a sudden trip to Worcester, where a representative of the state legislature, Eli Thayer, had suggested a plan to save Kansas for freedom. If the residents of the new Territory were to determine its status by popular sovereignty (or "squatter sovereignty," as it was contemptuously being called), there was no reason why the North could not send in settlers as well as the South. Thayer proposed to organize a company that would finance antislavery emigrants willing to go to Kansas.

Wandrei returned to Boston enthusiastic about Thayer's idea. He helped open a Boston office for him, and he tried to recruit his own countrymen. It was difficult work, for although Thayer had conceived a grandiose plan for capitalizing his company for five million dollars, he was having trouble raising money.

While the long battle in the House dragged on, the South became more and more incensed that Northern capital might be used to send penniless settlers to Kansas. Jonathan slyly placed clippings from Southern newspapers on Tupper's desk, knowing that when his choleric employer saw them he would double or triple the number of shares he had already promised to buy in the Emigrant Aid Company.

Not only the wealthy pledged themselves to support the scheme. Poor people, too, offered to help. William Moore wrote to Lucy asking her to subscribe for a few shares of stock in his name.

Two hundred dollars is all I can afford to give at this time, but I give it gladly. I have even contemplated going to Kansas myself, for I know full well that I am doomed here at Dartmouth. I am surprised that there have not been more serious repercussions from Jonathan's attack on President Lord, but I suppose he considers me not worth bothering about since he is sure now that he will be rid of me. I am told that he is busy writing a pamphlet justifying slavery on religious grounds. If the Devil can cite scripture, his disciple should be equally adept in quoting chapter and verse to show that evil is good, and good evil.

Something has happened, however, that may affect all my plans and not make it necessary for me to look for another teaching po-

sition. My brother Elias (I do not call him your uncle, for you never saw him) has died, and under the terms of my father's will the farm in Chambersburg which was left us jointly now reverts to me. I am sorry to hear that Elias is dead, but I will not be so hypocritical as to pretend that I am not glad to inherit the property, especially at this time. I understand, however, that it is in poor condition, for Elias, knowing that it must eventually become mine, has let it go to rack and ruin.

If you and Manfred should for any reason change your minds about going to Kansas I hope you will join us in Pennsylvania. There is good work to be done there too. The farm is only twenty miles from the Maryland border and can be very useful for certain purposes.

I hope you can persuade Jonathan to come with us. We shall need his strength and experience not only to operate the farm but for other activities as well. Both you and he will understand.

I could, I am led to believe, return to Illinois College or perhaps obtain a position at Oberlin which is sympathetic to our cause, but I am growing old and I long to return to the scenes of my youth. I should enjoy putting my agricultural theories into actual practice, and I believe that I can be as useful in Chambersburg as in any academic institution.

Since I have been appointed a delegate to the Antislavery Convention I expect to be in Boston early in June and will discuss the matter further with you at that time.



As spring slowly turned into summer, the battle over the Western Territories reached its climax. On May 22, the Kansas-Nebraska Act finally passed the House by a vote of 113 to 100. Forty-two Northern Democrats refused to support the bill, but enough of them fell into line to insure its passage. It needed only the signature of the President to become a law, but there was no doubt that Franklin Pierce would sign it willingly.

Among the Abolitionists, only Charles Sumner took heart. "This puts freedom and slavery face to face and bids them grapple," he said. And then he added: "Who can doubt the result?"

XXXI

TWO DAYS AFTER the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the slaveholders struck again, this time at the very citadel of Northern liberty.

Jonathan first heard the news on a Wednesday evening, just as he was about to leave the docks. He saw Theodore Parker come hurrying down the street, his coattails flying as he ducked into the archway leading to the wharves.

"They've done it again," he growled as he stomped up the dusty stairs to Tupper's office.

"Done what?"

"Devil's work! The manstealers are here again."

He thrust the door open, surprising Tupper sprawled out asleep in his old wooden chair near the window. He awoke instantly and pulled himself to his feet, annoyed at being caught dozing.

Parker had no time to apologize. "They've stolen another man, Joel," he cried. "We've got to free him, and you must help us."

Tupper blinked at him. "Stolen what? I——"

"They've stolen another fugitive, I tell you. Picked him up last night on Brattle Street, where he'd been trying to earn an honest living. And this morning they smuggled him into the Court House to be tried by Commissioner Loring. Loring was ready to let them ship him South without letting anybody know what was happening. Fortunately, Dana caught him at it."

"Wait a minute," Tupper grumbled. "You're going too fast for me. I can't make head or tail out of what you're saying. Which Dana? There's dozens of 'em."

"Richard Henry Dana—the young one—the lawyer," Parker said impatiently. "The one who wrote *Two Years before the Mast*. You know him. I've heard you mention his book."

"Know him? Of course I know him. I know him too damned well. He's as bad as you are—always trying to cadge money from me for some confounded seamen's charity. He seems to think I ought to support the whole merchant fleet. But what's he doing with a fugitive slave case?"

Parker wiped the perspiration from his face and tried to explain. "Dana was passing the Court House early this morning when someone told him what was going on in there. He sent a messenger to me and Phillips, and then he went in to offer his services to the prisoner. We reached the Court House while the hearing was still going on. It seems that a Colonel Suttle of Virginia claims the Negro, one Anthony Burns, as his escaped slave. The boy thought his case was hopeless, but Phillips and I persuaded him to take Dana as counsel and fight the thing out. Dana then got the hearing put over till Saturday. We have to move fast. We're calling a protest meeting for Friday night—at Faneuil Hall if we can get it. I don't suppose I could persuade you to sit on the platform?"

"Certainly not," Tupper snapped. "You know I can't afford to appear publicly in these matters. My Southern customers——"

Parker sighed.

"I've got to remain behind the scenes," Tupper said. "But what can I do for you? It's money you want, I suppose. You always do."

"Not this time, Joel. Not yet anyway."

Tupper coughed nervously, hardly able to suppress his amazement.

Parker patted him on the shoulder. "Just give me some paper so I can write the announcements." He sat down at the desk and rapidly sketched out a poster.

KIDNAPPING AGAIN!!

A Man Was Stolen Last Night by the
Fugitive Slave Bill Commissioner.

He will have his MOCK TRIAL

On Saturday, May 27th, at 9 o'clock, in the Kidnappers'
Court before the Honorable Slave Bill Commissioner
at the Court House in Court House Square

SHALL BOSTON STEAL ANOTHER MAN?

Jonathan was worried. "Don't you think it ought to be 'Shall the slaveholders steal another man?' It hardly seems fair to Boston the way you put it."

Parker was surveying his handiwork with a pleased expression. "Nonsense! Everybody knows the slaveholders will cheerfully steal all the fugitives they can. This will anger Boston—which is just what we want."

Tupper grunted assent. Parker then seized another piece of paper and drew up a poster to announce the meeting.

A MAN KIDNAPPED!!!!

A Public Meeting will be held at Faneuil Hall this Friday evening, May 26th, at 7 o'clock, to secure justice for a man claimed as a slave by a Virginia kidnapper, and imprisoned in Boston Court House in defiance of the laws of Massachusetts.

SHALL HE BE PLUNGED INTO THE HELL OF
VIRGINIA SLAVERY BY A MASSACHUSETTS
JUDGE OF PROBATE?

"Have you obtained permission to use the hall?" Tupper asked pointedly.

"No, we haven't, Joel. As a matter of fact, there's no one in Boston better able to get such permission than yourself. I'd suggest that you call on the mayor now." Parker smiled graciously at the startled merchant. "I knew you'd be able to help us, Joel."

Tupper spluttered vainly. Parker and Jonathan were gone before he could get a word out of his mouth.



Thursday passed in a flurry of excitement. Jonathan spent the evening with several young men from the Vigilance Committee, posting the city with Parker's notices. They worked late, and then some of them went to Dana's office opposite the Court House, where they remained all night to make sure the prisoner was not spirited away by the authorities.

Jonathan stayed with them until dawn; then he hurried to the railroad station to meet the early train from Worcester. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a young Abolitionist minister, was to be on it, and Parker wanted him brought to his house as soon as he arrived.

Jonathan had never met Higginson, but Parker's description was so accurate that it was easy to distinguish the young minister from the rest of the crowd. "Watch for a tall, good-looking chap of about thirty," Parker had said. "He'll be carrying a book, and he'll be the last one off the train. He always is, because he becomes so absorbed in his reading that he never notices when he's arrived at the station. And the chances are that he'll be carrying some kind of country produce for his friends here. At this time of the year it will probably be strawberries."

Parker was right. Not until most of the passengers had left the station did a young man come scurrying out of one of the cars, hastily trying to thrust a book into his pocket so his hands would be free to cope with two large baskets of strawberries which had been loosely tied together and were in imminent danger of falling apart. Jonathan went to the rescue.

"You're Mr. Higginson, aren't you?" he asked.

The young man smiled cheerfully. "Yes, how did you know?"

"Theodore Parker told me to watch for a man with garden produce and a book. I thought you'd fill the bill. My name is Jonathan Bradford."

"Why, I know who you are," Higginson cried. "You're the man who was——"

Jonathan held his hand out. "You'll want to see the brand, I suppose. Everyone does."

Higginson put down his strawberries and shook the outstretched hand warmly. "I won't be rude enough to stare," he said. "But it's nothing to be ashamed of, you know. You ought to be proud of it."

Jonathan grinned and picked up the strawberries. "I've been told to get you to Mr. Parker's house as quickly as possible. We'd better take a cab."



While the two young men ate breakfast, they discussed plans with Parker. Higginson was all for an attempt to seize the prisoner by force.

"The Faneuil Hall meeting is our chance," he explained. "The hall is only a short distance from the Court House, so we can count on support from the meeting. We lost Sims because we didn't make a real effort to take him. My idea about the mattresses didn't work. We've got to try something better now."

Parker, seeing Jonathan look at Higginson blankly, quickly explained. When Thomas Sims had been seized as a fugitive in 1851 and confined in the same building in which Anthony Burns was being held, Higginson had suggested that a wagon loaded with mattresses be driven slowly past the window of Sims's third-story cell so he could jump down on them. This was actually done, but the wagon arrived just as several masons began to cement iron bars across the prison window. As a result of the failure of the too-ingenious scheme, the fugitive had been returned to the South.

Higginson had a new plan, and he was as enthusiastic as ever about it. "Several hundred of my parishioners are coming

here to attend the meeting tonight. Among them is a man named Martin Stowell. He helped in that Syracuse rescue a few years ago. You remember it, don't you?" he asked Parker.

Parker nodded glumly. "The Jerry rescue. It happened the same year Sims was sent back."

Higginson leaned across the table. "Stowell is a determined fellow—strong, bold, and absolutely fearless. He's just the man to lead an organized attack."

Parker was skeptical. The prisoner was heavily guarded; it was more difficult to get a man out of Boston than a small town like Syracuse; and besides, it was by no means certain that the legal case would go against the prisoner, for the Nebraska Act had brought about a change in the temper of the people which the court could hardly ignore.

"But think of the effect a rescue here in Boston would have!" Higginson cried. "It would wake up the whole country. It——"

"—might cause bloodshed," Parker said coolly.

"So? You've never been afraid of that before."

"I want to see this man freed. I'll do anything to get him out of jail. If an attack is necessary, I'm all for it. But if we can accomplish our ends by more peaceful means, we ought to try them first."

Higginson appealed to Jonathan. "Let me ask your opinion. The South always has the upper hand in any controversy with the North because she means business. For once we've got to show equal determination. I say we ought to seize the prisoner and break the law!"

Jonathan was in a quandary. He could not forget that his father had been killed when he had resorted to arms to defend a principle.

Higginson noticed his reluctance. "I can't believe you're afraid," he said slowly. "I know what you've been through in the South."

Jonathan flushed, but he did not have to reply. Parker answered for him. "There's no need to question Mr. Bradford's courage. I'm sure he simply wants to use all other means of freeing the prisoner first."

"I'm not so sure," Jonathan said. "I don't think Commissioner Loring is going to give him up."

"Then you're on our side," Higginson said gleefully. "I know——"

"I hope it's not a matter of sides," Jonathan said. "We all have to work together."

"You come with me when I meet Martin Stowell," Higginson said peremptorily. "He'll convince you."



Jonathan found Higginson waiting for him at the end of the business day. He was pacing up and down impatiently under the archway, and as soon as he caught sight of Jonathan, he seized him by the arm and hurried him across the street. They would be late for the train, and he could not afford to miss Stowell.

He had just come from a meeting of the Vigilance Committee which regular working hours had prevented Jonathan from attending. He had not missed much, Higginson said. The meeting had gone badly; only sixty members had been present, and of these, hardly thirty were willing to work actively to free the prisoner.

"A pack of sheep," he said bitterly. "Some fool suggested that we go to the Revere House to boo at the slaveholders staying there. Can you imagine anything more stupid? As if slaveholders' thick skins were to be affected by words. Yet we had a hard time voting the proposal down."

He strode on impatiently. "I'm tired of polite methods," he muttered. "We've got to beat the slaveholders at their own dirty game."

"You speak strange words for a preacher," Jonathan said.

"Yes, I know. A preacher is supposed to confine himself to preaching. Well, I don't see why. The times cry out for action. We've had enough words. There comes a point when you have to abandon argument and fight. I say we've reached that point now. The slaveholders would back down if they saw real resistance."

"Perhaps," Jonathan countered, "but I'd like to feel that we had the North solidly behind us before we start. And so far, I see no evidence of it."



The train was already in the terminal when they arrived. Hundreds of mechanics and laborers from Higginson's Free Church in Worcester swarmed around them. A heavy-jawed young man with bristling side-whiskers hurried over. Higginson introduced him to Jonathan as Martin Stowell, and then, as soon as they could get free of the crowd, they left the station to make their plans for the evening.

Stowell was a big, hulking man who swaggered along the street as if he expected Boston to be awed by his presence. He listened impatiently to Higginson's account of the Vigilance Committee's meeting, and he seemed to have nothing but contempt for anyone not in favor of violent action. He hardly noticed Jonathan's existence, ignoring him as they walked along the street, and almost letting the door slam in his face when they entered an oyster bar where several of the younger members of the Vigilance Committee were awaiting them. Stowell acknowledged his introduction to the Boston group with a casual wave of the hand. As soon as they were seated, he patted his pocket significantly and said he hoped everyone was armed. Some of the Bostonians looked at one another in consternation, but Stowell plunged ahead, leaning over the table like a conspirator to tell them his plans in a stage whisper.

"I have the whole thing worked out," he said. "We can't wait till the Faneuil Hall meeting's over, because if we do we'll be playing into the marshal's hands. He'll be expecting trouble at the end of the meeting. We'll outguess him. We'll start the attack *during* the meeting. Good, eh? Now here's what we do. We'll get everything ready at the Court House, and then we'll send a messenger to the hall to tell 'em an attack has begun. That'll bring the crowd running. As soon as we see 'em coming, we'll start smashing down the Court House doors. The

crowd'll join us. It's only human nature to want to be in a good fight. Then we grab the darcy and run him down a side alley and out of sight."

Stowell sat back with a self-satisfied smile, waiting for approval. His use of the word "darcy" had frozen the Boston Abolitionists, but Stowell was too obtuse to notice their reaction. Higginson tried to cover up his protégé's tactical error by praising his plan enthusiastically. His persuasiveness slowly won over the others; he was descended from one of the oldest and most respected families in New England, and in Boston, ancestry lends weight to opinion. His sponsorship made the stranger's ideas acceptable. After all, Stowell did have a plan to offer, and even a poor plan was better than none. There was no outspoken opposition.

Stowell glanced around the table, sizing up the men. Jonathan's face recorded his disagreement. "What's the matter?" Stowell demanded abruptly. "Don't you like my scheme?"

"It's all right if the people at Faneuil Hall really join in," Jonathan said laconically. "I'm not so sure they will, though. Everyone isn't so eager to fight as you think."

"Mr. Bradford is opposed to violence on principle," Higginson said with a good-natured grin.

"Oh—a Garrisonian!" Stowell's voice indicated his scorn.

"I'm not a Garrisonian," Jonathan said, nettled at the accusation. "I'm just not convinced that Anthony Burns can be taken from a public building guarded by armed deputies."

"But you'll go with us, won't you?" Higginson inquired anxiously. "It would be bad for any of us to back out now."

"I'll go," Jonathan said reluctantly, and the others also agreed. Higginson was to bring axes and a heavy piece of timber to batter down the Court House doors. Jonathan and a young Irishman named George Kemp were to go to Faneuil Hall to notify the speakers there that the attack would begin exactly at nine o'clock.

Jonathan and Kemp set out for the market section. A light rain was falling, and both men turned up their coat collars. They were strangers to each other and they had little to say,

but they stuck close together as they went through dimly lighted streets that smelled of vegetables and the salt sea. A number of people were standing outside Faneuil Hall, and the wide stairway leading to the assembly room was jammed.

"Too bad there's such a crowd," Kemp said. "It'll be impossible to get the audience out in a hurry. The exits won't take 'em all at once."

Half a dozen carriages arrived while they waited. Kemp looked at them sardonically. "We're getting the carriage trade all right. Abolitionism is becoming fashionable in Boston. Beacon Hill'll be boasting some day that it helped to free the slaves."

There was a sudden surge up the stairs. Jonathan and Kemp took advantage of it to force their way inside.

Every seat on the main floor was taken, and the balcony was almost entirely filled. The pleasant white interior glowed softly under the burning gas jets, and the high ceiling reflected the murmur of many voices. The whole place was alive with people as it had been on many other historic occasions.

The crowd filling up the rear of the hall had trouble finding seats. When a rush was made for the balcony stairs, Jonathan managed to push his way to the center aisle on the main floor. An usher standing there blocked his way.

"I've got to get through," Jonathan pleaded. "I have an important message for Mr. Parker."

The usher looked at him dubiously; then, after exacting a promise to return immediately, he let him pass down the aisle.

The platform was almost as crowded as the hall. Parker was there with Wendell Phillips, and Dr. Howe was seated behind them. A dozen other men prominent in the antislavery movement were clustered around them. Jonathan noted that although Tupper had refused a place on the platform, he was sitting in one of the front rows.

It was difficult to get Parker's attention, for he was engrossed in conversation with Wendell Phillips. Finally he came to the edge of the platform and bent down. His face clouded when he heard of the projected attack.

"We agreed to try other means first," he protested.

"I know," Jonathan said, "but Higginson's hotheaded friend from Worcester won the others over."

"Why didn't you hold out against them?"

"I tried to, but Stowell and Higginson stood together. Higginson's a good talker. He made everything sound fine. There's no choice now."

"Well, maybe so, but I don't like this sudden change of plan."

"Please tell the others about it," Jonathan begged. "You've got to act with us now, or the whole scheme will fall through. You're sure all the details are clear?"

"Eh? Of course, of course. But I don't like it." Parker walked away shaking his head.

XXXII

THE MEETING got under way as soon as the presiding officers were appointed. George Russell, former mayor of Roxbury, was made president. He opened the proceedings, and was followed by Dr. Howe, who proposed a series of general resolutions, such as: "It is the will of God that every man should be free; God's will be done." "No man's freedom is safe unless all men are free"; and Jefferson's motto, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

After several other speakers had put the audience in a receptive mood, the two main orators of the evening were introduced. Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker were the stand-bys of any Boston antislavery gathering. Phillips spoke first.

He compared the Burns case with the Sims case. Would the citizens of Boston let another man be sent back to bondage? "I have been talking for seventeen years about slavery," he said, "and it seems to me I've talked to little effect if within a three-year period two men can be carried off from under our noses.

The Nebraska Act I call knocking a man down. This is spitting in his face after he's down. I want you all to be at the Court House tomorrow morning when the trial begins, so you can prove that the sons of Sam Adams and John Hancock aren't bastards. Prove that we, too, are worthy of liberty!"

Jonathan was puzzled. Why was Phillips urging the crowd to be at the Court House in the morning? Perhaps he was just trying to forestall suspicion. He hoped so. It would soon be time for the messenger from the Court House to arrive. He managed to look at his watch. It was five minutes to nine.

Parker took the platform. He had the difficult task of keeping the crowd's enthusiasm up to the point where Phillips had raised it. In order to shock the audience into attention he began by addressing them as "fellow subjects of Virginia."

This brought an immediate howl of protest. Men jumped up to demand that he take back the charge.

Parker waved his hands for silence. He began again, smiling this time. "Fellow citizens of Boston then——" (There was a low growl of approval from the crowd.) "I come to condole with you at this second disgrace heaped upon our city, a city that was once made illustrious by the men who spoke in behalf of freedom in this very hall. But what has been done, has been done with Boston's connivance. A Boston man issued the warrant; a Boston marshal put it into effect; Boston men are helping to kidnap a free citizen and send him into slavery forever.

"If we had stood fast against previous incursions of slavery, we should not have to meet here in shame tonight. I should not have had to call you subjects of Virginia. For we are vassals of Virginia." (There were loud cries of "Shame!") "Shame! So I say too. But who is to blame for it? 'There is no North,' Mr. Webster once said. 'The South goes clear up to the Canada line.' He spoke more truly than he thought. There is no North today, nor is there any Boston. It is simply a northern suburb of Colonel Suttle's Alexandria. If he can reach up here to take Anthony Burns, Boston has no right to call itself the citadel of freedom. We are all fellow subjects of the state of Virginia." (Shouts of "No! No!") "I can take that back only when you

prove it's not true. I have heard a great many cheers for liberty in my time, but I have not seen many bold deeds struck for it. We talk too much about liberty and do too little. Now—are we ready to have deeds as well as words?"

The crowd came up on its feet cheering. Jonathan breathed easier. It was almost exactly nine o'clock. The messenger should be coming through the door any second now.

Parker went on. "There are two laws in this country. One is the slave law. It is the law of the President of the United States; it is Stephen Douglas' law; it is the Supreme Court's law; it is Commissioner Loring's law; it is the marshal's law—and it is the law of every ruffian he hires as a deputy. But there is another law—a law higher than the law of the United States. It is God's law, and it is the people's law when they are sure they're right and are determined to go ahead."

This brought another round of excited cheering, but Parker went on. "The British enacted a law here once. They called it the Stamp Act. You know what our fathers did to that law. And you know what they did to the tea the British sent here. That was an instance of the people going behind a wicked law to render justice."

The crowd's approval soared, but Jonathan was getting worried. The messenger was late. He heard Parker go on talking, but he no longer paid attention to what he was saying. The people in the rear had pressed in closer to hear better. Jonathan went behind them to where Kemp was standing.

"What do you suppose is the matter?" he whispered.

Kemp shrugged his shoulders. "Late getting started, I guess. Anything could happen. It's only a few minutes after nine."

Parker was explaining the nature of law. "One law—the slave law is everywhere. The other law is in your hands, and you can put it into execution when you see fit. Gentlemen, I am a clergyman and a man of peace. But I believe in a means and an end. Liberty is our end, and peace is not always the best means toward it. What are we going to do?" Someone in the audience stood up and yelled "Fight! Shoot down the slaveholders' men!"

Parker signaled for silence as the crowd burst out cheering.

"No, no," he said. "There are ways of doing this without shooting anybody. The men who have kidnaped Anthony Burns are cowards—every mother's son of them—and if we stand up resolutely to them, Burns will not be taken back and there need be no shooting."

Jonathan looked at Kemp uneasily. Then he heard Parker say: "Now, I'm going to propose that we all meet again in Court Square tomorrow morning at nine."

What had gone wrong? Had Parker despaired of waiting any longer? Or had he misunderstood the whole plan?

He was still speaking. "As many as are in favor of going there tomorrow morning raise their hands."

Many hands were raised, but voices began shouting. "Let's go tonight!" Then someone yelled out: "Let's go to the Revere House and visit the slave catchers."

Parker called for a vote on going to the Revere House. Only a few hands were shown. "It is not a vote," he said. "We shall meet in Court Square tomorrow morning."

The place was in an uproar; Parker could hardly be heard, and Wendell Phillips had to come to his assistance. His deep voice called for order, but it was only after he had begun speaking that the audience quieted down to listen to him.

"You won't do anything by groaning at the slave catchers at the Revere House," he said. "You can't insult them—they're impervious to insult. If we are to do anything, let us do it tomorrow. If I thought we could do anything tonight, I'd be the first to go. Wait till daylight. Even State Street is in sympathy with us this time. Even the Whigs, who have been kicked once too often, are with us now. Don't spoil our effort tomorrow by giving the enemy the alarm tonight. Zeal that won't keep until tomorrow will never free a slave."

Jonathan's heart sank. The whole affair had been grossly mismanaged, and he would surely come in for his share of the blame for not having made things absolutely clear to the speakers on the platform. Then he heard a commotion on the stairs. He saw a man forcing a passage into the hall, his face flushed and his arms working like flails as he made the crowd give way.

When he reached the top of the stairs he shouted for attention. Everyone turned toward him. "A mob of Negroes is in Court Square trying to rescue Anthony Burns!" he yelled. "Let's help them!"

Jonathan and Kemp made a rush for the door. Men cursed and struggled as they fought their way down the stairs. The doors burst open under the human pressure and discharged an excited flood into the street. Many were doubtful about the genuineness of the message; some even denounced it as a pro-slavery ruse to break up the meeting. A precipitating action was needed. Jonathan ran out into the street where everyone could see him.

"To Court Square!" he called out. "Help rescue the slaveholders' prisoner!" And then he was off, running across the wide area surrounding the market. He could hear feet pounding behind him as he ran.

The dark streets in the deserted business section suddenly echoed with noise as the crowd rushed through them, shattering the silence with heavy footsteps and excited shouts. Jonathan, who was far ahead of the main body, kept yelling to warn the men at Court Square that the crowd was on its way. He hurried past the old State House, which stood quiet and serene in the warm May night. Then he saw the lamps on the pillared end of the Court House reflected in black pools of rain water. As he turned the corner of Court Square, he had to search the darkness for the small group gathered at a side entrance to the long building. There were lights on the upper floors; windows were thrown open, and men were leaning out to see what was the matter.

Jonathan's appearance was the signal for action. Stowell came running across the square carrying axes and meat cleavers tied up in brown paper. They were used against the tall, iron-bound doors, but they made little impression on them. Higginson's squad came out of an alley with their battering ram. Volunteers from the crowd streaming in from Faneuil Hall rushed to help. The huge beam was carried forward with a smashing blow that made the big door shiver on its hinges. The crash brought

more men to the upper windows. A pistol cracked somewhere. The crowd in the square suddenly realized that the street lamps made them good targets. They broke the glass globes and then turned their attention to the Court House windows, stoning them with methodical thoroughness.

Again and again the heavy beam was brought crashing against the door; two men with axes kept chopping away at the lower panels. The lower hinge split, and the door sagged inward.

Jonathan saw Higginson and a Negro rush toward the opening. The Negro slipped inside the building first, but Higginson was right behind him. Then a tall, lithe figure hurried up the steps to fire a pistol through one of the broken panels. A second later the Negro came running out, followed by Higginson. Blood streamed from a cut on the minister's chin, and he stood swaying uncertainly on the steps. The crowd backed away and left him there alone.

"Cowards! Will you desert us now?" he yelled.

A gray-haired man stepped forward and walked calmly up the steps to join him. It was Bronson Alcott, the Concord philosopher.

"Why aren't we within?" he asked coolly.

Higginson pointed at the crowd. "Because they won't stand by us."

Alcott looked toward the half-open door. "Someone's hurt in there," he said. "I see a man lying on the floor." As Higginson turned to look, a pistol, discharged from behind the door, exploded near him.

Alcott dragged him away.

"We can do no good here alone," he said quietly.

As he and Higginson started down the steps, tall-hatted policemen charged into the crowd, arresting everyone they could lay their hands on. Jonathan saw Stowell being led away, but he had to look after Higginson. He hurried him toward an alley, for his bleeding face would surely mark him for the police. The young minister was almost crying. "It's failed, it's failed," he kept muttering. "We could have rescued him if we'd had enough support."

Jonathan made him wipe the blood from his chin. Higginson had not even noticed the wound. He asked for Stowell, and Jonathan had to tell him he had seen him taken into custody by the police.

While they waited at the entrance to the alley, a man came running up to hand Higginson his umbrella, which he had left hanging on the Court House fence. At the unknown person's polite remark, "Mister, I guess you've left your rumberil," both Higginson and Jonathan laughed ruefully. Then they had to move on, for a company of soldiers had entered the other end of the square and were driving the crowd out. They fled down the dark passageway to Washington Street. Men hurried past them, trying to escape the steadily advancing soldiers.

They saw Theodore Parker standing resolutely on the street corner as the crowd streamed past him. Higginson went over to him and seized him by the arm.

"It's failed," Higginson said bluntly. "What happened at Faneuil Hall?"

"I don't know what happened anywhere," Parker said. "Those of us who were on the platform couldn't get out until the audience had left. There's no rear exit, you know. I didn't arrive at the Court House until you had broken down the door, so I hardly know myself what took place there. We'll have to find the others and try to piece our information together."

"They may be at the old Brattle Street Coffee House," Higginson said. "At least that's where they usually meet."

They walked along Washington Street and turned left on Brattle. The coffeehouse windows were brightly lighted, and there was an excited crowd inside. Dr. Howe was there, and so were a number of the younger men who had voted for the attack on the Court House.

"Well, gentlemen," Parker said quietly, "suppose we try to find out just what did happen. Mr. Bradford here brought me a message that the Court House was to be attacked at nine o'clock. I did not approve of the plan, but I informed my colleagues of it. What went wrong? Why was your messenger late?"

We worked the audience up to a pitch of excitement that could not be sustained any longer."

Higginson spoke up. "We had trouble getting the axes. We placed them with a friend, but his office was locked when we went there. We had to break in the door. And our own men were late in arriving. There weren't more than half a dozen of us at the Court House by nine o'clock. We couldn't begin with a handful like that. As soon as we got the axes and a few more men, we sent word."

The messenger who had announced the attack added his bit. "I lost time getting into the hall. The entrance was so crowded I had a hard time forcing my way through."

"It was all very unfortunate," Parker said. "And I'm afraid we've done irreparable damage to our cause. The marshal will double his guard now. We shall have no chance at all of taking Anthony Burns."

"Not while he's in Boston," Dr. Howe said. "But we might be able to capture him while he's being sent to the South. At New York, for instance. We could make a surprise attack there with a few men."

His suggestion met with a cool reception. Everyone's ardor had been dashed by the failure of the evening's plan.

"We'll have to hope for the success of our legal battle," Parker said. "Although I must say that this fiasco won't help us any. The press will turn against us now and make a great scandal of what we did tonight. I can see——"

The coffeehouse door was thrust violently open as George Kemp strode into the room. His face was so expressive of disaster that it silenced everyone. He approached the long table and paused dramatically.

"We've killed a man," he announced. "Whoever fired that pistol through the Court House door hit one of the deputies standing behind it. He was shot in the belly and died almost immediately."

There was a murmur of consternation.

"Does anyone know who fired the pistol?" Parker asked.

No one answered. Jonathan sat silent with all the others, un-

certain as to whether he should speak or not. He had seen the man who had rushed up the Court House steps. He was almost certain that it was Martin Stowell. And he remembered, too, that Stowell had said he was armed.

XXXIII

NEXT MORNING the Boston newspapers were almost unanimous in denouncing the Abolitionists' raid on the Court House. Some of them called Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker murderers, charging them with responsibility for the death of the man slain by the mysterious pistol shot. Rumors of threats against their lives spread, and the Vigilance Committee had to send guards to protect their homes. Several sturdy young men were also dispatched to *The Liberator's* offices. Garrison had played no part in the Burns' affair, but Boston automatically associated him with any disturbance connected with slavery.

Soldiers roped off Court Square, and sentries were posted at the entrance to the Court House when the examination got under way at nine o'clock. The session was very short, for Dana asked for a postponement.

Anniversary Week began on Monday. Hundreds of visitors who had come to attend the various reform conventions thronged the city and added to the tension. Among them was William Moore, who had come down from Dartmouth to serve as a delegate to the Antislavery Convention at the Melodeon. Jonathan saw very little of him, for they were both busy. On Thursday, registration books for Kansas emigrants were opened. Wandrei and Lucy were among the first to sign up. They were given instructions as to what household goods they could take, and they were told to be prepared to start for the West some time in July.

Lucy stayed with her father at Mrs. Taylor's that night in

order to be in town for the court's decision the next day. Jonathan came to breakfast. Wandrei joined them, and then they all set out for the Court House.

When they approached the square, they found the surrounding streets so crowded that it was impossible to get through them. Fortunately, Jonathan was able to lead them by a roundabout way to the rear entrance to Dana's office on Court Square. From its windows they obtained a good view of what was happening. Long files of soldiers were drawn up with fixed bayonets, blocking off all access to the Court House. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery had been called out, and a brightly polished brass cannon stood in the street.

Antislavery sympathizers were out in full force, for the morning trains had brought thousands of them from near-by towns. Worcester alone had sent seven hundred to march through the streets with placards and banners. Jonathan asked Dana's clerk about Higginson and was told that he had been warned to stay away from Boston, for there was a warrant out for his arrest.

Several policemen began to tack up posters around the square. The clerk took his employer's marine telescope and trained it on one of the bulletins.

"It's a proclamation from the mayor," he said. "He's ordering all 'well-disposed' citizens to keep off the streets so they won't get hurt."

"That can mean only one thing," William Moore predicted. "They know the decision will be unfavorable, or they wouldn't want the streets cleared."

"Mr. Loring will earn ten dollars today instead of five," Jonathan said bitterly. The Fugitive Slave Law provided that a commissioner who returned a slave was to be paid ten dollars, whereas he received only half that amount if he discharged the Negro.

"It is very like Prussia," Wandrei murmured. "It is very like Prussia indeed. I never expected to see anything of this sort in democratic America."

"But here at least the people have the right to come out and protest," Lucy said.

"They protested in Prussia and were shot down for it."

"They won't dare shoot them here."

"They seem prepared to."

"But they won't dare! They can't! This is free Massachusetts!" Lucy's voice rose with hysterical emotion. Wandrei put his arm around her and led her to a chair. Jonathan busied himself at the window. There was a long wait, during which everyone's nerves became tauter.

"There's Mr. Dana coming out of the Court House now," the clerk cried suddenly.

Dana looked up at the window of his office and waved his arm, holding his hand with the thumb turned down.

"That's the signal for failure," the clerk explained. "Commissioner Loring has decided against the prisoner."

Dana's gesture was quickly interpreted by others, and reaction to it ran through the closely packed people like a wave. A tremendous groan rose from the narrow streets. The soldiers surrounding the Court House stiffened to attention. The men at the cannon brought more ammunition and ostentatiously deposited it where everyone could see it.

A gloomy silence settled down upon the office. Wandrei and the young law clerk carried on a discreetly voiced conversation on the philosophy of law. Jonathan asked Lucy if she wanted lunch, but she said she couldn't bear the thought of eating. The big clock on the wall kept ticking the seconds away.

A commotion outside brought everyone to the window. A company of dragoons was marching into the square. They were greeted by groans and jeers, but more soldiers kept arriving. By one o'clock the area around the Court House was almost solidly packed with uniformed men.

A wooden coffin with the words "The Funeral of Liberty" scrawled on it was carried down Court Street on the shoulders of six husky dock workers. When police forced them off the street, they took refuge in the office of a Free-Soil newspaper and hung the coffin out of one of the windows. Hastily improvised banners of mourning were displayed on other buildings;

those who could not get black crepe hung out American flags with the unions down.

At two o'clock there were rumors that Burns was soon to be brought out. Several anxious conferences were held between the military forces and city officials, and a large detachment of police and special deputies was sent out to clear Court Street. As they drove the crowds back, squads of infantrymen took possession of the streets leading to the harbor.

The soldiers in the square were hastily drawn up into marching order; troops from the Court House were led out and lined up for inspection of arms. More than a hundred civilian deputies armed with short swords and revolvers were assembled into a hollow square, while people in windows and on roof tops poured down their wrath on them. The marshal ran up and down, warning his men not to pay any attention to the jeering. Angry voices rose from every street, and people blocks away from the scene of action began pressing forward. The soldiers holding back the front ranks of the crowd locked arms together and braced themselves against the solid mass, shouting hoarsely for order. The Brattle Street church bell began to toll, adding its metallic clangor to the confusion.

One of the officers signaled to the artillerymen to light their matches. Infantrymen were ordered to mark time, and the sullen tread of their booted feet underscored the noise of the crowd.

The Court House door was thrown open; more deputies came pouring out, leading with them a tall young Negro who blinked as the bright sunlight hit his face. At his appearance, the already deafening noise rose to a terrifying crescendo that drowned out the tolling bell and the tramping of the soldiers' feet.

He was rushed down the steps and thrust into the center of the hollow square. Heavily armed men grouped themselves around him; horses were quickly harnessed to the fieldpiece; mounted lancers rode to the head of the line; and foot soldiers fell into place at the rear. The marshal's voice could not be heard in the frightful din, so he motioned frantically for the procession to start. The lancers headed toward Court Street and turned right toward the harbor. The soldiers holding back the

crowd at street intersections had to brace themselves against terrific pressure. At the far end of the square, the crowd boiled into the area just vacated.

Jonathan and the others ran downstairs. They rushed through alleys to State Street, but the procession had passed by the time they reached it, so they went on to the Custom House, arriving there just as the slowly marching column of soldiers swung left toward Long Wharf.

This sudden change of direction bewildered the crowd. People pressed forward from two directions at once, forcing those in the front ranks into the center of the street. Cavalrymen, mistaking this for an attack, charged into the stumbling mass of people, riding them down with their horses, and cutting at their heads with their swords. Women screamed, and men fought back, striking out at the horses with their fists and trying to drag their riders from their saddles. A column of infantrymen ran up with lowered bayonets.

Half a dozen victims were left bleeding in the street as the soldiers pursued the fleeing crowd from the scene. Lucy was almost knocked down. Jonathan quickly pulled her into the shelter of a doorway, and her father and Wandrei dashed into it after them. A foot soldier came pounding up, demanding to know what they were doing there.

William Moore stepped out into the street and confronted the red-faced soldier. "Young man," he said angrily, "you have no right to ask that. What business have you here?"

"To kill such damned rascals as you!" the soldier cried, raising his bayoneted musket.

Wandrei leaped out of the doorway and struck the gun up. Jonathan followed him, lunging for the soldier's face. The man went down, his musket clattering on the stones.

Lucy darted into the street and urged the others to run. A shot rang out, and a bullet ricocheted from a brick wall, whining angrily past them.

They ran at top speed for several blocks. Soldiers were pouring into the street behind them, attracted by the sound of the shot. Jonathan saw an open cellarway and dragged Lucy into it.

The others tumbled down the steps after them. They crouched there until they heard the soldiers go thudding past. A few minutes later they emerged into a silent and deserted street.

It was not until they reached the water front that they had time to stop and look at one another. Lucy began to laugh; then she saw that her father was short of breath, and she insisted that he sit down to rest.

William Moore's gray hair was disheveled, and his face was flushed, but he was grinning like a boy. Wandrei smiled at him. "I remember running from the police like this when I was a student," he said. "Only then—" he stopped, and his face suddenly became sober "—the police shot some of my friends that night."

"I don't know why we should act as if we were fugitives from justice," Jonathan said. "We haven't done anything."

Moore looked up at him slyly, pushing back his long straight hair. "Have you forgotten that you knocked down a uniformed militiaman?"

"Oh, him!" Jonathan said contemptuously. "He deserved it. He wanted to bayonet you, didn't he?"

"Well, not exactly," his foster father said. "I'd say that he was just an overexcited young man. And so were you when you assaulted him."

"You were rather excited yourself, Father," Lucy said.

"So I was, Daughter. We were all too excited, I'm afraid. Shall we go back now and see what they've done to that poor Negro?"



There was still a huge crowd at the foot of Long Wharf. The little steamer that was to take Burns to a naval vessel lying farther out on the bay had not yet sailed. The fieldpiece was too large to go up the gangplank, and the soldiers were having trouble taking it apart.

Spectators were forbidden access to this pier, but they were thronging the other wharves north of the basin in which the steamer was tied up. Sailors on ships anchored near by had climbed into the rigging of their vessels to boo at the soldiers.

While Jonathan and his friends waited, they saw several fights spring up on the docks. One man who was incautious enough to remark that he was "glad to see the nigger go" was promptly knocked down by a sailor and sent sprawling. The police had to intervene to restore peace.

The soldiers finally got their fieldpiece apart. The cannon and its carriage were quickly put on board, and the gangplank was hauled up. The steam whistle blew shrilly, while the spectators sent up a farewell groan. The little steamer moved away from the pier, scattering a flock of screeching sea gulls.

The crowd suddenly became silent. A clergyman got up on a pile of boxes and called upon them to join him in prayer. Hats were hastily pulled off, and hundreds kneeled down on the cobblestones with bowed heads and solemn faces.

His words came through the angry screams of the sea gulls and the distant tolling of the Brattle Street bell. "O Lord, give us strength on this, our day of humiliation. Let not this mighty Republic continue to spurn the plea of the oppressed. Say unto our fellow citizens who are now blinded by arrogance thy message as of old: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

From the multitude assembled along the edge of the water a great murmur went up as the word "Amen" was spoken. Then the wheeling gulls settled down on the water again, and the crowd turned homeward.

XXXIV

THE DAY ON WHICH Anthony Burns was returned to slavery was a landmark in the lives of all those who had lived through it. They counted events as happening before or after that time, and they remembered the occasion as one on which all New England stood ashamed. The public commons of a dozen towns

blazed with the burning of Loring's effigy, and the women of Woburn sent the commissioner thirty pieces of silver. The leaders of the attack on the Court House were indicted, but public opinion was so strongly in their favor that the prosecution knew it would have trouble getting a conviction. Since Jonathan had not been named in the indictment, he was free to go to Pennsylvania with the Moores. They were to arrive in Boston at the end of the college year to see their daughter married and then proceed to Chambersburg while Lucy and Wandrei went to Kansas with Thayer's emigrants.

Giving notice to Tupper was difficult, for he could not understand why any bright young man should want to leave his employment to bury himself away on a farm. But when Jonathan made it plain that he preferred operating a station on the Underground to becoming rich in commerce, the old merchant actually offered to extend his loan indefinitely. "I've pretty well given up hope of ever seeing my money anyway," he sighed. "You reformers seem to think wealth is a public trust. You're honest to the penny when it comes to something for yourselves, but God help any man who advances cash for one of your causes. He might as well kiss it good-by. Can you imagine anyone getting his money back from Parker or Garrison? They're bottomless sinkholes down which dollars disappear forever."

"I'll pay you back," Jonathan protested. "The loan you made me was a personal matter. I'll repay it if it's the last thing I do."

Tupper patted his shoulder affectionately. "Suit yourself, my boy. I suppose the least men like me can do is dig down into their pocketbooks. I'm getting older, and I have no one to leave my money to anyway. If you ever get into a tight spot on your damned Railroad, I know you'll be on my neck for help—and you need have no reticence about asking me either. I can't understand you—yet I must admit— Oh, well, let's not go into that. I'm damned sorry you're going. Damned sorry. But I wish you the best of luck."

"I'm not going yet," Jonathan reminded him. "Not until Lucy's married, and that's still a month away."

Tupper leaned back in his chair and shook his head sadly.

"You're a fool, Jonathan. I've always said so, and I always will. However, it's none of my business. Dree your own weird, for no one can help you. You were born to make yourself unhappy. I know your kind—all tangled up in a thousand conflicting ideas of duty, morality, and such nonsense. You'd never make a merchant anyway."



A huge Abolitionist meeting was held in Framingham on the Fourth of July. Jonathan was not able to attend it, but he read the reports in *The Liberator*. Garrison had burned a copy of the Constitution and had called upon the audience to applaud his act, denouncing the document as a proslavery instrument.

Jonathan was outraged by what Garrison had done, but he approved a speech made by a young man from Concord named Henry David Thoreau. His address, aptly entitled "Slavery in Massachusetts," attacked the people of his own state for their complacency. They allowed slavery to exist in a part of the nation and did nothing about it; they had protested the seizure of Anthony Burns, but now that he was gone they were willing to dismiss him from their minds as if his fate was no concern of theirs.

"I have lived for the last month," he said, "with the sense of having suffered a vast and indefinite loss. At first I did not know what ailed me. At last it occurred to me that what I had lost was a country. I am surprised to see men going about their business as if nothing had happened. I say to myself, 'Unfortunates! they have not heard the news!' No prudent man will build a house under these circumstances, or engage in any peaceful enterprise which requires a long time to accomplish. This is not an era of repose. We have used up our inherited freedom. If we would save our lives we must fight for them!"



On Saturday, July 15, two days before the first band of emigrants was to leave for Kansas, Wandrei and Lucy were quietly married at Dr. Howe's home in South Boston. Theodore Parker

performed the ceremony, and a number of noted antislavery people were present. Jonathan stood in the Howe's big living room studying the grotesque beasts and fishes on the Gobelin carpet while he listened to the words that made Lucy another man's wife.

He knew that everyone's eyes were upon him when he approached the newly married couple to congratulate them, but he forced himself to kiss the bride and shake Wandrei's hand. As soon as they drove off in a hired hack, he slipped away from the guests and rushed to the beach, where he remained until nightfall. He kept to his room all day Sunday, but on Monday morning he had to go to the railroad station to bid farewell to Lucy and her husband.

The train shed was crowded. Thayer, with his usual flare for the dramatic, had provided a brass band to give his first twenty-four emigrants a send-off, so there was a great deal of noise and confusion. Jonathan did not succeed in finding Lucy until a minute or two before the train left. She was standing near one of the coaches with her parents and Wandrei. When she saw Jonathan, she broke away from them and came running toward him.

"I've missed you," she said simply, giving him both hands to hold. "Why have you been so distant?"

He smiled abashedly and said nothing.

Her hands tightened on his. "I'll miss you now even more. It's going to be dreadfully lonesome in Kansas. Write me often, will you?"

"Of course," Jonathan said. "You're still my sister, you know."

He stood looking into her eyes, while a thousand memories of their childhood swept through his mind. "I wish you all the luck in the world," he said at last. "Believe me—I do. And I hope you'll be happy."

Wandrei gave him his hand. "Good-by, old fellow," he said warmly. "I wish you were coming with us. I really do. We're going to need good men in Kansas. It's going to be a long hard battle, and there are so few of us—so terribly few."

"I know," Jonathan murmured. "We have a dozen fronts to fight on. Each of us must choose his own, I suppose. I don't have to tell you to take care of Lucy—I know you will."

The engine whistle blew, and Thayer's band blared out loudly. Lucy's face was tear-streaked as her husband helped her aboard the train.

The people on the platform began to sing the song Whittier had written for the occasion. Their voices rose above the noise of the departing train and the sound of the band instruments.

*We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!*

*We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine!*

William Moore touched Jonathan's arm as he stood gazing after the rapidly vanishing train. "Come, Son," he said. "We also have work to do on that same southern line. We leave for Chambersburg tomorrow."

XXXV

WHEN THE TRAIN bringing the Moores to Chambersburg chugged its way down the Cumberland Valley, Jonathan thought the country the most beautiful he had ever seen. Two huge mountain ranges bordered a twenty-mile-wide stretch of fertile land that was dotted by prosperous-looking homes and enormous barns. The rolling floor of the valley reminded him of Illinois, but the mountains added a touch of grandeur unknown on the Western prairies.

At the Chambersburg station William Moore hired a wagon to take his family to the farm. As they drove past the neat little brick houses of the town, he and his wife kept remarking on the changes that had taken place in the twenty-five years they had been away. The railroad had been built during that time, and the mills and factories lining the Conococheague had grown in size and number. Beyond the suburbs were many large houses built in the elaborate Gothic style that had recently become popular. But the farm lands were the same as ever, and the Moores began to feel at home when they reached open country.

They left the Cashtown-Gettysburg road and turned north. The rounded hills and dales of the valley merged with the wooded hill slopes and became more picturesque and rugged. Then the mountain stream they had been following suddenly widened out into a dammed-up pond at the end of which stood a small stone grist mill. William Moore touched the horses with his whip. They broke into a lumbering gallop, and their heavy hoofs thundered hollowly on the planks of a bridge below the dam. The noise brought a one-armed Negro to the door of the mill. He looked at them with a puzzled expression and then hurried to the wagon with cries of welcome. It was Solomon Yancy, an almost legendary figure in the family's history. Jonathan had heard stories about him ever since boyhood, for Solomon had taught his foster father how to fish and hunt and had been his constant companion on the farm. He had been injured in the mill when a drive belt had torn off his left arm, but despite his crippled condition he was almost as capable as any two-armed man.

His wrinkled black face was beaming as he helped Mrs. Moore out of the wagon. He tried to brush the flour dust from his clothing; he scolded a yellow mongrel that ran out to yelp at the horses; he was in a dozen places at once, trying to put everything to rights for the unexpected return of the family.

"Come in, come in," he kept saying. "Come in outer the heat." He pushed open the basement door to the mill, inviting them all to enter his living quarters.

The room was powdered lightly with flour dust. Even the

furniture was covered with it, and Solomon had to sweep off an old sofa before he would let his guests sit down on it.

"It sure is good to see you back, Mister William," he said. "It's a shame and sin what's happened to dis place. Mister Elias, he rented it out to all kinds o' people who let it go to pieces. But you'll see, you'll see. Dere ain't been a plow in most o' dese fields fer years."

Jonathan's heart sank. He knew the difficulty of driving a plowshare through the tough stubble of neglected fields. He stood at the doorway to the mill, listening to the softly rushing water that underscored the conversation between the Moores and old Solomon. Everything about the place seemed oddly familiar because it had been described to him a hundred times. Yet, now that he saw it, it had changed somehow from the images he had built up in his own mind. The mill seemed smaller and less impressive than the building which had played such a large part in his foster father's stories about his own boyhood. From where Jonathan stood he could see the dark, cool waters of the pond where fabulously big fish were supposed to lurk. Beyond it were the ruined foundations of what had been the miller's house until it had burned during a spectacular fire in the winter of 1816.

Jonathan was eager to see the farmhouse and the barns. Danny, too, shifted about impatiently. His father excused himself to Solomon and started out on a tour of inspection with the boys. They went through the woods to a large clearing on the top of a hill, where a fine old red-brick house stood looking out over the wide valley. High grass grew in the dooryard, and the flower beds and shrubs were a tangle of weeds and vines. Solomon had boarded up the lower windows and had replaced missing slates on the roof, but the house was badly in need of repair. The barns were in better condition. Their heavy oak beams were sound, and their brick sides were as good as ever. A few floor boards and some paint would restore them.

"You can't hurt a Pennsylvania barn," Moore said. "They were built to outlast the mountains. But the house——"

"And that's not all, either," Jonathan muttered. "Look at the fields——"

The big fields stretching far away down the long slope were grown up with weeds and quick-sprouting sumac. It would be a backbreaking job to clear them, and, worse still, the fine fruit orchard which had once been the greatest asset of the farm had been allowed to go to ruin. Many of the trees were half dead, and they were all untrimmed and wild.

William Moore tried to be cheerful. "There wasn't a better farm in this whole valley when my father lived here," he said. "I know the soil's good. It'll take a lot of work to bring it back, but it'll earn a living for us after we get it in condition. And we're not exactly amateurs at this sort of work."

"But it just seems a shame to let such a good place run down so badly," Jonathan groaned. "How could anyone permit it?" He was pained by the sight of such neglect. It was as if a human thing had been hurt.

"I'm afraid my brother did it just to spite me," Moore confessed. "He probably would have sold the farm or mortgaged it to the hilt if my father's will hadn't stopped him. Now that the property is solely mine, there's no reason why we can't take out a mortgage. And I'm afraid we're going to need one. There's no other way of obtaining cash for stock and machinery and repairs."

He walked up the crumbling steps to the porch and pushed open the front door. There was a stale, musty odor in the house, and although Solomon had attempted to keep the interior clean, there were evidences of mice and rats on the floors.

The wide entrance hall opened into a long, low-ceilinged room which contained a fireplace big enough to take six-foot logs. Beyond it was a small dining room and a large kitchen in which a broken coal range stood covered with grease and rust.

They went upstairs and peered into the empty bedrooms. Moore pointed out one of them as the room in which he had been born and in which both his father and mother had died. Rat droppings and husks of nuts brought in through the broken windows by squirrels littered the floors; cracked plaster had dropped from the walls; and in one place the roof had leaked badly. Solomon had repaired it, but the ceiling was ruined. The

two boys tried to make light of the damage, but Moore's face was sad as they went downstairs. "The old place looks as if it were hoping someone would come here and make it a home again," he said. "I hate empty houses. They always seem to be brooding over a happier past."

"We'll fix it up better than ever," Danny said proudly. "By spring you won't know it. A little paint and some furniture—a few lamps and pictures, and everything'll be fine. Mother will know what to do."

Jonathan agreed with him. "It's a good house—well built and sturdy. It won't be hard to restore it to good condition. I like it. I like the way it sits here on the hill too."

Moore smiled at their enthusiasm. "Oh, it's a good place all right. I just feel depressed at seeing it like this."

"It's perfect for our needs," Jonathan said eagerly. "Being up here on the hill behind these woods is ideal. We can hear every team that crosses the mill bridge. It'll make a fine Underground station."

"Aye, that it will. And it won't be the first time fugitive slaves have come here. I remember a few in my father's day. I suspect that Solomon may have helped some of them on their way while he had the place all to himself. In fact, I'd be ashamed of him if he hasn't. We must get in touch with other antislavery people in the neighborhood. We'll make this an important stop on the road to freedom." He paused and chuckled. "A way station on the road to freedom! To what better purpose could any bit of God's green earth be put?"

BOOK FIVE

The Road to Freedom

PENNSYLVANIA

1854-59





XXXVI

THE MOORE FARM was located in a section where many people sympathized with the slaveholders. Pennsylvania was predominantly antislavery; during the forties its citizens had passed laws to protect the runaways who sought refuge among them, but the Fugitive Slave Act had superseded this legislation, and proslavery residents of the border counties were doing their best to counteract the antislavery sentiment of the rest of the state. Neighbor was pitted against neighbor; feeling ran high; and the Cumberland Valley, which seemed so peaceful, was in reality seething with dissension.

When proslavery and antislavery men met on one of the valley roads, they nodded curtly and drove on. Newspapers damned the opposing cause; stores had either an antislavery or a proslavery following; employers hired men of their own views; and everyone was forced to take sides on the issue.

Fear sat on the valley like a cloud; men who thought alike banded together for protection; and antislavery people flocked to the Moores to welcome them home and to warn them against their proslavery neighbors. They volunteered, too, to help repair the house and clear the fields. Work went on accompanied by endless political discussion; every nail was sent home by a ringing hammer blow that punctuated some vehement remark, and

brush was cut by men who swung their scythes as though they were felling an army of slaveholders.

The house was ready before cold weather set in. Mrs. Moore returned from Chambersburg, where she had stayed while repairs were being made, and the family settled down to the serious business of establishing a way station on the Underground Railroad.

While the house was being renovated, Jonathan had discovered a long-unused cistern under the old front porch. It was a large stone-lined tank about eight feet square and seven feet deep. With Danny's help he cleaned it out and boarded it over with planks which they covered with dirt. The new porch was built over it, and a passageway was dug from the cellar to the cistern. When they finished their work they had a secret chamber that would safely conceal half a dozen fugitives.

Mrs. Moore, too, had made good use of her time. During her stay in Chambersburg she had gotten in touch with two elderly Quaker sisters who were distantly related to her family, and through them she had been inducted into membership in the local sewing circle. Sewing circles were used by Abolitionist women as recruiting offices, and they served as convenient exchanges for news of the Underground.

The meetings of the Chambersburg sewing circle were usually held at the home of Mrs. Moore's relatives, for the elder of the two sisters, Henrietta Norton, was a bedridden invalid who could not leave her room. Nevertheless, she was the active leader of the Abolitionists in the lower valley. She was by no means as helpless as she seemed; her indomitable will enabled her to surmount the difficulties of not being able to move about; her sister Abigail and her maidservant Rica were her willing messengers; and the United States Government unwittingly helped her carry on her secret crusade. She had long ago discovered the usefulness of the Post Office. From her quiet bedroom she kept up an extensive correspondence with antislavery leaders all over the nation, and there were few trains stopping at Chambersburg that did not bear a letter to or from the woman everyone pitied as a useless creature. She counted the poet Whittier as her friend;

she had alliances in Congress; and she was in touch with Underground operators in a dozen states.

Her servant Rica was a half-white girl who had been born in the Tidewater section and raised there in the patriarchal surroundings of early nineteenth-century Virginia. When her putative father died, and his slaves were about to be sold to settle his estate, Rica ran away. She crossed Virginia and Maryland successfully, but fell into the hands of professional slave hunters at the Pennsylvania border. The Norton sisters read of her plight in the newspapers; Henrietta promptly sent her sister to buy the girl at public auction; and when Abigail brought her home, they legally emancipated her. They shortened her slave name, Africa, to Rica; gave her their own surname; and taught her to read and write. After much questioning of the Quaker conscience, which frowned upon such self-indulgence as servants, she was "temporarily" engaged to tend to the invalid.

She readily learned the ways of her Quaker mistresses, even adopting their manner of speech. She had a long struggle with Abigail for supremacy in the kitchen, for Abigail thought it sinful for an able-bodied woman not to work. But Rica had been taught that white ladies were never supposed to soil their hands by physical labor. It took years for her to impose the manners of aristocratic Tidewater Virginia upon the simple Quaker household, but she finally won her battle.

Rica's benevolent tyranny extended beyond the household. Every Negro in the valley took orders from her, and even the whites were often subtly bent to her will. She was present at every sewing circle meeting, ostensibly to serve tea, but actually to play a more important part in its activities than many of its members suspected.

As soon as the Moores were settled in their new home, Rica visited them. She never had trouble finding transportation anywhere in the valley, for she would simply sit patiently at the side of the road waiting for the wagon of an antislavery family to pass. Then she would hail it and ride happily to her destination, sitting up on the high seat, joking with the driver, and thoroughly enjoying herself.

She appeared at the Moore farm bearing gifts of jellies and preserves. She put her presents down on the porch, and then whispered something to Mrs. Moore, who smiled and asked Jonathan to show their guest his hand.

Rica examined the brand, which by now had become a well-healed scar in the labor-hardened palm. In the bright sunlight, the letters SS were plainly visible. She muttered something over them, seized the outstretched hand, and to Jonathan's great embarrassment, insisted on kissing it.

"Thee is marked as a savior of my people," she said solemnly. "I praise God that thee has come to dwell among us. Glory be." Then the almost religious awe suddenly vanished from her face, and she chuckled. "If ever thee has trouble with the godless people here, just get in touch with Rica and she'll pray thee out of it. She's got a powerful way with God—and when God don't do nothin', she's got a powerful way of her own."

She sat down on the porch, wiggling into a comfortable position by pushing herself along on her fat haunches until she could lean against one of the still-unpainted roof posts. "This will make a good Underground station," she said placidly. "Ole Sol kin warn thee if anybody comes."

"We can hear any horse or wagon that crosses the bridge," Jonathan said.

Her sly, round face crinkled with laughter. "Thee is a right smart operator. But thee must be careful. Some black folks that travel the routes don't belong on 'em."

"Traitors, you mean?"

"Traitors, I mean." She shook her head vehemently. "Black traitors too." She spat viciously on the ground and continued shaking her head and muttering to herself.

"What do you do when you catch them?" Jonathan asked curiously.

A sinister expression crossed her face. Her wide lips curled in scorn and her nostrils were distended. "We takes 'em up in the mountains," she said mysteriously.

"And then——"

"And then they don't come back. Hit's powerful easy to git lost in them big mountains."

Mrs. Moore was shocked. "You don't kill them?"

"Lordy, Miss Patience, no'm, we don't kill 'em. That is we don't 'xactly kill 'em. We just make sure they don't go back South to tell who tried to help 'em."

"Do your mistresses know about this?"

Rica shook her head vigorously. "Lordy, no. They're good Quakers."

"Aren't you a good Quaker?" William Moore asked.

Rica smiled grimly. "I'se just a borrowed Quaker, so I don't have to b'lieve everything they do." She saw Solomon crossing the dooryard and called out to him. He came over to the porch and greeted her respectfully.

"I was just tellin' these folks 'bout the spy men on the Underground," she said genially. "Tell 'em what we do when we catches 'em."

Solomon glanced around uneasily. "What spy men you talkin' 'bout?"

"Thee knows right well. Thee can't have forgotten the one thee took up there only last year."

Solomon looked at her blankly.

"What's the matter?" she said irritably. "Don't thee trust these folks?"

Solomon pulled his mouth to one side in a disapproving gesture. "You oughtn't talk 'bout sech things, Rica. You is gwine to get in trouble someday."

Rica's underlip pouted. "How're these folks going to know 'bout spy men 'less I tell 'em?"

"Dere won't be no spy men comin' in heah. I won't let 'em in."

"Thee is an old fool and——"

Mrs. Moore had to intervene. "Solomon," she said, "is this true about what happens on the mountain? Why, it sounds like murder!"

Rica did not let Solomon answer. "No'm, it ain't murder," she said quickly. "It's war. We can't let spy men come here tryin'

to send their brothers back to bondage. A black man what ud do that ain't fit to live. And besides, we don't 'xactly kill 'em, do we, Sol?"

Sol shook his head vigorously. "We just lose 'em," he murmured.

"Tell Miss Patience what happened to the one thee last took up in the mountain."

Solomon wriggled about uncomfortably. "He done slipped on a rock and fell down a cliff," he said finally.

"And then——"

"A rock fell down from de cliff on him. Drove him right down to de debil, I reckon."



When Jonathan drove into Chambersburg, he went to the small brick house on one of the side streets where the Nortons lived. Through Rica he had received an invitation that was almost a command. She answered the door, strangely subdued and on her best behavior now that she was at home. She spoke in a whisper, for it was Henrietta Norton's customary hour for resting.

A voice called out from the upper floor. "Who's that, Rica? Who knocked at the door?"

The Negress looked at Jonathan in dismay. Then she went to the foot of the stairs and answered in a reproachful tone: "I thought thee was asleep. It's that Bradford man I told thee about."

"I'm not asleep," the voice said coolly. "Let Jonathan Bradford come up."

Rica sighed heavily. "Thee ought to be resting at this hour. It is thy sleeping time." There was no reply. The Negress shook her head disapprovingly and started up the stairs, her wide bulk completely filling the narrow passage. She ushered Jonathan into a small, pleasant bedroom flooded with pale November sunlight. An elderly woman was sitting by the window in a high-backed rocker; a gray robe was drawn over her shoulders, and a tiny muslin cap covered her white hair.

"Welcome, Jonathan Bradford," she said in a slow, deliberate voice. "Peace be with thee."

Henrietta Norton pushed aside the letter she had been writing and capped the inkwell with a firm hand.

"We have been awaiting thy coming. Friends in Boston have told us of thy exploits and have assured us of thy trustworthiness and ability."

Jonathan bowed.

"Thy foster mother has told us much about thee," she went on, staring at him unblinkingly, as if she were seeking confirmation through her own eyes. "Our friend Rica has told us also."

Rica stirred restlessly in the corner of the room where she was still standing. Her mistress glanced at her significantly. Jonathan heard the Negress leave the room and go down the stairs, but he did not take his eyes from the deeply lined face of the old Quakeress.

Henrietta Norton never wasted words. She motioned to Jonathan to be seated and began to talk about the subject nearest her heart. "I do not need to tell thee about the situation here in the valley. This road along the mountains is a God-given passageway to the North, but it is not being used enough. What are thy plans?"

Jonathan told her how he expected to bring the Underground Railroad through Chambersburg. He even admitted building the secret chamber in which to hide the fugitives.

The old Quaker lady nodded approvingly, occasionally stopping him to question some point or to criticize what he said.

"I will give thee a letter to Hiram Wertz in Quincy," she said finally. "Make thy arrangements with him. His house is only a few miles north of the Maryland border, and it has often served as a stopping place for our black friends. Then go toward Bendersville by the upper road across the mountain. It is important that thee not take the Cashtown Pike, for there are people living in the Gap who would help the slave catchers. At Bendersville thee'll find a community of my people. I regret to say that they are not all to be trusted, but thee can rely on a man called Tolman Drew who lives on a farm several miles this side of the village. His house sits far back from the road, but thee can tell it by the cedar trees lining the lane, and there is a brick school-

house across the way from the entrance. I have never seen the place, of course, but friends have described it to me, and I have corresponded with Tolman Drew. I shall write him to expect thy coming."

She explained then that it was dangerous for Wertz to keep fugitives in his house overnight. The Moores' farm would be a better place in which to give them a breathing spell before they started north again. After letting them rest for a day, it would be easy to take them to Drew's farm the next night, although it was a long drive, and the mountain road she recommended was a more roundabout way than the Cashtown Gap. From Bendersville the fugitives could travel the regularly established route leading north from Gettysburg to Harrisburg, where they could be put on a steam train that would take them to Elmira and eventually to Canada.

Before she finished speaking, her sister came in and was introduced to Jonathan. Abigail Norton was a fragile little person who had been molded by Quaker discipline and her sister's iron will into a pattern alien to her nature. She was dressed in a somber gray, but her white cap was less plain than Henrietta's, and her whole appearance was less severe. She smiled pleasantly at Jonathan and then went to the window to draw the curtains, for she was sure the bright sunlight was hurting her sister's eyes. Henrietta sat brooding silently while Abigail ran on about the unseasonably warm November weather. But Henrietta gave her only a few moments indulgence; then she resumed her discussion with Jonathan.

It was important, she said, that all arrangements for establishing the Moore farm as a stop on the Underground be completed before winter set in. Few slaves were likely to try to make their way north during the cold weather, but everything had to be ready for spring. Jonathan should become familiar with the roads in the neighborhood; he would need to know bypaths and side roads as alternate routes. And he should learn the mountain passes, for there might be times when it would be necessary to take a fugitive through on foot.

Henrietta Norton did not bother to explain that running an

Underground station was not only a dangerous and thankless task, but that it was also an arduous one, for the operators had to be prepared to set out at any hour of the day or night. She took it for granted that Jonathan was ready to do everything he was called upon to do, and she encouraged him only by saying she was sure he would be successful. When he arose to go, she sat studying his tall, stalwart frame.

"Yes," she said finally, "thou art the man. Peace be with thee, and may God help thee in thy endeavors."

Jonathan had been coached by his foster mother what to say when he left a Quaker home. "Peace be to this house," he said formally, and then Abigail took him downstairs.

Rica was waiting for him at the door. "Thee said nothing about the spy men?" she inquired anxiously.

Jonathan smiled and shook his head.

"That's good. I don't reckon Miss Henrietta knows there is such people. I wouldn't like anyone to tell her."

Jonathan grinned to himself as he clucked to the horses. He was wondering if there was anything Henrietta Norton didn't know. He was sure she could have told him more about spies on the Underground than either Rica or Solomon.

XXXVII

JONATHAN, DANNY, AND SOLOMON went hunting on South Mountain. They wandered along the ridges, carrying their guns and game bags, but they always returned empty-handed. They did not shoot even when they stumbled over a rabbit or sent a partridge flying through the trees with a drumming roar, for they did not want anyone to know what they were doing. But Solomon taught them the mountain trails, and he showed them how to reach Bendersville without passing near a road or a house.

They spent a great deal of time, too, exploring the valley roads; they wanted to buy farm stock in the spring, so it was

plausible enough to look for it during the autumn. At Quincy, they met Hiram Wertz and talked with him in his barn, but they did not speak about cattle. And they visited Tolman Drew near Bendersville, where the old Quaker kept a fine breed of sheep.

But they did not have to wait for spring for the first fruit of their journeyings. Three times before the earliest snow flurries fell, Hiram Wertz drove into the barnyard at night to deliver the peculiar kind of livestock they had ordered. They hid the Negroes in their cistern chamber, and then took them over the mountain to Tolman Drew. Jonathan began to think that running a station on the Underground was easy. All one had to do was make a lonely drive through the night, pass the docile fugitives on to the next man to receive them, and then try to reach home before dawn. But both Wertz and Drew told him that it might not always be so easy.

One night he was awakened by a wagon rumbling over the mill bridge. He was at the door before it reached the house.

Wertz sprang down and frantically began to throw aside the corn stalks he had placed on the wagon bed. "I've got another one for you, but there may be trouble this time. Slave hunters were after him, and I had to leave in a hurry."

A Negro emerged from underneath the load and crawled painfully out of the wagon. He stood shivering in the darkness.

"Maybe you'd better take him on tonight," Wertz said. "He needs a rest badly, though—and some food. I didn't have time to feed him. I got out as fast as I could when I heard they were looking for him in town. I'm afraid they may have followed me here. I could have sworn I heard horses behind me on the road. Naturally, I didn't stop to find out."

He climbed into the driver's seat again. "If you've got a really good hiding place, maybe you can take a chance, but if you haven't, you'd better start out right now."

Jonathan started to speak, but Wertz silenced him. "Don't tell me what you're going to do," he said. "It's better not to know." Without further ado he backed the wagon around and drove down the lane.

Jonathan turned to the Negro who was standing silently beside him, looking longingly at the house. There were lights in the windows, and they could see Mrs. Moore starting a fire in the kitchen stove.

"We'd better go in," Jonathan said. "It's blowing up cold."

"Yes, suh, hit surely is. Dey tole me hit ud be awful cold up no'th heah."

Jonathan led the way into the house. The Negro shambled along behind him. When they reached the circle of light cast by the hanging lamp over the kitchen table, Jonathan saw that he still wore an iron shackle on his ankle. He was a powerfully built man, but his hands trembled with cold and nervous exhaustion. His clothing was torn and muddy, and his crude slave shoes were badly worn. He sank down on a chair and stared at the floor.

As soon as food was placed on the table, he ate it wolfishly, but he stopped every now and then to listen. He seemed to be perpetually on guard; his eyes went mechanically to the windows whenever he raised them from his food; and hungry as he was, he stopped eating at the slightest sound.

"You've had a hard journey, haven't you?" Mrs. Moore said sympathetically.

"Yes'm, Ah sure has," he said. "Ah'se all tuckered out."

"Where did you come from?"

"No'th Car'lina, ma'am."

"And you walked across Virginia and Maryland?"

"Yes'm; reckon Ah did. Ah walked for days an' days. Dis ain't de fust time Ah tried to run away. Dey done caught me once before. Dat's why Ah got dis iron on ma foot. But one of de boys brung me a file an' Ah got loose."

Danny came down from the attic with a coat, which he draped over the Negro's shoulders.

"Kin Ah keep it?" he said, feeling the cloth with hesitant fingers.

Danny nodded. "It'll be cold here. You'll need a coat."

"Gits cold down our way, too, but Ah ain't never owned a coat o' ma own."

William Moore signaled to Jonathan from the hallway. "What are you going to do?" he asked dubiously.

"Wertz says he may have been followed here. He thought I ought to take him on tonight. But the poor fellow is terribly tired and ought to get some rest. Besides, if anyone comes here for him, it would look better if we were all at home. I can't get back from Drew's until late in the morning now. It's nearly three o'clock. We can use the cistern. That's what we fixed it up for."

"This is our chance to try it out," Danny said enthusiastically. "I just want to see those slave hunters come here and——"

"Perhaps they won't come here. Wertz wasn't sure anyone was following him—he just thought so. And they can't search the house without a warrant if they do come."

Danny seemed disappointed. "Well, we ought to keep him here anyway. How're we going to see if that hiding place is any good if we don't use it?"

Moore ignored his son and looked at Jonathan for an answer.

"I think we ought to let him rest until tomorrow night," Jonathan said slowly. "He'll be safe enough in the cistern."



The fugitive was put in his hiding place for the night, and the family retired to bed. Shortly after breakfast, several men rode across the mill bridge and up the long lane to the house where they inquired politely for the owner of the farm. Mrs. Moore called her husband from the barn, where he and Jonathan had been watching their arrival. Danny slipped into the cellar to warn the fugitive not to make any noise.

As William Moore and Jonathan crossed the barnyard, three men armed with pistols walked forward to greet them. One of them was a professional slave hunter, a rough-looking man of the sort that frequented border taverns to earn a reward trapping runaways. The other two were obviously gentlemen. The elder of them introduced himself as a Mr. Henry Brentwood of Wilkes County, North Carolina, and presented his friend as a Mr. John Fairfield of Virginia. He did not bother to mention the slave hunter's name.

After a cautious parley about the weather, the prospects for next year's crops, and the flourishing appearance of the Cumberland Valley, Mr. Brentwood finally got around to asking about his runaway slave, describing him in detail.

Both Jonathan and his foster father blandly denied having any knowledge of the fugitive.

Brentwood sighed. "Gentlemen, we didn't come here on a blind trail. We have every reason to believe that my man is somewhere on your place. In fact, to be candid, we're pretty sure he was brought here last night by Hiram Wertz of Quincy."

"I'm sorry," William Moore said formally, "but we can tell you nothing."

"And you wouldn't if you could, eh?" Brentwood said unemotionally.

"No, sir, we wouldn't."

"Abolitionists, aren't you?"

"This is a free country, I believe. Every man is entitled to his opinion."

The slave hunter spat tobacco juice and hitched up his trousers. "Reckon I'd better ride over to town and git us a warrant," he said. "I tole you we'd git nowhere ridin' in here like this an' tryin' to talk reas'nable."

Brentwood spoke again. "You realize, gentlemen, that we'll come back with the sheriff and a search warrant. Why don't you save us all this trouble and either give up my man or let us proceed with the search?"

Moore shook his head. "You'd better get your warrant."

Brentwood nodded to the slave hunter, who promptly went to his horse and swung himself up in the saddle. He dashed out of the dooryard with a flurry of hoofs.

"Mind if we stay here till he gets back with the sheriff?" Brentwood asked.

William Moore smiled. "I hate to seem inhospitable, but under the circumstances, I'm afraid you're not welcome. In fact, you're trespassing at this moment."

"We'll wait out on the road then."

"It's a public highway. It's your privilege to wait there."

The two men walked toward their horses and leisurely mounted them. Fairfield was the last to go. As he rode off, Jonathan saw him turn around and smile with a genial flash of white teeth.

As soon as they heard the horses clatter across the bridge, Moore turned anxiously to Jonathan. "Do you think there's any chance of getting that man out of here before the sheriff arrives?"

"In broad daylight? It's impossible. They'd catch up with me on the mountain. I have to be here when the sheriff comes or they'll know something's wrong. We have to depend on the cistern now."

To be caught hiding a fugitive might cost them their farm. Many Abolitionists had been stripped of their property and rendered penniless by Southerners eager to sue for punitive damages.

Moore smiled unhappily. "It would be a shame to lose this place now that we've just got it."

Jonathan shrugged his shoulders. "That's the chance we have to take." Then he returned to the barn and finished currying the horses.

The morning's chores were almost done, and Mrs. Moore was busy in the kitchen preparing lunch, when they heard horses crossing the mill bridge.

The Chambersburg sheriff had known William Moore as a boy. Before he read the warrant, he welcomed him back to the valley and said he wished they could have met under more pleasant circumstances. Then he cleared his throat and droned through the document that authorized him to invade the privacy of a citizen's home.

When he had finished, William Moore waved his hand and indicated that the house and grounds were open to search.

The slave hunter immediately took charge. "We'll start on the house," he said. "Most people gen'ally hide 'em there, although I never could understand why any white man 'ud want to let a stinkin' nigger stay in his own home."

"I've seen a good many Negro servants in your best Southern

houses," Jonathan retorted. "No one seems to mind their presence there."

"They've been washed an' scrubbed, I reckon. Anyways they ain't dirty field niggers like this un." Without further discussion he pushed open the door. His employer followed him with a helpless expression, as if he did not like the idea of turning a man's home inside out, but was determined to go through with the search as a matter of principle.

Young Fairfield stayed with the Moores. Jonathan felt that he was watching the family for any sign of fear that might betray the fugitive's whereabouts, but he was surprised to hear him suggest that someone should accompany the slave hunter: "He may steal something, you know. It has been known to happen;" he said quietly.

Jonathan strode after the searching party and went with them from room to room. He retained his composure until they reached the kitchen, where the door to the cellar was located.

The slave hunter examined the kitchen carefully. He opened every door, looking into closets, until he came to the cellar entrance.

Jonathan followed him down the stairs, hoping he would not want to move the heavy cabinet that concealed the entrance to the cistern.

"Can't we get a light?" Brentwood asked irritably.

"I don't believe the search warrant says anything about supplying you with a light, does it, Sheriff?"

The sheriff chuckled. "No, sir, I reckon it don't."

But the slave hunter was prepared for any emergency. He pulled out a stubby bit of candle from his pocket and lit it with a sulphur match. Then he made a thorough search of the cellar, inspecting the walls for any sign of an opening. When he approached the big storage cabinet, Jonathan held his breath. He watched the man open its doors to stare at the jars of fruits and preserves on the shelves.

There was a sudden sharp clatter of metal on the kitchen floor above them. They heard footsteps and a murmur of voices. The man with the candle turned around and glared at Jonathan.

Then he closed the doors of the cabinet and walked away from it. Jonathan breathed more easily.

A moment later they all trooped upstairs into the kitchen. Mrs. Moore was standing in the middle of the room with a big spoon in her hand.

"What was that noise we heard?" the slave hunter demanded.

"The lady dropped her spoon," Fairfield said imperturbably.

"Did you think it was the fugitive trying to get away?"

"Nervous, ain't she?"

"Anybody'd be nervous with a lot of hulking men like you going through her house," Mrs. Moore said heatedly.

"'Fraid we'd catch the nigger, eh? Why don't you tell where he is an' save us all this trouble? We know you got him. An' we're goin' to take him before we leave here."

Mrs. Moore tossed her head and went back to her work.

"I think we ought to leave the house now," Brentwood said embarrassedly. "It's evident that my man isn't in here. We still have to search the barns and the mill."

"No hurry, mister. The longer we take, the better we kin do. Sometimes the nigger gets scared an' comes out by hisself. Can't stand the waitin', I reckon." He cupped his hands and held them to his mouth. "Hey, you nigger, come out, or we're goin' to skin you alive when we git you! Come out, you black bas——"

William Moore silenced him savagely. "Sheriff, I demand that you make this creature behave. He may have a search warrant, but he has no right to make a nuisance of himself."

"You better keep quiet," the sheriff said. "Warrant don't give you the right to yell your head off in a respectable home."

"Respectable home!" the slave hunter jeered. "'Tain't too respectable for everybody in it to lie. We know that nigger's here. We got a right——"

"Sheriff," Moore protested, "these people have searched the house. Now get them out of it! The warrant gives them no right to stay once they've completed their search."

The sheriff opened the door leading to the porch. "He's right. You've got to behave. You better go on out."

Brentwood tried to apologize for his agent's behavior, but Mrs.

Moore would have none of his explanations. "If you're through in here, get out," she said stonily. "I want no dealing with slave hunters or their employers. They're all alike to me."

Brentwood looked unhappy as he left the kitchen, but a moment later he was snooping eagerly around the outbuildings with his henchmen. The great barn with its empty hayloft and its long row of unoccupied cow stalls was easy to search; the wagon house offered few difficulties, but some of the smaller buildings, which were still filled with the rubbish left in them by past occupants, kept the slave hunters busy for more than an hour. The Moores ate their lunch while the outbuildings were being examined, but Jonathan accompanied the searching party.

Mrs. Moore was washing the dishes when the sheriff came to the kitchen door.

"Mr. Brentwood admits he can't find anything," he said. "But his man still swears the fugitive is on this property."

"That's just too bad," she said, drying her hands.

Brentwood lost his temper. "This is downright robbery! You people own property. You ought to have some sympathy with a property owner. How would you feel if one of your horses ran away, and I refused to give it up?"

"Horses aren't men," William Moore said curtly. "I don't admit the analogy."

"Horses are property—slaves are property. That's the law. I didn't make the law, and I didn't invent slavery. I'm simply trying to recover what belongs to me. That man is worth as much as a good team."

Mrs. Moore slapped her towel angrily on the rack. "He's worth a lot more than any team, and you know it! He has an immortal soul; he's a human being—a man with feelings and emotions just like yourself. You have no right to hold a fellow creature in bondage."

The slave hunter looked at his employer significantly. "Lady seems to know a lot 'bout this here runaway."

Mrs. Moore glanced at him scornfully. "You've turned this place upside down, and you admit you can't find anything. Now get out! I've stood enough of your tracking my house up with

your filthy boots. I'll have to give the place a thorough cleaning to get the smell of whisky and slave hunters out of it. I'd rather have a dozen field Negroes in my house than one of you. At least the Negroes know how to behave."

"You'd better go," her husband said quietly. "Your warrant expired when you admitted your search was finished. You have no right here now. If you don't leave immediately, I'm going to ask the sheriff to arrest you for trespassing on our property. That's our privilege, I believe. Isn't it, Sheriff?"

The sheriff was puzzled. "Well, it sounds like good law. The search is over and——"

Henry Brentwood bowed to the Moores. "We're leaving. You need trouble yourself no further." He nodded to his men and walked toward his horse. The slave hunter followed, obviously depressed at his failure. The young Virginian again managed to be the last one to leave. Jonathan saw him speak to Solomon as he rode down the lane.

As soon as the men were out of sight, Solomon came hurrying toward the house. "Dat young gentleman, he tole me dey was gwine to wait around fer a while on de road. Seems mighty funny he'd say sumpin' like dat. But he's right. Dey sure 'nough will stay heah ter try an' cotch us if we take dat man out."

Danny's fertile mind was at work. "I have it," he said suddenly. "Just as it's getting dark, I can drive across the fields with a loaded wagon and make sure they see me. They'll try to head me off before I reach the back road. As soon as they go after me, you start for the mountain with our friend in the cellar. You can be at Drew's by morning."

It was a good plan. Jonathan expressed his approval and began to fill the wagon with straw. Mrs. Moore prepared food for the journey and made hot coffee. It would be cold on the mountain after the sun went down.



During the afternoon, Solomon came up to report that the slave hunter had gone to Chambersburg with the sheriff, leaving the other two men to watch the house. Shortly after the winter

sun had set, Danny hitched the team to the loaded farm wagon and drove it across the fields. Jonathan saw the two men mount their horses and ride furiously down the road.

When the fugitive came up from the cellar, Mrs. Moore insisted that he drink some coffee. She gave him several sandwiches to stuff into the pockets of his new coat and wished him God-speed. Then she silently handed Jonathan a pistol, which he put under his coat.

Twilight was just deepening into darkness when they left the house. They ran through the woods to the bank of a little stream and followed it until they came to a place where they could cross. As soon as they were on the other side, they headed straight for the foothills, which were several miles away.

Lights were glimmering in some of the farmhouses in the valley, but they gave all human habitations a wide berth, keeping to the thickets and wooded ravines as much as possible. They often stumbled over roots and lost their footing on the gully slopes, but they made progress, and the dim black bulk of the mountain was in sight before they had any serious cause for alarm.

Just as they were about to leave a patch of woods and cross an open field, they heard dogs baying in the distance.

"Dose're bloodhounds," the Negro said, suddenly stiffening. "Ah'd know dat sound anywhere. An' de dawgs've picked up de trail. Dat's why dey make sech a noise."

The slave hunter had probably gone to Chambersburg for trained bloodhounds. Despite his predicament, Jonathan could not help smiling at the thought of the elegant Mr. Brentwood carrying around with him the dirty clothing of one of his despised Negroes in order to give the dogs the scent. But he had to think quickly of some scheme to throw them off. He had heard of people evading the bloodhounds' keen noses by wading for a long distance through water, but it was impossible to think of plunging into the swift-flowing Conococheague at this time of the year. Its icy waters would be paralyzing.

The dogs' baying was growing louder. The Negro asked anxiously what they were to do.

"We're going to change shoes," Jonathan said. "You keep right ahead for the mountains. I'll go to one of these farmhouses and see if I can get another pair of boots. Then I'll meet you on the top of that knob." He pointed to the dim shape of a rounded hillock.

"Ah got big feet," the Negro said. "Ah don't think Ah kin get into your shoes."

"You've got to," Jonathan said desperately, tugging at his own boots. "It's your only chance to escape from the dogs."

"Yes, suh," the Negro said obediently. He bent down in the darkness to slip off the shoes that were betraying him.

The heavy slave boots were clumsy and loose on Jonathan's feet. He could feel the bare ground through the worn soles, and he regretted not having thought of providing the man with new shoes. It was important to keep a supply on hand, he told himself. Big shoes that would fit any Negro's feet.

"Head straight for the knob," he whispered. "I'll be there as soon as I can. I'll whistle twice when I come near."

The Negro hurried off across the dark field. Jonathan turned toward the lighted windows of a farmhouse in the valley. He did not know whose place it was. He would have to take his chances, and there was an excellent possibility that he was heading straight for the home of a proslavery man.

A dog barked in the dooryard. Jonathan waited at the gate until a man opened the door and peered out in the darkness.

"May I see you a moment, sir?" Jonathan asked. "My name is Bradford. I come from the Moore farm over Chambersburg way."

The man grunted and threw open the door, flooding the yard with light. He called off the dog, and Jonathan entered the house.

A gaunt-faced individual covered with a week's growth of beard examined Jonathan suspiciously. The house was mean and dirty. Its owner obviously lived alone, and it was equally obvious that he seldom bothered to wash himself or anything else around the place.

Jonathan had no time to waste in preliminaries. "I'm in

trouble," he said frankly. "I can't walk another step in these old shoes. Will you sell me a pair of yours?"

"I'm no shoemaker," the man said defiantly, examining Jonathan's feet. "Where'd you get those things?" he asked. "They look like——" Then he became silent, searching his visitor's face.

He walked quickly across the room and opened the door. As he stood there listening, the faint sound of baying could be heard. When he turned around, he saw Jonathan's pistol leveled at him.

"I mean to have a pair of shoes, sir. I've got to have them, even if I have to take them off your feet." Jonathan tried to smile. "It looks as though your shoes might fit me. The ones I'm wearing are a trifle large."

The man was looking at him curiously. "Did you break out of the Chambersburg jail?" he asked.

Jonathan was startled. He had not realized that he was being taken for an escaped convict. "No," he said. "I'm trying to help a runaway slave escape." He might as well tell the truth. The slave hunters would give him away as soon as they arrived.

To his surprise, the man began to grin. "Why in hell didn't you say so?" he said finally. "I took you for a jailbird. You can't use my shoes. The slavers'd jest take up the trail from here with anything I'd been wearing. Don't you know how these dogs act? Hell, you can't do that. Wait a minute. I'll fix you up with something."

Paying no attention to the pistol Jonathan was still holding, he went to a closet and began throwing out all sorts of old boots and shoes. Then he took a stick and pushed out an ancient pair of boots that had evidently been in the closet for years.

"I don't want to touch 'em," he said. "They're an old pair my brother used to own when he lived here. Ain't nobody had 'em on for years, so they oughtn't to have much smell. Put 'em on quick, an' I'll get rid o' yours. Slave shoes, ain't they?"

Jonathan nodded as he gingerly picked up the boots the man offered him. In a few minutes he had them on his feet.

"Now we'll give 'em a real chase," his new accomplice said. "I'll put them slave boots on an' lead 'em away from here. I'll

take my own so I can change back to 'em. We'll drive them dogs crazy."

His thin face was still wrinkled with laughter as he went to the door with Jonathan. "My name's Lester Barse," he said. "I ain't no Abolitionist, an' I ain't got much use for niggers, but I can't stomach slaveholders neither. They're too damned high and mighty, an' I like to take 'em down a peg."



The Negro was waiting for Jonathan on the summit of the knob. He answered his whistle, and then they both stayed for a while on the hilltop to see whether the dogs were thrown off the trail by Barse's ruse.

The sound of the hunting animals came closer, then it veered away. For a long time the dogs kept circling about one place, yelping frantically. After a while they became silent, and the moon rose above the comb of trees on the mountain, flooding the valley with its pale greenish light. The two men left their hiding place and started for the higher slopes.

They walked through the woods until they came to a big tree which Jonathan had marked with a blaze to show where to turn off for Bendersville. The longest part of their journey still lay before them. It was nearly dawn when they finally turned into the cedar-lined lane in front of Tolman Drew's house.

There they were given an early morning breakfast, and the fugitive was hidden in a pit under one of the outbuildings. Drew insisted on driving Jonathan home in his square little Quaker wagon; he left him at the back of the farm, where he could walk across the fields to the house.

To his dismay, Fairfield was sitting on the porch, evidently waiting for him.

"I didn't expect you back so soon," the young Virginian said good-naturedly, "but I reckon old man Drew drove you home, eh?"

Jonathan looked at him in consternation. Fairfield was smiling and glancing down at his shoes.

"Nice piece of work you did last night," he said frankly. "We followed that trail to somebody's house and beyond and then lost it in the woods."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Jonathan said.

"It's all right. They've given up the chase and gone back to the border. I told Brentwood I'd stay on for a while just to keep a lookout for his slave. He was mighty grateful." Fairfield was grinning, but Jonathan still looked at him suspiciously.

"Don't you know who I am?" Fairfield asked in surprise. "I'm sorry—I thought you did. I reckoned Henrietta Norton would have told you about me."

Jonathan stared at him in amazement. How could this young slaveholder know Henrietta Norton?

"Yes," Fairfield said casually, "I've done quite a bit of Underground work myself. Henrietta has told your family about me. Ask them."

"I will," Jonathan said, throwing open the kitchen door. "Mother, how do you know you can trust this man?"

Mrs. Moore looked up in surprise. "Why, Henrietta Norton told me all about him. I didn't recognize him when he came here with those slave hunters yesterday. I should have, of course, but I'd forgotten his name."

"She told you about a John Fairfield, I assume. How can we be sure this is the same person?"

Fairfield slapped his knee and laughed. "If I'm not, you're in trouble for sure, for I can give you the name of every Underground operator from here to Richmond. You work between Wertz and Drew of course. Drew gets his passengers from Hefflinger on the other side of the border, and Hefflinger receives them from——"

"That's enough," Jonathan said. "I wouldn't know them myself beyond that point. I guess I was wrong." He held out his hand and smiled.

"Your mother has asked me to stay for lunch," Fairfield said. "I'll be glad to get some good food. I haven't had a decent meal in weeks."

Jonathan held the door open, and they went into the house. Over the luncheon table Fairfield told them about his adventures in Virginia, where he concentrated most of his work, for he was most at home there. It was his custom to travel with a free Negro whom he passed off as his slave. While he frequented the taverns, making friends of the masters, the Negro would round up a party of slaves. As soon as they started, Fairfield joined the pursuit, apparently doing his best to aid his white friends, but actually throwing them off the track with false leads.

He delighted in thinking up odd schemes. Once he had dressed up a group of mulattoes in blond wigs and put them on a train to ride across the border as white passengers. It was easy for him to take a single slave out of the South simply by posing as his master, but he preferred to match his wits against the slaveholders' by more audacious methods. He went heavily armed, and he handled his two pistols with affectionate care. He was as reckless and daring as the men he opposed; he rode and drank and fought as hard as they did; he spoke their language and mingled with them on equal terms; yet he hated slavery as much as any Northern Abolitionist did.

Jonathan studied him as he talked. Fairfield actually seemed to enjoy danger, and he was lightheartedly gay about the very serious work he was doing. He was a professional soldier of fortune, a man who would seek adventure under any circumstances. It was fortunate that he was on the side of those who were fighting slavery, for he would be a formidable adversary.

When he left the house, Jonathan watched him ride down the lane, forced to admire the qualities which made this young Southerner a fearless comrade-at-arms. The South had great virtues. It was a pity, though, that they were being used to suppress freedom rather than to further it. Once the nation was rid of slavery, the North and the South could stand together to make the United States a fortress of liberty in an oppressed world.

XXXVIII

IN MOUNTAINOUS SECTIONS, the Underground was always quiet in winter, for the slaves avoided the snow-covered routes. Each farmhouse became a self-contained center of activity where life went on as usual, but there was little communication between them. The Moores tried to reach Chambersburg at least once a week to get their mail and the newspapers, but there were times when a horse could not get through the deeply drifted roads.

Lucy wrote regularly from Kansas to tell them how she and her husband were getting on in the new Territory. When they arrived there they had to live in a tent pitched on a prairie knoll near the Kaw River. Two weeks later, seventy more emigrants came, and a town site was laid out. But before any construction work could be started, one hundred and fifty hard-bitten, heavily armed Missourians of the type popularly known as "Pukes" descended upon them. They peremptorily ordered the settlers to leave and gave them until ten o'clock the next morning to clear out.

But the men and women who had traveled across half a continent to make their homes in Kansas were not so easily to be driven away. They spent the night preparing to defend themselves, and by midmorning they were lined up in military formation in front of their tents. The border ruffians, bewildered by this determined stand of people whom they thought they could frighten, met to discuss it. Some were eager to start a battle; others temporized. The meeting broke up in disgust. The fire-eaters went home, jeering at their companions for their lack of courage. By nightfall, all of them had vanished, leaving the settlers in undisputed control of the town site.

The Free-State men, encouraged by their victory, went ahead with their building plans. Sod huts and log houses were erected. After much controversy over a suitable name, the new settlement

was finally called Lawrence, after Amos Lawrence of Massachusetts, who had contributed generously to the Emigrant Aid Society.

The first Territorial governor, Andrew H. Reeder, arrived from Washington. After assuming office, he called an election for a delegate to Congress. It was at this election that the Free-State settlers got their first taste of the slaveholders' political methods. Seventeen hundred Missourians, organized under the secret banner of the Southern Blue Lodge, crossed the border to swear that they were residents of the Territory and to vote for the leading proslavery candidate.

Shortly after Christmas, Lucy's letter describing the election reached the Moores.

I cannot tell you how outraged we feel at such high-handed methods. In one district where there are not more than fifty voters by actual count, six hundred votes were cast. What can we do against such men? Fairness means nothing to them; they are determined to win Kansas at any cost; and they will stop at nothing. Everyone here goes armed day and night. I pray that violence will not come, but I feel it in the air like crackling before a thunder storm. And it all seems so terribly wrong. What have these penniless border men to gain by supporting slavery? They own no slaves—they can never hope to own one, yet they are willing to fight and die to win this fine new territory for overlords who must despise them.

Manfred has been working hard to get a roof over our heads before winter sets in in earnest. We are already living in our new house, although it is not quite finished. It is very small and plain, but no smaller or plainer than the little log hut you and Father lived in when you first came to Jacksonville. But Manfred is happy because he feels we are accomplishing a great deal, and I am so busy from early dawn until long after dark that I do not have time to worry about things.

I wish it were possible for you to tell me more about the exciting happenings you hint about, but I suppose it is better that such matters not be committed to paper. We cannot trust the post and are dependent upon persons arriving from the East for authentic news.

As you have probably heard, Governor Reeder is a Pennsylvania man—from Easton, I believe—but he is an administration Democrat. Still, they say he is thoroughly disgusted, and he threatens to go to Washington to report on the state of affairs here, so perhaps there is some hope for law and order. At least we like to think so. We cannot afford to let organizations like the Blue Lodge and the Sons of the South win all the victories.



Southerners were not the only ones banding themselves into secret political associations; the whole country seemed to be swept with a passion for mumbo jumbo. Jonathan and the Moores, because of their recent change of residence, could not vote in the fall elections, but they watched their outcome with interest. The decline of the Whigs opened the field to a host of strange-sounding parties such as the Hard Democratic, the Soft Democratic, the Anti-Nebraska, the Free-Soil, the People's, the Union Maine-Law, the Anti-Maine Law, the Adopted Citizens', and even more obscure groups. A new organization known as the Republican party had just been formed, but it seemed unimportant compared with an intransigent political movement called the American or Know-Nothing party.

Jonathan watched the growth of this party with great distaste and much foreboding. Its antiforeign, anti-Catholic policy threatened to give birth to a new intolerance in the land. Even the old proslavery Democratic party seemed preferable to an organization that made bigotry its keynote and chauvinism its official policy. Yet he saw thousands of good antislavery men deceived by its specious appeals. With their help the Know-Nothing party swept into power in Massachusetts, sending Abolitionist Henry Wilson to the Senate, and without their assistance it showed surprising strength in the border states and the South.

Jonathan was convinced that it was a mistake for any antislavery man to throw in his lot with a party that had Southern support. But it was a day of confused issues; men who opposed slavery had no strong political organization—in their desperation they joined forces with the Know-Nothings, hoping to control the new party's future. It had been given its curious name

because its members had been instructed to say that they knew nothing about it when questioned. To William Moore, such underhanded methods were hateful. He had been brought up to believe that an American voter should be proud of his political alliances, not ashamed of them. He deplored the whole trend of national politics, and he maintained that slavery was to blame for what was taking place. Shilly-shallying on the slavery issue had destroyed the old Whig Party, and slavery, because of its sectional nature, made it difficult for any opposition group to be organized on a national basis. Yet he was convinced that the time was ripe for the emergence of a new and powerful anti-slavery party.

All winter long he eagerly studied the newspapers to which the family subscribed. He would drive out through the snow to get them, and when bad weather made the roads impassable, he would fret until a thaw enabled him to read the latest news. Know-Nothingism seemed to be dominating the political scene; men were predicting that the new party would elect the next President, but Moore said bluntly that he would rather see another proslavery Democrat in the White House than the representative of a party which substituted religious oppression and hatred of foreigners for racial prejudice.



Letters came from Theodore Parker describing the trial being prepared against those who had tried to free Anthony Burns. And Higginson wrote to Jonathan from Worcester to tell him of a curious incident that had taken place there. Asa Butman, the Boston policeman who had arrested Burns, came to Worcester to gather evidence for the trial. The people of that staunch Abolitionist city were so outraged that they turned out to mob the slave hunter as soon as they heard he was in town.

We had to take him to the railroad station [Higginson wrote] with a cordon of Abolitionists around him to keep the mob off. I was one of this escort, and directly behind Butman walked Joseph Howland, a Garrisonian, who satisfied his sensitive conscience by this guarded appeal, made at intervals in a sonorous voice: "Don't

hurt him, mean as he is! Don't kill him, mean though he be!" At Howland's side was Thomas Drew, a vivacious little journalist, who compounded with his conscience very differently. Nudging back the Negroes and others who pressed upon the group, he would occasionally, when the coast was clear, run up and administer a vigorous kick to the unhappy victim, and then fall back to repress his assailants once more.

Nevertheless, Butman was once knocked down by a stone; and when we reached the station just in time to see the express train move away, leaving him behind, there began to come up an ugly shout from the mob which seemed to feel for a moment that the Lord had delivered the offender into its hands. It was hastily decided to put Butman into a wagon and drive him off. I got in with him and took the reins, but the mob around us grasped the wheels until the spokes began to break. Then the owner of the wagon arrived and seized the horse by the head to stop us. A hack was quickly substituted; Butman and I sprang into it and were whirled away before the mob fairly knew what had happened. A few stones were hurled through the windows, and I never saw a more abject face than that of the slave-catcher as he crouched between the seats and gasped out: "They'll get fast teams and be after us!" This, for some reason, did not occur, and we drove safely beyond the mob and out of the city towards Grafton, where Butman was to take a later train. Having him thus at my mercy, and being filled with prophetic zeal, I took an inhuman advantage of the man to give him a discourse on the baseness of his whole career which would have perhaps made my reputation as a pulpit orator had my congregation consisted of more than one.

After leaving him in Grafton, I returned peacefully to Worcester, pausing only at the deserted railroad station to hunt up my wife's india-rubber overshoes, which I was carrying to be mended when the *émeute* broke out, and which I had sacrificed as heroically as I had nearly relinquished my umbrella at the Boston Court House—an incident I am sure you will recall.

I want to tell you, too, about a wonderful rescue performed by Captain Bearse, the doughty sea captain whom you surely must have met during the Burns' affair. Bearse was notified that there was a ship in Boston Harbor with a fugitive slave on board. He ran out to it in his little yacht, *The Flirt*, a vessel which has been used before in some of our enterprises. When he came alongside the

lumber schooner on which the fugitive was reputed to be, he called out in the darkness asking if the captain was willing to give up his passenger without a struggle. The schooner's captain warned him that he had a cannon on board and would blow him out of the water if he came nearer.

Bearse then went back to Long Wharf where he hatched up a new plot. He took a dozen coats and hats and fastened them to the rail so they looked like a whole party of men, and he strapped a big log into position so that it had the very appearance of a huge cannon. Then he sailed out again just before dawn and gave the captain notice that he was prepared to do battle. One look at the desperate crew and the enormous cannon—which doubtless seemed very real in that dim light—and the captain quickly agreed to surrender the fugitive. When Bearse's brother rowed over to the schooner for him, the captain was delighted to be rid of his troublesome passenger. The Bearse brothers had a difficult time making City Point, for they were so convulsed with laughter at the success of their ruse they could hardly sail their boat.

The fugitive arrived here in Worcester the next morning; we then sent him on to Canada in great style. Would that all our attempts at rescue had such happy endings!



During the winter, Jonathan heard many reports of restlessness among the slaves. Seven insurrections broke out in various places in the South, and the Underground operators predicted that traffic would be heavy as soon as spring opened the roads. Everything that happened in the South reached the ears of the Railroad's conductors, for the Negroes brought them news by a grapevine system that was even more mysterious in its operation than the Underground itself. Many a time Solomon came up the hill to report on some far-off event which had taken place only a day or two before. When the newspapers arrived, they often confirmed what he had said, but much of what went on in the South was never recorded in print.

As soon as such information was received from the Negroes, the Abolitionists passed it on by their own very efficient system of word-of-mouth communication. Even in the depth of winter,

neighbors occasionally dropped in on the Moores to exchange news items. Jonathan was interested in what they had to say about traffic on the Underground. They estimated that the Railroad had deprived the South of fifty thousand slaves worth \$30,000,000. And they were taking the most valuable Negroes, for only those who were especially hardy and courageous could attempt the long journey.

The coming of spring meant that everyone on the farm had to work harder than ever, but the family was never too tired to help a fugitive on his way. Jonathan made many a midnight journey across the mountain to Tolman Drew's farm through which a steady stream of Underground passengers began to pour, for it was a concentration point for many routes. The sound of Wertz's wagon rumbling over the mill bridge became familiar; the boys slept with their arms by their beds; and they kept themselves ready day and night.

Searching parties visited the house several times, but the family became used to their ways and more experienced in circumventing them. The cistern under the porch was used almost every week, but no slave hunter suspected its presence. Yet the Moores had reason to believe that their station on the Underground was not unknown to the slaveholders.

One spring afternoon a young Negro knocked timidly on the kitchen door. Mrs. Moore listened to his story of flight from the South and gladly gave him food and drink. Since there was no reason to hide him, she told him to wait outside until the men returned from the fields.

When Jonathan and Danny came home, he was nowhere in sight, so they went out to look for him. Danny suggested that they try the hayloft. They entered the barn and called out. A black head appeared over the edge of the empty hayloft, and a young Negro slid down to the floor.

"The missus done give me sumpin to eat and tole me to wait outside," he said. "I thought I'd get me some sleep. I'se mighty tired after dat long walk."

Jonathan examined him carefully. He was not more than twenty years old, light chocolate brown in color, and evidently

an intelligent lad. He stood facing the two men coolly, unabashed by their inspection.

"Who sent you here?" Jonathan asked.

"Mr. Wertz tole me how to get here. He said he couldn't bring me here hisself, 'cause he was too busy."

"Did he give you a note for us?"

The Negro shook his head. "No, sir, he didn't. I asked him if he hadn't oughter, but he tole me I wouldn't need none."

Danny glanced at Jonathan significantly and then said casually to the Negro: "If Wertz sent you here I guess it'll be all right. You'd better stay in the haymow till it gets dark. Maybe we can take you out then. Did Wertz tell you what the next stop would be?"

"No, sir. He said you'd know where to take me."

Jonathan asked the boy what part of the South he had come from. The young Negro told a straightforward story of his flight from one of the counties in southern Virginia. Everything he said seemed to tally, but Danny was still suspicious. It was unusual for Wertz to send them a fugitive without giving him a note.

While the boy was recounting his adventures, Danny sat down on a feed box and began chewing thoughtfully on a straw. When the story was finished, he asked a surprising question, directing it at the Negro with startling suddenness. "Do you know a white man named Henry Brentwood? He comes from down your way."

There was a moment of hesitation before the boy answered. "No, sir," he said politely. "I ain't never heard of him."

"I thought you might know him," Danny said. "He's a sort of friend of ours. Comes calling here sometimes."

"I don't know him. I ain't ever heard his name."

"M-m. Well, you crawl back in the haymow there, and we'll take you out after dinner."

The boy stood waiting, making no move toward the hayloft.

"What's the matter?"

"Ain't there no better place I could hide? It don't seem so safe up there. Somebody might come in and find me."

"You've been there all afternoon, haven't you? And nobody found you. You'll be all right until after dark."

The Negro looked at him sullenly. He opened his mouth as if to speak and then apparently thought better of it. Reluctantly he went to the ladder again and climbed into the hayloft.

As soon as they were outside the barn, Danny spoke to Jonathan. "I don't like his looks. There's something wrong about him. And it's strange Wertz didn't give him a ticket. Perhaps we'd better go down to the mill and hear what Sol has to say."

They were both surprised to find that Solomon had not seen the young Negro. He swore no one could have passed up the lane without his noticing him.

"Lemme git a look at dis heah boy," he grumbled. "Sumpin mighty 'spicious 'bout him, sneakin' in heah by some back way." He walked back with them and then asked to be allowed to question the fugitive alone. It would be easier to get him to speak truthfully if no white men were present, he said.

After a few minutes, Solomon came out of the barn, shaking his head. "Said he came in tru de woods so's nobody ud see him. But I don't like de way he talk. He got de smell of a spy man 'bout him. He tell a good story though. I couldn't find nothin' wrong."

"I wish Rica were here," Jonathan said. "She might know how to get the truth out of him."

"Yes, suh," Solomon grinned. "She'd know how to make dat boy talk. Maybe I could drive in an' get her?"

"That's a good idea," Danny agreed promptly. "Solomon could take the wagon and bring Rica here before it gets dark. We ought to check up on this boy. If he's really a spy he can make a lot of trouble for us."

The horses were hitched up again and driven down to the mill where Solomon took charge of them and disappeared down the Chambersburg road. Jonathan and Danny went about their evening chores while they waited for Rica's arrival. It was nearly dark when Solomon drove up the lane with her.

Her usually cheerful face was solemn as she climbed down from the wagon. She whispered to Jonathan that she and

Solomon wanted to question the boy alone. "This is colored folks' business," she said determinedly. "If he's a spy man we got to take care of him ourselves."

The two Negroes went into the barn and stayed there for a long while. Mrs. Moore finally said that dinner could be postponed no longer, so Jonathan and Danny had to go inside to eat a meal that neither of them wanted. Conversation around the supper table lagged until Mrs. Moore began to question whether they had the right to let a man be tried for his life without benefit of court or jury.

"I'm afraid we have no choice in the matter," her husband said. "Rica was right when she told us that this is war. What is going on in our barn is not a trial but a court-martial. Dealing with traitors is always a nasty business."

"But how do we know they will judge right? It would be a terrible thing if they were to send an innocent man to his death."

"It would," William Moore agreed. "We must be certain that the boy actually is a spy. And even then, I must admit that I don't——"

There was a terrible scream from the barn. Everyone jumped up from the table and ran outside. Rica came out of the barn holding the little Negro by the collar and shaking him like a rat.

"Dey made me do it," he kept saying. "Mr. Brentwood he tole me he'd take my skin off if I didn't do what he say."

Rica was muttering something under her breath as she slapped the boy with her free hand. "Heah he is," she said to the Moores. "Heah he is—this black trash traitor what ud sell out his people to save his own dirty skin." She gave the boy a violent push that sent him whirling across the dooryard to fall supplicatingly at the Moores' feet.

"Don't let her take me away," he pleaded tearfully. "She's goin' to kill me. I couldn't help what I done. Hones' I couldn't. Marse Henry he tell me——"

"Shut thy lyin' mouf," Rica scolded. "Thee ain't fit to talk to decent folks. We's goin' to take thee up in the mountain and turn thee over to the devil man that waits at the bottom of a

cliff for black traitors. He's goin' to grab thee and run right down to hell——"

"Rica," Mrs. Moore said quietly, "we can't permit this. It's murder. Even if the boy is guilty, it's still murder."

"There ain't no use in a boy like that goin' on livin', Miss Patience," Rica said despairingly. "I don't like what we got to do either, but we can't let him go. He'd tell everything he's learned, and then we'd all be arrested and sent to the jail house. Thee would have thy farm taken away and——"

"I don't care," Mrs. Moore retorted. "I won't have this boy murdered. He's young—he probably doesn't realize what he's done."

The little Negro, seeing someone willing to defend him, immediately crept toward Mrs. Moore and begged her to save him from Rica. Solomon stood near to make sure he did not try to get away.

William Moore interceded in his wife's behalf. "Isn't there some other way he can be prevented from talking? Perhaps he can be reformed. We could put him in charge of good people who would——"

Rica laughed scornfully. "He's goin' to sneak right off and go home the minute we take our eyes off'n him. A dirty little tittle-tattle like him don't deserve nothing but what's comin' to him. Me an' Sol we'll take him up in the mountains, and thee will never hear of him again."

The boy looked up at her in terror and then crawled over to Mrs. Moore's feet. He would have seized her skirts, but she backed hastily away, and Solomon warned him menacingly not to touch the white lady.

It was so dark that it was difficult to see the boy's face, but everyone could hear him sobbing. Jonathan felt sick at the spectacle. Whatever was to be done should be done quickly. He took his foster father aside to speak to him.

"I suppose we ought to let them make an example of him, but like Mother, I can't bring myself to consent to it. The Negroes have a strict code for such traitors—perhaps they're right in the long run, but somehow——"

"I know," William Moore said gently. "Let's take him inside and see what we can do."

Rica and Solomon waited resentfully on the porch while the Moores led their captive into the house. He was told to sit down on a sofa in the parlor, and then Moore proceeded to talk to him.

"You know what will happen to you if your own people take you up on the mountain, don't you?"

The boy nodded tearfully.

"You want to live and be free, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. Mister Brentwood he promised me I'd be free if I'd do this for him."

"So you undertook this betrayal in order to win your own freedom? Don't you realize that you're free now? You're beyond your master's control. Why didn't you keep on going until you reached Canada? What did your master promise you besides your freedom?"

The boy looked unhappy, but he finally confessed that he had been offered a new suit of clothes and fifty dollars in cash if he would bring back the information Brentwood wanted. Moore was disgusted, but he tried not to show his contempt. "I'm going to give you a chance for your life—and for freedom too. Can you write?"

The boy shook his head.

"Very well, then. I'm going to write a letter to your master which I'll read to you. I want you to sign it with your mark. Then we're going to let you go. You can go back to your master—but I don't think he'll care to see you again after you sign this letter. If you wish, we'll put you on a train that will take you to Canada. Would you like that?"

"Yes, sir. 'Deed I would."

"All right—you wait here a moment, and I'll write the letter."

The boy sat apprehensively on the sofa while Moore retired to his room to draft the letter. When he returned he brought Rica and Solomon with him. They stood in the doorway, glowering at the thoroughly frightened little Negro. Then Moore read the letter he had written.

DEAR MR. BRENTWOOD:

I went to see the people you asked me to, but I could find nothing wrong about them. Some friends I met tell me that I am now free since I am on free soil. They tell me I can easily earn fifty dollars and a new suit of clothes in Canada, so I am going there to stay. I will never be a slave again.

"What's your name?" Moore asked.

"Arthur, sir."

Moore signed that name to the note and, then handed his pen to the boy, indicating where he was to make his mark. With shaking fingers the little Negro made a cross on the page.

"I'se free now?" he asked incredulously.

"You were free when you crossed the Pennsylvania border," Moore told him. "But now you are really free, for you owe nothing to any man—least of all to Mr. Brentwood. We'll send you on to people who will see to it that you reach Canada."

Rica walked heavily across the room and whispered to Moore. "Don't thee put that worthless trash on the Underground. He may run back to his master an' give him the name of every operator on the route. Put him on a steam train an' let him take his chances. Even that's too good for him." She raised her hand menacingly as she passed the sofa. The boy cowered from her, and the next morning, when Jonathan took him to a northbound train, he kept looking anxiously around the railroad station to make sure that the woman he dreaded was nowhere in sight.

XXXIX

AS WEEK AFTER WEEK went by, and the fields were planted and became green with ripening grain, work on the farm lessened. The first flood of fugitives dwindled, for the Negroes, who had impatiently been awaiting better weather for their attempted flights, had taken advantage of the earliest days of spring.

Jonathan became restless. The warm, languorous nights made

him think of Caroline. He was tortured, too, by Lucy's letters, with their constant reminders of her happy life with Wandrei. His loneliness returned, and he longed for a woman's companionship.

He found it more easily than he had expected. On one of his visits to the Nortons he had met a young widow named Felicity Sueren. At first he had paid little attention to her, for she was not particularly attractive. But one evening, when he left the Nortons, it seemed only polite to offer to drive her to her home. He casually asked her whether she would be willing to ride with him in the farm wagon, and was surprised at the eagerness with which she accepted his invitation.

They drove down the dark street to the edge of the town while Mrs. Sueren rambled on ecstatically about the Nortons. When they arrived at her home, Jonathan sprang down to help her out of the wagon in order to be rid of her as quickly as possible. But she was not to be shaken off so easily. She could not, of course, with propriety ask him to come into her house, but she seated herself on the porch and tried to engage him in conversation.

She found him moody and preoccupied. She had never met anyone like him, for she had been raised in a grimy Scotch-Irish settlement in the northern part of the valley where every girl became the prey of men as soon as she was old enough to put on long skirts. But Felicity had had no intention of letting herself become the common property of the hardfisted workingmen of the neighborhood. At sixteen she had managed to marry a German clerk much older than herself. He was no great catch, but he had a good position in one of the Chambersburg mills. Life with him was dull, but Felicity did not have to endure it long. A few months after their marriage her husband was killed by a boiler explosion. The company that had employed him settled a good sum on his widow, so that she was now able to choose her next mate more carefully.

The instant she had set eyes on Jonathan she decided that he was the man she wanted, and she was determined to get him at any cost. Discreet inquiry addressed, not to Henrietta—who

might have suspected her intentions—but to Abigail, brought her the information she sought. This handsome young man was unmarried, evidently unattached, and it seemed a shame for him to be single when the world was so full of women who needed husbands.

Felicity sensed that Jonathan was not especially attracted to her, but she saw that he was shy and lonely. Marriage had taught her that there was one simple way of gaining a man's attention, and she had no scruples about doing anything that might help her get what she wanted.

As she sat on the porch trying to figure out the best approach to take with this recalcitrant young man who was obviously being detained against his will, she finally decided that a direct attack was likely to be the most successful. The nervous, giggly manner she had displayed at the Nortons vanished, and she spoke to Jonathan in a soft, cool voice.

"Beautiful night, isn't it?" she said hopefully.

Jonathan answered politely that it was.

Felicity began again. "On a night like this I often feel I'd like to walk and walk across the fields and through the woods. But then of course, as a woman, I shouldn't dare."

"No, madam," said Jonathan, not in the least interested in her queer ambitions.

"It must be wonderful to be a man," she continued. "Always able to do what you want and never having to count the consequences."

"Yes, I guess it is," he agreed cheerfully.

She leaned toward him. "You don't understand what it is to be a lonesome widow like me—to have all hope of happiness snatched away and to be left alone in the world with no one to care whether you're alive or dead."

Jonathan did not like the drift of the conversation. He glanced toward his team and wondered if he could make some excuse to attend to the horses. Unfortunately, they seemed perfectly contented. In fact, he had never seen them so quiet—they seemed to be in cahoots with Mrs. Sueren. Nevertheless, he stood up and mumbled something about having to go.

Felicity protested in a throaty voice. "It's still early," she said, "and the night is so beautiful. I know you farm people have to get up dreadfully early, but don't you ever have time to enjoy the beauties of nature?"

Jonathan made some kind of reply. Felicity, refusing to be discouraged, became more personal about the spring night. It was too bad there was no moon, she said, but the darkness seemed to have something velvety about it, something that closed in around one like a great black cloak and made one want to snuggle down in its comfort.

In the darkness Jonathan found it easy to imagine that this strange woman was Caroline. The thought brought back disturbing memories. Felicity moved closer by imperceptible degrees. Insects were droning in the trees; from far away a night bird kept calling with a steady, monotonous cry.

The woman at his side was not the one he would have sought, but she was a woman, and he was very much aware of it. Felicity was short and well rounded, with a promise of stoutness in middle age. But she had a smooth white skin, and her long brown hair was silky and soft. Although Jonathan could not see her face in the darkness, he knew she had dimples. They were her greatest asset, and she made the most of them by laughing at the slightest provocation. But she had a shrill titter that made Jonathan wince. At this moment, however, she was in a very sober mood; she thought the man she was with would prefer her to be sedate, so she readily acted the part demanded of her.

Her voice took on a gentle, almost cooing sound. She began to tell him about her own past life, of its poverty and disappointment. She described her husband, making him out a brute—and implying that she had never had an opportunity to love or to be loved.

Darkness and the warm spring night made them seem isolated from the rest of the world. The house was on the edge of town, several hundred feet from the nearest neighbor, and one by one the lights in the village were being turned out. Felicity stopped talking; an electric silence replaced the soft murmur of her

voice. She had managed to move close to Jonathan, so close that he could breathe the perfume of her hair.

Suddenly she straightened up, as if cramped from sitting too long in one position. Her bare arm was very near. Jonathan seized it and ran his fingers along it to her plump white hand. She responded with the fierce grip of passion. A second later she was in his arms, eagerly returning his embrace.



When Jonathan drove home in the early morning, he regretted letting himself drift into a new entanglement. Yet he was not entirely sorry; every inch of his body remembered the woman who had come to him so gladly in the darkness; he needed the touch of feminine flesh to make him feel alive. No, he was not sorry. After all, it might as well be Felicity as anyone else.

He wished he could rid himself of the ghost of Caroline. It had come to haunt him in Felicity's bedroom, just as it had reappeared in that horrible Pensacola brothel when he had made love to the little French girl whose name he could now hardly recall. But he kept thinking of Caroline. . . .

The future held nothing for him; only his work on the Underground seemed important; and much as he loved the farm with its fine broad acres, it was not enough. Matters would have been very different if Lucy were with him, but it was idle to speculate on the impossible.

Suddenly he found himself imagining what it would be like if he announced to the Moores that he wanted to bring Felicity Sueren home as his wife. They would not like her—he was sure of that. They would not mind his marrying a widow, but Felicity was a shallow-minded girl whom they could never accept. He wondered about her. Surely he was no catch for an ambitious woman. He did not have a penny to his name; in fact, he was still in debt to Joel Tupper. Felicity was the type who would want a good income and an improved social position—neither of which he could offer her. She was probably just a lonely

widow, he decided. He had heard many jokes about them, and evidently they were all true.



Jonathan had promised Felicity that he would call upon her again on Saturday night, and long before Saturday came he was thinking up excuses to make to the family so he could get away without being questioned. He wanted to visit Felicity again, for she knew how to make herself pleasing to a man. He forgot her annoying giggle and remembered other things.

It was just after nightfall when he drove up to her house. A tiny lamp was burning discreetly at the parlor window, and Felicity was waiting at the door with no compunctions about coming straight to his arms.

This was the first time they really had an opportunity to learn something about each other. As they lay together in the warm darkness, Jonathan found that she was a sympathetic listener who let a man have his say before she had hers. And she had the gift, too, of bolstering up a man's opinion of himself by telling him how wonderful he was. If only she would not laugh so irritatingly!

But when it was time for him to go, he found that she had another unfortunate habit. She clung to him at the door and made him promise to see her again soon. He could not imagine Caroline clinging to anyone, and as for strong-willed Lucy. . . . But he promised to visit her on Wednesday night.



On Wednesday, Felicity learned from Jonathan what she had wanted to know. She was disappointed that he was penniless, but she was willing to overlook it. He was a sturdy and capable young man with a good knowledge of agriculture; he could surely make a living anywhere; and she had enough money to purchase a farm on which they could live in moderate prosperity for the rest of their lives. Jonathan was a good investment—better than any bonds or securities she could buy. And besides, she liked him. She was not likely to do better than to marry him—in fact, she had no desire to try. She had found what she

wanted. Now she had only to get this reticent young man to speak. She made him promise to see her again on Saturday night.



On Saturday afternoon, Hiram Wertz brought two fugitives to the Moores' house. They could have been forwarded to Bendersville in Danny's charge, but Jonathan did not like to send the young boy out on dangerous errands when there was no good reason for him to go. He would have to take the Negroes across the mountain himself. There was no way to get word to Felicity, but he had told her that he might be called upon at any time to do such work, and he hoped she would understand. As he drove off with the two fugitives concealed under a load of hay, he was not sure that he regretted having to go. He could visit Felicity during the week, and he felt that a short separation might do them both good.

But when he reached Tolman Drew's place, the old Quaker told him that John Fairfield had sent word that a large party of runaways was to be expected in a few days. As usual, it was impossible to say just when they would arrive, but every Underground man had to be prepared to receive them.

Jonathan went to Chambersburg on Monday morning to apologize to Felicity for breaking his Saturday appointment and also to explain that he could not see her until the fugitives were safe. She had figured out for herself that Jonathan might have been detained by some Underground activity, and she had already forgiven him. She tried to conceal her disappointment by being nervously gay. Unfortunately, this worked against her, for her voice became shriller, and her laughter grated on Jonathan's ears.

A few minutes later he forgot her very existence. A letter from Lucy was waiting for him at the post office. Curiously enough, it was postmarked from a small town in Illinois.

DEAR JONATHAN,

I am writing this to you rather than to the family because I would rather they did not see this letter—it would only worry them. As you probably know, we had another election here on March 30

for a Territorial legislature. 5000 ruffians came across the border to vote illegally. It was a repetition of last year's election, but worse.

Its aftermath has been even more unpleasant. A Mr. William Phillips of Leavenworth was among those who protested. He was promptly seized by a proslavery mob, taken out of town, and tarred and feathered. Then his tormentors carried him on a rail until he was half dead. Even that was not enough—they pressed into service some poor Negro who was made to sell the miserable victim at a mock auction. The whole Territory is wrought up about the affair. Proslavery men are openly defending the mob's action and are threatening to extend it to all those opposed to them. Military companies are being formed among our people, and our troops are being drilled every night.

But this is why I am writing you—there are not enough arms to go around. We shall have to have more rifles and we would like to get an artillery piece if we can.

Our only chance of obtaining weapons is to get them from sympathizers in the East. Massachusetts and New York have already been appealed to, but I want to ask you to do anything you can in your part of Pennsylvania. Solicit money and send what you get to Mr. Parker in Boston. He will know what to do with it.

As you will notice from the postmark, I am having this letter mailed outside the Territory so I can write frankly. When you answer please be careful what you say.

Manfred and I are having a busy time trying to put our house to rights. He is working in the local sawmill where lumber is in great demand, and I have had every minute occupied by planting a garden. Everything would be fine if it were not for the troubles I have spoken of. It is getting terribly hot, but the weather is the least of our difficulties. Please do what you can about raising money to send to Mr. Parker. It is very important.

With much love,
Lucy

Jonathan went immediately to Henrietta Norton's house. She displayed no emotion as she read the letter, but she handed it back with a queer smile. "Thee knows that as a Quaker I can have nothing to do with weapons of warfare." Then she became very solemn. "But we can, of course, make an appeal to our sewing-circle members to assist the Kansas settlers to buy

hardware. They must have great need of various kinds of tools."

He thanked her, amused by her subterfuge. As he was about to go, her face suddenly became stern, and when she spoke, her voice had a note of warning in it. "It has come to my ears that thee is spending much time in town. Have a care as to what commitments thee makes—the eagle and the hen have little in common."

She clasped her hands together and shut her eyes as if to ward off any further discussion. Jonathan backed away. Did this old woman know everything that went on in Chambersburg?

XL

DESPITE HENRIETTA NORTON'S ADVICE, Jonathan continued to visit Felicity. He had to be careful when he went to her house at night, but there was no reason why he should not be seen with her in the daytime—she needed a husband, and he was an eligible young man. Not even the most loosely jointed tongues in Chambersburg could wag because a young couple went picnicking on the mountain or attended some social event together. Henrietta Norton never mentioned her to Jonathan again; she said nothing to Felicity, but she saw to it that she was not invited to attend the meetings of the ladies' sewing circle.

Word reached the Moores that Jonathan was paying attention to the young widow; they discussed her among themselves, but in Jonathan's presence they maintained a discreet silence. However, the news was evidently sent to Kansas, for Lucy's letters commented obliquely on the subject. Jonathan read what she had to say and was hurt. Actually, she said little, for she had other things to worry about; the fraudulently elected proslavery Legislature was passing laws depriving the Free-Soil settlers of their civil rights. No antislavery man could serve on a jury or hold office; five years' imprisonment at hard labor hung over the head of anyone circulating or even possessing

Abolitionist literature; and death was the penalty for inciting the slaves to insurrection. The slaveholders were dictating law for the Territory, but the Free-Soil men refused to obey. They organized a protest movement; arms poured in from the East; and secret companies, banded together under the name of the Kansas Legion, drilled regularly. Governor Reeder, who had turned against the proslavery Democrats responsible for his appointment, went to Washington to report. When he returned, he was greeted with charges of irregularities in the purchase of Indian lands and was assaulted in his own office by one of the Missourians. He was replaced by a new governor, but the proslavery *Squatter Sovereign* announced that no matter how many governors might be appointed to the Territory, "we will continue to tar and feather, drown, lynch, and hang every white-livered Abolitionist who dares pollute our soil."

Henrietta Norton supervised Jonathan's efforts to raise money for Kansas defense. Under her guidance, every antislavery family in the valley was solicited for contributions, and the proceeds were sent to Theodore Parker to buy "hardware."



As the summer grain ripened and became ready for harvest, more hands were needed on the farm. The Moores hired Lester Barse, the man who had changed boots with Jonathan on the night Brentwood's dogs had been on his trail.

He proved to be a good worker, but like many hired men, he took it upon himself to be the family's censor. He was contemptuous of the newfangled agricultural methods used on the farm; he commented unfavorably on letting Negro fugitives eat with the members of the household; and he disapproved openly of Felicity. He knew all about her, for there were few personal secrets that could be kept from the people of the valley.

Jonathan was visiting her one night when John Fairfield drove in with several runaways hidden in the bottom of the wagon. Barse took them to Tolman Drew's place himself, cursing all females who diverted men from their line of duty. The next

day he seemed so disgruntled that Jonathan asked him point-blank what was the matter.

"Wimmin," he said disgustedly. "Wimmin an' all their doin's."

"Are you in love?"

"No, I ain't, an' I don't aim to be. I've seen too many good men ruint by wimmin."

"What do you mean?" Jonathan asked with a sharp edge to his voice.

"You know right well what I mean. I didn't hire to drive niggers across the mountain in the middle of the night. My father died of rheumatism, an' he warned me to be careful of night air. It don't sit well on our family."

"Why didn't you ask Danny to take them?"

Barse spat disgustedly at a stone in the barnyard. "He was in bed, an' I didn't see why I should wake him. Besides he's only a young lad an'——"

"And what?"

"An' it's your job to do the nigger runnin'. I don't like niggers, an' I never did. I can't stand the smell of 'em. I had to wash my feet that time I put them dirty slave boots on."

Jonathan could not help smiling. Barse was admittedly prejudiced against bathing—water hurt his delicate skin, he said. Mrs. Moore refused to let him sleep in the house and made him bunk in a small brick building near the barn.

"I didn't know you had such sensitive nostrils," Jonathan said caustically.

"Hell, I kin smell a nigger a mile away. I don't mind their bein' sent up to Canada, 'cause that's one way of gettin' rid of 'em. Course, I ain't got no use for them highfalutin' planters neither, but, mister, I don't see why I've got to be the one to handle the niggers jest because you're busy with some——"

Jonathan's expression stopped him short. "All right," he said defensively, "but I know that Felicity Sueren. Hell, I was a friend of ole Dutch Sueren, the feller she hooked first, an' I saw her run him ragged. She didn't give a damn about him neither. Why, the time he was killed, she came over to the

mill an' watched 'em scrape up what was left of him without battin' an eye. Might have been so much beef they were throwing into a basket. I wouldn't trust a woman that ud act like that. It ain't natchrul." He studied Jonathan's face slyly. "You ain't het up at what I said, are ye? It's fer your own good. Yer family knows it too."

"Thank you," Jonathan said coldly. "I can take care of myself."

"I'm sorry, mister. I didn't mean——"

Jonathan ignored him and stalked off to the house, where Mrs. Moore made things worse by telling him that he looked like an angry ghost. He had lost weight during the past few months; he never had enough sleep; and the heavy work of the harvest season was draining what little energy he had left.

He sat silent and preoccupied at dinner that night. When Barse and the other men hired for harvesting had left the kitchen, Jonathan made an announcement that brought consternation to the entire family.

"You've all heard about Mrs. Sueren, I guess. At least there's been enough talk about her around here. Well, I'm going to marry her, if she'll have me. And I'm going to ask her right now." Without waiting for comment he got up and stalked out of the room. The last thing he saw was Mrs. Moore's thunder-struck face. She half arose to follow him, but he was out of the door before she could get to her feet.



Danny was the only one who had courage enough to follow him into the stable while he saddled one of the tired farm horses. The boy stood watching him buckle the cinch with a savage pull. Jonathan led the big gelding to the stable door and stolidly brushed off the grain dust from his still damp hide.

"Isn't this pretty sudden?" Danny asked quietly. To him, nothing Jonathan could do was wrong, but he was worried by his parents' reaction to the proposed marriage.

"Not especially," Jonathan answered as he bent down to clean off the horse's hoofs. "It's been going on for a long

while, but everybody's been too blind to see that my intentions are serious. Is anything wrong with Mrs. Sueren? You'd think she had the plague the way people act about her."

"She's all right," Danny assured him hastily. "I like her."

"Well, that's all you have to worry about. She likes you too. Says you're one of the few people around here who have treated her as if she was human."

Danny seemed pleased. "Did she say that?" His face became more serious. "What'll you do after you get married?"

"We'll settle that when the time comes."

"You won't go away?"

"I certainly don't expect to live here with my—my wife."

"Why not? It's your home. You helped make it."

Jonathan shrugged his shoulders and unsnapped the chains holding the gelding in the doorway. He led the big animal into the barnyard and swung into the saddle. "You might wish me luck," he said with a feeble attempt at being cheerful. "I'm not even sure she'll have me."

Danny seemed about to say something, but he choked off the words quickly. "I wish you luck," he mumbled.

As the gelding started toward the mill, Jonathan saw Mrs. Moore waiting for him in the lane. She stood under the trees, a thin and pathetic figure in a faded old dress. She stretched out her arms to stop the horse. Jonathan slid down to the ground, dreading the interview.

"I wish you wouldn't be so hasty, Jonathan," she said softly. "After all, you haven't discussed this matter with us. You know we're interested only in your welfare."

"I know, Mother, but my mind's made up. I've heard enough talking."

She came close to him, trying to search his face in the darkness. "I remember the night you first came to us, Jonathan. I took you in my arms then, and I've tried to treat you as my own son ever since. Don't you think you might confide in me now?"

"There's nothing to confide. I've said all there is to say. I'm going to ask Felicity to marry me."

"But we don't know her," she protested. "I've never laid eyes on the girl."

"Did you want to?" he asked pointedly. "Did you ever mention her to me? Yet I dare say you've heard all about her. I'm sure your sewing-circle friends in Chambersburg haven't missed the chance of telling you what a sly minx she is—out to trap me into marriage and make me miserable for the rest of my life."

"No, that's not true," she flared up. "I wouldn't let anyone speak that way of a girl my son was interested in."

"I'm glad you know it's not true then. Felicity is—well, she's not like that at all. And besides, if I'm ever going to get married, I might as well do it now. God knows, I'm old enough. There's no one for me to wait for."

"Jonathan," she said, "I'm sorry it wasn't Lucy. We'd always hoped it would be."

"There's no use talking about that now. It's all over."

She was silent. The gelding nuzzled his head against Jonathan's shoulder. He would never forget the strong, acrid odor of horse's sweat and the crisp tang of early autumn air.

"That's why I'm marrying Felicity Sueren," he said finally. "I hope you understand now." He pushed his foot blindly into the stirrup and climbed into the saddle.

Mrs. Moore caught the horse's head. "You must promise to bring her here so we can meet her first. We don't want a run-away match or—or anything like that. If you want to marry her, then I'm sure we'll want her too. But bring her here, Jonathan, so we can give you both our blessing." She dropped the bridle, and the horse impatiently surged forward.

"All right, Mother," he said over his shoulder. "I'll ask her to visit you. But she'll come here as my fiancée—if she'll have me as such."

The woman standing on the lane bowed her head. The horse and its rider went plunging down the dark slope to the mill and clattered across the bridge to the Chambersburg road.

Felicity was sitting on the porch when Jonathan rode up to her house. She was not expecting anyone, but she ran to the gate, pleased to see a caller. She led a lonely life in her isolated house, and she was always delighted to have anyone visit her. She did not realize that it was Jonathan until he spoke to her. Then she hurried to greet him, her voice shrill with surprise.

They led the gelding to the little shed behind the house. Jonathan stripped the saddle off and threw it to the floor.

"To what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?" Felicity asked coyly. "I was sitting there all alone wondering what——"

"I came here to ask you something," Jonathan said curtly.

"Yes? Do tell—what is it?"

"I'm not going to ask it here in the stable."

Felicity's eyes opened; she led the way out into the garden. When she turned around, Jonathan took her in his arms. Her mouth was warm when he kissed her, and she tightened her arms around his neck.

"I came to ask you to marry me," he said as soon as she had relaxed her grip. "Will you?"

For answer she kissed him again. "Of course, darling. I've been dying to." And then she took him by the hand and almost ran across the lawn to the house.



As soon as Felicity knew she was going to be married, she became more circumspect in her behavior. The eyes of the whole community would be on her, and she did not want any gossip. She permitted Jonathan to see her only under the most proper circumstances.

Her first entry into the Moores' house was at once an ordeal and a triumph for her. She purchased a new outfit for the occasion, and she called in the best dressmaker in town to design it. Jonathan thought she looked absurdly overdressed; he was uncomfortable when he presented her to his foster parents, but they treated her as if she were the great lady she wanted to be, and she left the house feeling that her visit had

been a success. But Jonathan had little to say to her on the way home, and while he was absent, the Moores sat around the dining table in gloomy silence. Mrs. Moore sighed and went to change her clothes so she could wash the dishes; her husband went out to chop wood furiously for the morning fire; and Danny drove the cattle in from the barnyard, pelting the in-offensive cows with stones until his father stopped him with an angry shout that seemed strange coming from a man who ordinarily never raised his voice.

When Jonathan returned, everyone said complimentary things about Felicity, but he listened skeptically and went to bed as soon as possible. For once Danny and he had nothing to say to each other as they lay in the darkness trying to fall asleep.

The marriage date was set for Christmas Day, when there would be little farm work to do. At first Felicity wanted Jonathan to move into her village house for the winter, but he explained impatiently that he could not desert the Moores—they needed him on the farm, and even though traffic would be light on the Underground during the winter months, he felt that he had to be present in case any passengers came through. Fortunately, a small farm adjoining the Moores' was available. By pooling resources and machinery, it would be possible to operate the two places as one.

A cool letter of congratulation arrived from Lucy. She was in no mood to write at great length. The Free-Soil settlers had set up their own Territorial government in Kansas, ignoring the proslavery administration. Lawrence was threatened by siege, and the settlers were desperately trying to obtain more Sharpe's rifles. The new breechloaders were the terror of anyone who had to face them; possession of enough of these new weapons might enable the Free-Soil men to hold their own, even though they were outnumbered. At the end of her letter, Lucy appended a note begging Jonathan not to cease his efforts to raise money for the defense fund.

Cold weather set in early; by Christmas time the valley was covered with a thick blanket of snow. Felicity insisted on a church wedding, and the Moores had to drive in to Chambers-

burg on roads that were just barely passable. They stood shivering in the unheated little church during the brief ceremony. Even Felicity seemed depressed. There were not more than half a dozen people present, and the only guest who seemed interested in her was the wife of the local doctor, who had professional reasons for attending weddings.

Felicity was sorry, too, that life had cheated her out of ever being able to wear a real bridal costume. And she was so cold in her thin silk dress that she could see nothing ludicrous in the cloud of vapor which emerged from the minister's mouth as he spoke the words that made her Mrs. Jonathan Bradford.



She and Jonathan left on the night train for Harrisburg, from where they were to go on to New York the next morning. Felicity had never been in a large city, and she was determined to have a memorable honeymoon. They stayed at the Astor House, America's center of fashion. But it snowed every day for a week, and they both caught colds.

When they returned to Chambersburg they had dinner at the Moores', and Danny went ahead to light the fires in their house, but dampness lingered in the long closed-up rooms.

Felicity huddled up in a fur jacket and cried herself to sleep in sheer exasperation. Everything had gone wrong. She hated winter anyway. If she had not married a man with a price on his head, she could have gone to the South for her honeymoon.

X L I

THERE IS PROBABLY no more inauspicious way of beginning married life than to have to spend the first few months of it in a badly heated farmhouse almost completely isolated by the storms of an unusually cold winter. The winter of 1855-56 was famous

for its sub-zero temperatures and heavy snowfall. When letters came through from Kansas, they told of the sufferings of the settlers out there, but even in the long-civilized Cumberland Valley, the inhabitants kept to their houses and swore at the weather. At night, the floor boards and beams cracked and snapped, and the howling winds threatened to tear the shingles off the roof. During the day, when the sun shone at all, it glistened on the white snow with a feeble light that made everything look colder. The whole valley rang with axes as men went out to cut more wood, since no one had laid by enough to last through such a winter. Jonathan and Danny spent days on the mountain, felling trees and hauling them in on sledges to the barnyards of the two farms. Each night Jonathan returned to his wife exhausted, and Felicity was annoyed when he dozed off at the supper table.

She looked forward to the coming of spring, but when the snow began to thaw, there were a hundred new tasks to be done. The farm they had bought was in fairly good condition, but the work needed to keep it going was endless, and Jonathan, of course, often had to help the Moores. Plowing time made matters even worse; the men had to work in the fields from dawn to nightfall, and then they had to do the stable chores at night. Felicity was bitter—she was finding that being married to a farmer was worse than being the wife of a clerk. Her former husband had been through with work at the end of the business day, but Jonathan had to labor day and night and keep himself ready to take fugitives across the mountain. He often ate at the Moores' house, and she resented his absences more than she did having to bother with preparing his meals, although she disliked housework.

May brought a new tenseness to the political scene that overshadowed everything else. Lucy's letters indicated that the hostilities which had been suspended during the cold weather were beginning again. But the telegraph outran her messages as events in Kansas attracted national attention. The sheriff had invaded Lawrence to arrest six men there for alleged complicity in a political murder. The grand jury indicted all the

Free-State leaders and recommended that the Lawrence newspapers be suppressed. Sumner thundered in the Senate on "The Crime against Kansas," making a vehement attack on the motives of Senator Butler of South Carolina, who had praised the actions of the proslavery men in the Territory.

Then everything broke at once. Seven hundred and fifty Missourians invaded Lawrence and turned cannon against the new hotel there, asserting that it had been constructed to serve as a fortress. Its walls indicated that there may have been some truth in the charge, for light artillery had no effect on the solid stone. They set the hotel on fire, sacked the newspaper offices, and rode out of the town, leaving its central section in ruins.

Easterners besieged their local telegraph offices for news of friends and relatives in Kansas. Jonathan drove Mrs. Moore to Chambersburg and waited with her all day at the railroad station for word from Lucy.

They were on the station platform when the telegraph operator dashed out of his booth with a dispatch from Washington. Violence had spread to the floor of the Senate chamber. Senator Butler's nephew, Preston Brooks, had beaten Sumner over the head with a cane until he fell unconscious from his chair.

Chambersburg promptly split into two factions. Proslavery men openly defended the deed, but antislavery people gathered in knots on street corners and denounced "Bully" Brooks's action as a vicious attack on the whole North. Lights burned late in the hotels and barrooms that night, and Jonathan and Mrs. Moore stayed at the railroad station, hoping for news from Kansas. None came, and they drove home in despair. Word of the attack on Sumner had already reached the outlying farms, carried there by men who rode through the countryside to tell their friends about it.

Two days later, a brief telegram came from Lucy announcing that she and Wandrei were safe. The sack of Lawrence was almost forgotten while the nation seethed with angry discussions of the Brooks affair. Sumner had been seriously wounded; his Massachusetts constituents were outraged, while many people in the South were openly expressing their delight. They sent

dozens of canes to young Brooks with the advice to use them on the heads of more Abolitionists. An attempt to unseat Brooks in the House was defeated by failing to gain the necessary two-thirds vote, and when he resigned, his followers promptly re-elected him. Massachusetts, in silent rebuke, left Sumner's chair vacant for the four years it took the shattered man to recover.

But the miniature war between the South and the North did not stop with the affair at Lawrence and the attack on Sumner. During the following week, a neighbor came thundering over the mill bridge to announce to the Moores that a Kansas Abolitionist named John Brown had taken matters into his own hands. On Saturday night a band of men under his leadership had seized five proslavery settlers and had slaughtered them in retaliation for the deaths of five antislavery men killed in the troubles over Lawrence.

It was early June before a letter from Lucy arrived to give the Moores a direct account of what was happening. She described the burning of the hotel and the destruction of the presses, commented angrily on the attack on Sumner, and then went on to tell about the open warfare taking place in the Territory.

It is hard to believe that such things can happen in the United States. When we lived in Jacksonville, which was then as much frontier country as this is now, we never felt that our lives were in danger or that we had anything to fear from our neighbors. Actually the Indians here are more to be trusted than our fellow citizens from Missouri. When we first arrived I was afraid of the Indians, but I know now that they are an innocent and relatively simple people, more sinned against than sinning, for the white traders who sell them spiritous liquors are responsible for their degradation.

Some of our people were glad that Mr. Brown had killed five of our enemies; then more sober thought made them realize that nothing but further warfare and bloodshed can come from what he has done. Missourians are already seeking vengeance and are burning and plundering some of our outlying farms and settlements. Federal troops are hunting down John Brown and his men, and there are rumors of skirmishes between them. Much as I disapprove of what

Mr. Brown has done, I should not want to see him taken, for he will surely be lynched before he can be brought to trial.

The terrible question "How is it on the goose?" is asked of every stranger met by proslavery ruffians, and if he fails to answer it to their satisfaction he is instantly shot dead. Our new Governor, Mr. Robinson, is under arrest, and poor Mr. Reeder has had to flee from the Territory in disguise. We sleep every night with Manfred's rifle by the bedside, and we never know when we shall be called upon to defend our lives.

Worst of all, a report reached here today that the little settlement at Osawatomie where the Browns lived has been wiped out. A volunteer force has been called for to march against the men who did it, and Manfred wants to go. He says that I will be perfectly safe if I stay with friends in town. But everything there is in such desolation that it makes me furious just to look at the ruins of what we had hoped would be our fine new city.

I hate to let Manfred go, but I cannot ask him to stay. We are living in such fearful times that one does not know what to do. I only hope that we come through these dreadful days safely. I will write again as soon as Manfred returns. He has just come in to tell me that he has definitely made up his mind to go.

Pray for us,
LUCY

The day after this letter was received, a neighbor rode up the Moores' lane to hand them a telegram he had brought from Chambersburg. It was just after nightfall when he arrived, and the men were all in from the field. Jonathan had eaten with the family and was just about to start out for his own home when the bearer of ill tidings came to the door. William Moore read the telegram to the family:

YOUR DAUGHTER MRS. MANFRED WANDREI ASKS ME TO COMMUNICATE WITH YOU. HER HUSBAND HAS BEEN WOUNDED, AND SHE HAS GONE TO TAKE CARE OF HIM.

The name signed to the telegram was a strange one—probably that of some friend whom Lucy had asked to notify her people.

A family conclave was held immediately. Mrs. Moore wanted to set out at once for Kansas, but she was persuaded to wait

for further word from Lucy. After two days of terrible suspense, another telegram came:

MANFRED SERIOUSLY HURT. WILL START EAST AS SOON AS HE CAN
BE MOVED. WILL LET YOU KNOW WHEN TO EXPECT US.

LUCY



Weeks passed before Lucy telegraphed her family that her husband had recovered sufficiently to stand the long journey to Pennsylvania. Meanwhile, she wrote letter after letter to keep them posted. Wandrei had been shot by some unseen assailant as he was riding toward Osawatomic. The bullet had struck him in the hip and had smashed the pelvic bones. Lucy's letters did not mention the word death or even admit its possibility, but the Chambersburg doctor who studied her account of the wound at the Moores' request was pessimistic about Wandrei's chances of recovery. Certainly he would never be able to walk again.

In all the commotion over Kansas affairs, Felicity felt neglected. She was suspicious, too, of Jonathan's more-than-brotherly interest in Lucy's return. She began to make discreet inquiries. From Mrs. Moore she learned very little, but it did not take her long to get the truth from Danny. When a telegram announced that Lucy and Wandrei were to be expected on the afternoon train from Harrisburg, Felicity insisted on going to the railroad station with the family.

The farm wagon was covered with hay to provide a bed for the injured man. Jonathan drove; Mrs. Moore and Felicity sat on the driver's seat with him, while William Moore and Danny rode alongside on extra horses they had borrowed for the occasion.

The Harrisburg train steamed slowly into the long platform of the Chambersburg terminal. The station master had told the Moores that the invalid would probably be in the baggage car. They rushed to its door as soon as the train came to a stop.

Jonathan was shocked when he saw Lucy's face. It was drawn and pale; even the excitement of coming home aroused no more

than a fleeting smile. She kissed her mother and greeted the others distractedly while all her attention was concentrated on a hospital cot that was being pushed to the door. Jonathan backed the wagon to the platform, and the men on the train carefully picked up the cot.

The emaciated, yellow-faced man they placed in the wagon was hardly recognizable as the sturdy young German Jonathan had left in Boston just two years before. Wandrei tried to lift his head to greet them, but the doctor who had accompanied the family to the train promptly ordered him to lie back and remain still.

A chair was borrowed from the stationmaster and put in the wagon so Lucy could ride with her husband. The doctor climbed up into his buggy, and the little procession started slowly toward the farm.

Felicity sat staring at the fat backs of the horses as they jogged along the road. She had spoken to no one, nor had she offered to help in any way. Except for a brief glance at the injured man, she had not taken her eyes off Lucy. But now she was praying for the recovery of the stranger whose life had meant nothing to her until this moment. If he died, his wife would be free again, and Felicity knew what she herself would do then if she were in Lucy's place.



Felicity had avoided the Moores' house all winter, but now she went there often. Ordinarily impatient with sick people, she suddenly showed great concern for Wandrei's welfare, following the doctor's reports with anxious attention. Her attitude toward Jonathan changed. She had never been so devoted to him, and she flaunted her newly discovered affection for him in front of Lucy.

She often discussed the unfortunate couple with Jonathan, deploring the misfortune that had befallen Wandrei, and pointing out what a terrible effect it had had on his wife. "I can see what it's done to her," she said mournfully. "She must have been quite pretty once. But suffering does make a woman

lose her beauty. I know I looked frightful just after my poor husband died. And I suppose, too, that those awful Kansas winters ruined her health. She looks so weak and thin."

A stern glance from Jonathan silenced her for a moment, then she went on, using another approach. "And what a shame for a man like that to be crippled for life! I can see he's a wonderful person—his wife must be terribly in love with him."

Jonathan stomped angrily down the stairs. Felicity sat at her mirror, sleekly combing out her long hair. The glass reflected a self-satisfied smile that spread into a malicious grin.



Felicity spent most of her spare time at the Moores', but Jonathan avoided their house as much as he could. He never permitted himself to see Lucy alone, and even when others were present, he had little to say to her. His wife noticed and rejoiced. Things were working out better than she had hoped. If Wandrei could be kept alive, everything would be fine.

There was nothing for her to do but play a waiting game. All summer long she lived in two households and felt welcome in neither of them. Fortunately, the political issues diverted attention from her. The possible chances of the new Republican party were more interesting to the Moores than anything that had to do with Felicity.

The Moores were of two minds about the party that was facing a national election for the first time. The traces of Garrisonism that still remained in them made them doubtful of any political means of settling the slavery question, and they were disappointed, too, that the Republican platform had come out only against slavery being extended into the Territories. Nor did they like the party's first candidate, John C. Frémont. He had been born a Southerner and was a former Democrat. William Moore distrusted him instinctively, and he was not taken in by the romantic glamour cast about his career as an explorer. Yet a national antislavery party might accomplish so much!

There seemed to be a good chance of Frémont's being elected.

The Republican party, in the short two years of its existence, had already gained power in many Northern state governments. If the remnants of the Whigs, the Free-Soilers, and the Northern Democrats who were honestly outraged by the Kansas-Nebraska Bill could be welded into an opposing force, it was possible that enough strength might be mustered to sweep the Democrats out of office. The Know-Nothings, who were declining as a political power as mysteriously as they had arisen, might also be persuaded to throw their waning strength to the Republicans, but many antislavery people were violently opposed to forming an alliance with them.

Wandrei pointed out that there was more to gain than to lose by supporting the Republicans. If they won the election, it was important to have as many staunch Abolitionists as possible in the new administration, and if they lost, it would not matter how their allegiance had been pledged.

In Chambersburg, the campaign was especially bitter, for Frémont's Democratic opponent, James Buchanan, was a local favorite. He had been born in the mountains west of the town; he had been educated in near-by Mercersburg; and he had spent most of his life in Lancaster. His election would mean a rich harvest of public offices for his friends.

The early fall elections in Vermont and Maine went to Frémont by tremendous majorities; in October, Ohio stood for him, but Indiana went to Buchanan, and so did his native Pennsylvania. Then, in November, the South delivered her huge vote for the Democratic Party. The Republicans were defeated, but they had showed amazing gains.

Wandrei studied the election returns and made an elaborate analysis of them. He thought the Republicans might win in 1860, or if not then, surely in 1864. Northern Democrats were gloomily predicting that the South would revolt if a "sectional" party ever gained control of the national government.

"We shall have to fight then," Wandrei said. "I'm sorry I won't be alive, for that's one war I'd like to be in."

Jonathan sought to assure him that he would get well and that he should not talk as if he were about to die, but Wandrei

dismissed his attempts to cheer him up with good-natured contempt. "I'm already dead. I died months ago out on the plains of Kansas. The respite that has been given me has done me no good and has only made Lucy and everyone else more unhappy. If it were not for the fact that I wanted so desperately to watch what is happening in this world, I would have done away with myself before they brought me here. But I wanted to see how the struggle would go. It will be a long, hard fight, my friend. Yet I envy you for being able to continue in it. What better thing is there for a man to do than participate in the battle for freedom? Perhaps, someday it will be won."

"It doesn't look much like it now," Jonathan said bitterly.

"Ach, this effort to overthrow slavery is only part of it. There is much to do everywhere. And every inch that is won will have to be defended. Still, it is a glorious fight. I only wish I could see how it will turn out. That is the curse of dying—it takes you out of the stream of events and casts you aside at the time when things are most interesting. I wish I could believe in heaven. It would be so nice to sit on a golden cloud and cheer on mankind's efforts to better itself. But then it would be difficult just to sit there and watch and not be able to help. Perhaps that is why there is no heaven, for such a heaven would be hell indeed."



Wandrei became weaker daily, and the doctor shook his head every time he was asked about his patient's prospects. The dreadful wound was still suppurating, draining away all life and energy.

As autumn deepened into winter, Wandrei sank still lower. It was almost impossible to keep him warm, and in a desperate effort to heat the house, the Moores had a patented hot-air system installed in the cellar. But the dry air seemed even worse for the patient than the heat from the fireplaces.

When the first snow flurries came, Wandrei asked to have his bed moved over to the window so he could see the snowflakes

fall. Felicity sat with him, trying to get him to talk about Christmas in his beloved Germany, but the dying man sometimes rambled in his speech, and sometimes he did not know where he was.

Yet in his more lucid intervals he was keenly aware of what was happening. One evening he had a long talk with Jonathan in which he told him candidly that Lucy was still in love with him. "I found that out while we were in Kansas," he said wanly. "I made a mistake in asking her to marry me when she was still in love with you, and now you, too, have made a mistake. Both of us have been wrong, but there is nothing that can be done about it. It is all most unfortunate. I had hoped that I would be able to leave Lucy in your care—— Well, there is no use talking about it now. Perhaps when there is so much misery in the world our own little problems do not matter, but they seem important to us, don't they, mein Herr?"



This was the last opportunity Jonathan had to talk with Wandrei alone. The next day, the dying man's mind wandered in delirium, and he was back in Germany again, fighting the battles of his youth. For long periods he was unconscious, and he became so weak that he had to be cared for like a child.

Death came on so gradually that it was no surprise. Danny hurried across the fields one morning to bring them the news. Even before he spoke, Felicity knew what had happened. Her face turned white, and she sat at the breakfast table listening without comment as he told them how Wandrei had died.

She began to cry. As soon as Danny left, Jonathan asked her bluntly why she was so concerned about the death of a man who could have meant little to her.

"You must be a fool if you don't know," she flared. "While he was alive I knew that you and your precious Lucy could never—— Oh, damn you! I hate you both! But I'll never give her a chance. I'll keep that white-faced creature from getting what she wants if it's the last thing I ever do."



Wandrei's funeral was held the next day. Lester Barse labored all morning, digging a grave in the frozen soil of the little family cemetery. As fast as he threw the dark earth up into a long pile, the snow powdered it gently, until by afternoon the newly made mound was hidden, and the open pit was a black rectangle in the whitened fields.

The family trudged through the snow to hear a minister from Chambersburg read a burial sermon over the grave of the young German who had given his life for freedom in an alien land.

Felicity refused to attend the funeral. Now that Wandrei was dead, she had lost all interest in him.

XLII

IT WAS AN UNHAPPY WINTER for everyone, and the coming of spring brought a new development that seemed to spell final defeat for the Abolitionists. In his inaugural address, Buchanan predicted that the status of slavery in the Territories would soon be settled by the Supreme Court.

He was alluding to the Dred Scott case, which had been pending consideration for several years. Two days later, it was readily seen why James Buchanan, proslavery Northern Democrat, had been so content to accept the Supreme Court's ruling. The decision went against the Negro slave who was suing for his liberty because he had lived for several years on free soil. According to the Court, no person "whose ancestors were imported into this country and held as slaves" had a right to sue in a United States court, for he was not a citizen. The Declaration of Independence, in the Court's opinion, did not include Negroes, for they were not men but chattels. And any attempt to restrict the spread of slavery into the Territories was declared unconstitutional.

The South had won its greatest victory. The highest tribunal of the land had gone further than even the most rabid fire-

eaters had dared hope. There was consternation among the Abolitionists, but one of them at least took the news quietly. Theodore Parker wrote to Jonathan a few days after the decision had been made public.

There is small solace in predicting correctly the turn of disastrous events, but since failure as well as success is part of our human lot, I should like to tell you what I said about Mr. Buchanan and this infamous decision before his Inauguration took place. I wrote then to a friend of mine as follows:

"The President is an old man—a man of feeble will, of no ideas—vacillating in his measures, but firm in one principle—to take care of James Buchanan. But he was chosen by the South, at the command of the South; on the platform of the South was he sworn into office. He will, therefore, be forced to yield to the logic of Southern ideas. There is a manifest destiny in that which no will could escape. It is plain that one of three things must happen:

- "1. The South may conquer the North.
- "2. The North may conquer the South.
- "3. The two may separate without a fight."

To this, Parker added a postscript: "Now we are to make our choice between the ruin of democratic institutions and civil war. Do you doubt which we shall choose?"



The letter gave no hint of it, but Parker was seriously ill. During a lecture tour the previous winter, exposure overnight in a storm-stranded train had brought him down with a lung ailment that had been diagnosed as consumption. His family was predisposed to the disease, and a lifetime of overwork was now taking its toll.

Nevertheless, he continued to keep up his enormous correspondence. He wrote to the Moores in the autumn of 1857, analyzing the roots of the financial panic that was sweeping the country, and deploring the fact that it was diverting the public's attention from Kansas, where the Buchanan administration was trying to force the infamous Lecompton constitution down the throats of the Free-State settlers. The constitution as written

was a denial of every democratic right, for it was worded so as to leave no choice about admitting slavery to the Territory. Even Stephen Douglas revolted against it, and in December he broke with Buchanan and the Southern Democrats on the issue. His popularity in the North soared again, but the Abolitionists refused to credit his conversion.

It was a terrible year; depression forced farm prices down until the crops hardly seemed worth harvesting; and the Dred Scott decision had made the antislavery struggle seem useless. Apathy settled down on the country; men wanted only to be left alone to work out their own personal destinies—the business of making a living in hard times temporarily drove all thought of reform or progress from most people's minds.

Jonathan lived from day to day, disgusted with the turn of national events and with himself, for he had never lived through such an unhappy period. He was tormented by the knowledge that Lucy was again free and that he could have married her if he had not rushed blindly into an alliance he now regretted. And Felicity made his life miserable; she hung over him every minute, anxious to please one day and to quarrel with him the next. She never mentioned Lucy, but she bridled every time she heard her name.

Custom required that Lucy lead a life of complete retirement while she was in mourning. But she knew that activity rather than isolation was the best cure for grief. She consulted Henrietta Norton, who promptly put her to work as an organizer for the sewing circle.

Lucy was worried, however, by the way Jonathan avoided her. Danny had told her of Felicity's hostility, so that she did not think it wise to seek him out at home. She knew he was disheartened by the Dred Scott decision, but she could not believe that his interest in the antislavery struggle had lessened simply because of a legal defeat.

Yet there was no doubt that it had lessened. He worked hard on the farm and on the Underground, but he went about his duties as though he were forcing himself to perform them.

One evening, in the spring of 1858, when Wertz brought

two Negroes to the house, Lucy calmly announced that she intended to accompany Jonathan on his journey across the mountain.

"This is no work for women," he said bluntly. "We never know when we may get into trouble. I don't go armed for nothing."

"I'm not afraid of getting shot," Lucy said, tying her bonnet strings determinedly.

"There may be gossip if anyone sees us. You know how people talk."

"I'm not afraid of gossip. Let them talk."

"But——" Jonathan hesitated.

"Well, go on," Lucy said scornfully. "If Felicity hears of it she'll be angry. Are you afraid of her?"

He flushed. "That's not what I mean. I just don't want you to—well, to mix into something that's no concern of yours. I'm in no mood for a lecture."

She looked at him reproachfully, but once her mind was made up, nothing would stop her. She left the kitchen and went outside. The two fugitives were already hidden in the bottom of the farm wagon, and Danny was holding the horses' heads. Lucy ignored Jonathan's protests and started across the barnyard. It was only when he saw her trying to climb into the seat unaided that he went to her assistance.

He slashed at the horses and drove down the lane. For most of the ride over the mountain they had little to say to each other. They knew the two Negroes in the back of the wagon could hear them, and even though the men were strangers whom they were never likely to see again, they felt reluctant about speaking in their presence. But after they had deposited the fugitives at Drew's farm, Lucy felt free to talk.

"I've wanted a chance to speak to you alone," she said. "That's why I insisted on coming tonight."

"I gathered that. What do you want of me?"

"Let's not start that way," she begged. "We've known each other too long and too well to quarrel now. Be frank with me."

"Frank about what?"

"About you. What's the matter with you, Jonathan? You've changed. I know you don't love Felicity, but it must be more than that. You're not interested in anything."

"Why do you say that about me and Felicity?" he demanded.

"Because it's obvious to everyone. And besides, she told Manfred about it."

Jonathan silently damned his wife for confiding her troubles to others—and especially to Manfred Wandrei. "I don't know what she told him," he said, "but I'd rather not discuss the matter. Let's leave it at that."

There was a long interval of silence; at last the horses came to the end of the woods through which they had been passing and entered an open meadow. The stars were shining, and a biting spring wind blew across the high plateau. Lucy gathered her coat around her, but she sat up straight, refusing to show that she was cold.

"Well," she said, "that's not what I wanted to talk about anyway. There are more important things than personal happiness. At least you used to believe there were."

"What do you mean?"

"Your work, Jonathan." Her voice went on, level and detached, but firm with conviction. "You're letting yourself be overwhelmed by despair. Oh, I know you're always ready to help a fugitive, and you'd be willing to risk your life if the occasion demanded it, but that isn't what I mean. Where are the fine plans you had when you came here? What has happened to everything you used to believe in? I'm not blaming you for anything, and I'm not trying to criticize you. I just want to shake you out of your lethargy."

Jonathan kept staring straight ahead at the mountain road.

"I've been watching you, Jonathan; I've seen how you've been letting personal disappointment turn you into a disgruntled farmer who is content to do his duty and no more. Something has gone out of you, Jonathan. Something fine. I want to bring you back to the ideals of your boyhood, and I'm not going to let anyone stand in my way!"

"And by anyone, you mean——"

"You know perfectly well whom I mean."

There was an ironic ring to his voice. "And what do you propose to do?"

She looked up at the brightly gleaming stars before she answered.

"I asked Henrietta Norton that question," she said in a subdued voice, "but she just smiled and said that I would know. But—— Oh, Jonathan, I'm not sure I do."

The horses pranced nervously under the sudden gripping of the reins in Jonathan's hands. Then they began to gallop, and the farm wagon tore through the fields and down the mountain road.



Jonathan never knew how Felicity learned that Lucy had accompanied him over the mountain that night, but within a few days he could see that she suspected it. And when he evaded her probing questions, her suspicions grew stronger.

She accused him of carrying on an affair with Lucy; her face twisted into ugly lines when she hurled the charge at him, and her voice rose to a shrill scream. Jonathan turned away in disgust.

She ran after him, reviling Lucy in language she had learned in the sordid village where she had spent her girlhood. She continued her accusations, until Jonathan retaliated by saying that she should not judge other women's morals by her own.

His words cut her like a knife. She became incoherent with fury. For a moment Jonathan thought she was going to fall to the ground in a fainting fit, but Felicity was not the fainting kind. She recovered herself and tried to speak. Jonathan refused to listen to her. He left the house and went to the barn for his plow and team.

He was sorry for what he had said, and he returned home that night fearing that he would have to face another scene. But Felicity surprised him. She was all smiles at his homecoming, and she put an unusually good dinner before him when he sat down at the table. Afterward she came to him burning with

a passion he had not seen in her since the early days of their marriage.

He gave up trying to understand her and went the next day to visit Henrietta Norton. The old Quakeress made no mention of his long absence, nor did she rebuke him for his backsliding. Instead, she plunged into a discussion of plans for the Underground as though nothing had happened.

It was at her suggestion that Jonathan attended an anti-slavery meeting in Boston that spring. He went alone and spent a week renewing acquaintance with the men on the Vigilance Committee and meeting Underground operators from all over the country. Higginson came from Worcester, excited about a scheme to free the slaves by a vast insurrectionary movement. John Brown was connected with it, but Higginson said that it was too early to divulge any details. All those who could be trusted would be notified at the proper time.

Jonathan was shocked to see that Parker had suddenly become an old man. But shrunken and feeble as he was in body, his spirit was still indomitable, and he was interested in everything. He, too, knew about John Brown's plot, but he was more inclined to talk about it than Higginson. He told Jonathan that Brown was planning to use the Virginia mountains as a base for his operations, and after intrenching himself in their almost impregnable wildernesses, he hoped to attract slaves to his leadership until he had established a large army of militant Negroes there. The Dred Scott decision was breeding violence; slaves who could not be citizens had to appeal to their revolutionary rights to become men.

Jonathan debated the matter with him for a whole evening. Parker was all for Brown and armed insurrection, but Jonathan could not make up his mind.

Before he left, Parker told him that he expected to take a long wagon journey for his health, and that he would surely visit him during the summer. Late in August he appeared in Chambersburg, after having made a tour of hundreds of miles through the Northern states. As soon as he had established himself in the spare bedroom in the Moores' house, he im-

mediately began to take up his disrupted correspondence, staying up until all hours of the night to write his letters, and occupying his days visiting the Nortons and other active workers in the antislavery cause.

Parker's wide range of interests enabled him to talk on equal terms to everyone. With William Moore he discussed science and agriculture; with Lester Barse the queer superstitions of the valley people; with Lucy the complicated politics of Kansas. The Negroes flocked to him, and the local antislavery minister prevailed upon him to speak in his church.

Instead of choosing a religious subject, Parker discussed a series of debates that was being held in Illinois. Stephen A. Douglas was campaigning to get himself re-elected as Senator of that state, using his break with the Buchanan administration to solicit votes from the Northern antislavery counties. His opponent, Abraham Lincoln, an almost unknown attorney from Springfield, had had the temerity to challenge his famous rival to meet him on the platform.

The Moores were naturally interested in anything that had to do with Illinois. William Moore was not acquainted with Lincoln, but his law partner, William Herndon, had been one of his students at Illinois College.

When Moore mentioned his former student, Parker told him that Herndon had been corresponding with him for several years and had recently come East to consult him about his partner's political career. Lincoln was only a local politician, but the Abolitionists were eager to make converts even of unimportant men, for they could sometimes exert a great deal of influence in their own communities. Parker had given advice and counsel, but he was disappointed in the debates, for he felt that Lincoln was not meeting the slavery issue squarely. Evidently Herndon had not yet been able to win his partner over; he had warned Parker that Lincoln was as stubborn as a mule and that it would require long and patient effort to make an outspoken Abolitionist of him.

The Moores continued to follow the debates after Parker returned to Boston, watching eagerly for some sign of Lincoln's

complete conversion. They did not find it, but Jonathan, who was sensitive to literary values, admired the way Lincoln expressed himself. From the newspaper reports of the last debate—which was held, curiously enough, in that town of long-dreaded memory, Alton—he clipped out a paragraph which he thought the best summation of the slavery controversy he had ever seen.

That is the real issue. That is the issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time; and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, "You toil and work and earn bread, and I'll eat it." No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle.

But the man who had spoken these words lost the election. Douglas was returned to the Senate, and Lincoln was sent back to the obscurity from which he had been lifted for a few short months.

XLIII

THAT WINTER Parker's health became even worse. Tupper wrote a gloomy letter reporting that several Boston specialists had advised his friend to seek a better climate. He was to sail for the West Indies early in February and go on from there to Europe.

Jonathan received the news with a sinking heart; he had come to count on Parker for advice and encouragement, and it was

hard to think that he would be so far away and so desperately ill. He missed his wise counsel during the difficult months that followed. Everyone was looking forward to the election of 1860, but many people were predicting that even if a Republican President was elected, the South would never permit him to take office. The slaveholders were consolidating their strength and were reaching out for still greater power. The Southern Commercial Convention, meeting in Vicksburg that year, passed a resolution calling for the restoration of the African slave trade. Nor was the North guiltless; Yankee traders, eager for enormous profits, fitted out slave ships in Northern ports. The case of *The Wanderer*, which sailed under the flag of the New York Yacht Club, became a national scandal, and even Stephen Douglas denounced the revival of trafficking in human flesh.

In Abolitionist circles, John Brown began to be mentioned more and more. Something was evidently afoot, but Jonathan could not learn what it was. During the winter, Brown had made a sensational rescue of a large party of slaves, transporting them eleven hundred miles to Canada by wagon and rail; then he had disappeared from view, and no one seemed to know what he was doing.

Jonathan wrote Higginson, but received only a cautiously worded reply. He asked Henrietta Norton, but she had heard nothing at all. The hard work of spring planting drove the whole matter out of his mind, and if it had not been for Lucy, he would not have known how close to home Brown's plot had come.



One day in July, while he was driving Lucy to the Nortons', they passed a young man strolling along the street toward the railroad station. Jonathan, who knew almost everyone in Chambersburg, noted that he was a stranger, but otherwise he paid little attention to him, although he was marked by a scar across his forehead and had a bandage on his neck. He seemed lost in thought as he sauntered idly down the tree-shaded street, but as soon as he caught sight of Lucy and noticed that

she was looking at him, he quickened his pace and turned away.

"I know that man," she said in a puzzled voice. "I met him in Kansas. I wonder why he wanted to avoid me? He was one of John Brown's followers. What do you suppose he's doing here?"

"One of John Brown's men? Are you sure?"

"Of course. I remember him well. His name is John Henry Kagi. He came to Kansas just about the time Manfred was shot, and he paid us a visit one night to bring condolences and thanks from John Brown himself. I heard that he was engaged in a shooting affair with a proslavery man after we left. Perhaps that's how he got that scar. He didn't have it when I last saw him."

"What else do you know about him?"

"Not much," Lucy confessed. "I talked to him only that once. He seemed well educated, and I remember that he was very soft-spoken. It was hard to believe what they said about him, but everyone assured me that he's a very reckless young man. I must ask Henrietta about him. She may have heard something."

While Lucy was at the Nortons', Jonathan went to a barber shop to get his hair cut. The Negro barber, Henry Watson, was a good friend of Rica's and an occasional assistant in Underground operations. When Jonathan asked him about Kagi, the Negro professed never to have heard the name.

A few minutes later the young stranger came to the door of the shop, called Watson, and whispered something to him. The Negro looked frightened when he returned to his work.

"That's the very man I mean," Jonathan said reproachfully. "Why did you tell me you didn't know him?"

"His name's Henry," Watson protested. "An' I don't know him well. He's jes' a customer. Some gen'leman from out West. He's got a nasty boil on his neck, an' he wants me to fix it up for him."

"Why doesn't he go to a doctor?"

"He don't like doctors. An' besides, I kin fix up a boil as well as any doctor."

"Don't you think you can trust me well enough to tell me the truth?" Jonathan asked.

"Hones' to God, Mr. Bradford, he jes' comes here to have me fix up dat boil."

"Perhaps Rica would know him," Jonathan said idly.

Watson gripped his scissors nervously. "No, sir, reckon she wouldn't. She ain't never seen him."

Jonathan decided to ask her anyway, and when he called at the Nortons' for Lucy, he managed to talk to Rica alone. At first she was vehement in denying that she knew Kagi. But suddenly she changed her tactics and gave Jonathan a strange warning.

"Don't thee go about inquiring too much about that young man. He's here on mighty important business, an' it don't do no good askin' too much about it. Not even Miss Henrietta knows 'bout him. It ain't good for white folks to know."

"Why do you say that? Don't you trust us?"

The same frightened expression he had seen on Henry Watson's face now appeared on Rica's. "Don't ask me, and I won't have to tell thee any lies. There ain't nothing I kin tell, an' I don't want to talk about it." At that Rica shut up like a clam, and Jonathan could pry nothing more from her. On his way home he told Lucy what had happened.

"It's certainly queer," she said, "but Rica was right about Henrietta. She knows a stranger is staying at Mrs. Ritner's, but that's all."

Mrs. Ritner was a widow, a good Abolitionist, and a member of the Norton's sewing circle, but when Jonathan met her on the street one day, she seemed to have developed the same kind of paralysis of the tongue that was afflicting the Negroes. According to her, John Henry Kagi—or John Henry, which was the name her boarder used—was simply a young businessman temporarily in town to handle shipments of hardware and mining machinery for a friend. The word "hardware" struck Jonathan with an unpleasant connotation. He remembered how Henrietta Norton had used it as a euphemism for Sharpe's rifles, and he wondered what kind of merchandise Kagi was interested

in. He went to the post office and dispatched a letter to Higginson asking for information.

Several days later a mystifying reply came from Worcester.

DEAR JONATHAN:

I would gladly tell you all I know, but I feel duty bound not to speak until I have permission. However, I have applied for such permission to the right person, and as soon as I receive it you can be sure that you will be informed and perhaps called to assist. Until then please say nothing, and for God's sake do not arouse suspicion by making further inquiries in town.

Yours,
T. W. H.

But Jonathan did not have to wait long for an explanation. A few days later he received a telegram from Higginson asking him to meet the Harrisburg train the next afternoon. A friend of his would be on it.

Jonathan waited impatiently at the railroad station, wondering who the unnamed friend could be. When the train came in, several people he knew got out of the cars, but they walked past him with casual greetings. Then he saw two Negroes leave the last car and start down the platform toward him. One was Frederick Douglass; the other a young man Jonathan had never seen before.

Douglass had grown stouter and grayer, but he was as vigorous as ever. He grasped Jonathan's hand in a mighty grip and then introduced his poorly dressed comrade as Shields Green.

"Higginson told me to get in touch with you," Douglass said, "but one of my own people is supposed to meet me here. Watson's his name. Henry Watson."

Jonathan looked around and saw the barber standing hesitantly at the other end of the platform. When he waved to him reassuringly, he approached the little group, manifestly overawed by meeting the most famous spokesman of his own race. But he was worried about something, and he made a covert signal to Douglass that escaped Jonathan's notice.

Douglass correctly interpreted the signal; with complete

self-possession he bowed to Jonathan and said: "Perhaps it would be better if we walk through the town without you. You can join us then if you will. We'd better attract as little attention as possible."

Jonathan gave them a few minutes start and then followed several blocks behind. When he reached the barber shop, he found a small crowd of Negroes gathered around the door, peering in curiously at the newly arrived celebrity.

Watson motioned to Jonathan to enter the small partitioned-off area at the rear of his shop. Shields Green was standing at the window there, apparently absorbed in gazing at a blank brick wall outside. Douglass was seated, but he seemed apprehensive and unusually ill at ease.

"Higginson told me to confide in you," he said to Jonathan. "I'm not at all sure you're going to want any part of this, but I promised him I'd tell you about it. You must agree to say nothing, no matter what you decide."

Jonathan nodded assent.

Douglass looked at him searchingly. "I'm here to meet John Brown."

Green turned away from the window to see what reaction appeared on the white man's face. Watson studied Jonathan from the doorway.

The information Lucy had given him about Kagi had prepared Jonathan for the announcement. "I thought Brown had some connection with what's going on," he said slowly. "One of his men is in town, I believe."

Douglass pushed his hand through his long, bushy hair. "You mean John Henry Kagi, I suppose?"

"I've been told that's his name," Jonathan said.

"I want to talk to you before he gets here," Douglass said hurriedly. "You may know that Captain Brown for some time has had a certain plot in mind. I take it that his summoning me here has something to do with it. Higginson told me to trust you implicitly, so I'm going to take you into our confidence. Whether or not you wish to work with Captain Brown is entirely your own affair. I will admit candidly that I don't

know how far I'm willing to commit myself until I hear what he has to say."

"You expect to see him today?"

"Kagi should be here any minute to take me to him. I'd like to have you go along. Brown is somewhere outside the town, Watson tells me."

"He's out on de old Fry farm," Watson said.

Jonathan nodded. He knew the place. It was a rough bit of land with several abandoned stone quarries on it. He discussed Brown with Douglass for a few minutes. From the Negro's remarks it was easy to see that his mind was not yet made up. Both he and his people had a great deal to lose if Brown's plot failed.

Kagi came in a few minutes later. He went straight to Douglass and greeted him cordially. Then he was introduced to Jonathan.

"I know all about Mr. Bradford," Kagi said. "The townspeople here—the antislavery ones at any rate—are very proud of him. I didn't get in touch with him because Captain Brown thought it might be dangerous for a local person to be mixed up in our scheme." He smiled at Jonathan. "You have to go on living here, you know. We can clear out when our work is finished."

"I still don't know what your work is," Jonathan said gravely.

Kagi looked questioningly at Douglass. "Higginson said to tell him," Douglass explained. "He knows Mr. Bradford and can vouch for his trustworthiness. So can I, for that matter."

"Mr. Bradford's trustworthiness has never been brought into question," Kagi said coolly. "We simply didn't want to implicate him."

"Perhaps I'd better be the judge of that," Jonathan said. "Certainly you can depend on me to say nothing if I should decide not to join you."

Kagi bowed. "We might as well go see Captain Brown. He can explain better than I can."

"I have a farm wagon here," Jonathan said. "I'll be glad to take you."

Kagi hesitated, then he shook his head. "I think it would

be better if we didn't use it. Then no one can ever say they saw you with us. I have a rig waiting for me at a livery stable. You go ahead." He stepped back and made room for Jonathan to pass.



Jonathan walked back to the railroad station, where he had left his wagon. By the time he arrived at the entrance to the Fry farm, the livery hack had caught up to him. Kagi drove ahead and preceded him down the lane.

An elderly man holding a fishing pole stepped out of the bushes to speak to Kagi and Douglass. It was a full minute before Jonathan realized that he was looking at John Brown.

He saw the tall, sparse figure of a man of about sixty, who at first glance might be taken for a farmer of the neighborhood, but no farmer Jonathan had ever seen had the commanding presence of this lean old warrior. Despite his weather-beaten clothing and ragged hat, the gray-bearded leader of countless raids against the slaveholders carried himself like a general. But he needed no uniform to indicate his rank. He came toward Jonathan's wagon with the long, lithe stride of a frontiersman. Frosty blue eyes gazed fearlessly into his, and a straight slit of a mouth that was devoid of either humor or weakness broke into a brief smile of greeting.

Kagi hastily explained Jonathan's presence. Brown brushed him away impatiently. "I know who Mr. Bradford is. He carries the mark of the oppressors on his body, I believe." When he shook hands with Jonathan, he turned his hand over and examined the brand with the frank curiosity of a child.

The horses were left in a little woods; then Brown led the way into the farm. He turned abruptly from the lane and cut across a field. Suddenly they came upon a deep scar in the side of a hill where quarrying operations had been begun and then abandoned. Gaunt stone walls shut in the pit on three sides, while a pile of broken rocks concealed the entrance. Vines trailed down over the top of the walls, and weeds grew rankly in the seams and crannies.

A tall, brown-bearded man was standing near the rock pile. A rifle was slung across his arm, and there were two heavy pistols at his waist.

"My son Owen," Brown said briefly and strode on ahead. His son remained at the entrance to keep watch. Jonathan had only a glance at him, but he thought he would never forget the strongly chiseled face that was startlingly like the father's.

In the quarry a bough shelter stood near one wall with a few blankets and some clothing scattered around it. A fire had been built in a deep crevice where its tell-tale light and smoke would be concealed from curious eyes. Kagi had brought food, which he deposited near the fire, and then he busied himself looking about for sticks to feed the flames. The two Negroes settled themselves on a rock ledge; Jonathan took a place near them.

Brown immediately addressed Douglass. "I suppose you know why I sent for you?" he asked.

"You're ready to begin your work, I take it."

"Ready! Aye, more than ready. And I have changed my plans—expanded them you might say."

Douglass sat waiting for an explanation.

"I have arranged with several thousands of your people in Canada to join me as soon as I strike. You know about that?"

"Yes, I've heard it. Word of it was brought to me in Rochester."

The wide, tight mouth twisted into a grim smile. "Are you familiar with Harper's Ferry?"

Douglass hesitated. "I've passed through it on the train," he said cautiously.

"Then you've seen the Government arsenal there. There's enough guns in it to arm thousands of slaves. We mean to stop and pick up some of those weapons."

Douglass tried to say something, but Brown silenced him imperiously. "Only a few watchmen guard the buildings at night," he continued. "We shall have no trouble dealing with them. Then, with fine new rifles, we can take to the mountains——"

Douglass was no longer to be silenced. He jumped to his feet

and began to expostulate. "Harper's Ferry is Federal property. You'll have the whole United States Army after you!"

"Ten armies can't track us down in those mountains. We can hold them off for years."

Douglass stood heavily; his thickset body looking awkward in comparison with Brown's thin wiry frame. "And where are you going to get replacements?"

"Every slave in northern Virginia and Maryland will come flocking to us. And then others, until they rise everywhere to cast off their bonds. Douglass, I tell you the time has come to strike a blow that will resound throughout the world. Slavery must be met on its own terms—violence against violence, warfare for warfare. This thing must be done, no matter what it costs."

Douglass shook his head. His deep voice became sad. "You don't know, Brown. Slavery is a strange thing. Some few can never be broken by it. They would join you, but there aren't enough of them. Most slaves are beaten men, crushed too long by misery to rise in their own behalf."

"They rose when Nat Turner called them. They weren't afraid to fight then. Turner held out against the sovereign state of Virginia for five weeks."

"And his men were hunted down and shot like wild animals. Every slave remembers what happened to them."

Brown glared at him accusingly. "Do you mean to charge your own people with cowardice?"

Douglass spoke gently. "No, Brown, you know me too well to say that. But as a Negro, I will tell you candidly that if I were a slave again, and you came to my cabin to ask me to join such a scheme, I don't think I would. What do you expect slaves to do—pit themselves against a nation of armed whites and fling their poor lives away for nothing? Men aren't built that way."

"Some are," Brown muttered. "I've known such men—I number some of them among my own followers."

"How many?" Douglass asked cruelly.

Brown was evasive. "More will come. As soon as the revolt

begins, it will spread like a prairie fire driven by the wind. There are forty or fifty thousand free Negroes in Canada who remember what slavery means. Eventually they will join us. So will the Negroes in the Northern states—and so will the slaves.”

Douglass sighed. “When I last spoke to you, you had no such scheme as this. Then you wanted simply to gather together a few men and take to the mountains with them. With their aid you could slowly attract more. By working secretly and dividing your men into small groups, it would be impossible for them all to be captured, and you would be able to draw more and more slaves away from their masters. I don’t like this Harper’s Ferry idea. It’s too dangerous.”

Brown held up his hand impatiently. “I’m through with small measures. We need a bold stroke now—a stroke that will drive a dagger into the heart of slavery, not simply bleed away its life, drop by drop. Douglass, this thing has to be done. The time is ripe for it. We’ve seen slavery win too many battles. We have to break its back. Man, can’t you see that we’re beaten unless we risk everything now? Nothing else matters. I have already discounted my own life. I’m willing to sacrifice the lives of my sons, of my family, of my followers. I would spare no one to accomplish this end. ‘Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.’”

“That’s the Lord’s privilege,” Douglass said quietly. “It is not a right that belongs to mortals.”

“I am the Lord’s weapon to use as He sees fit.”

“And you believe that He has called upon you to do this?”

“I do so believe.”

Douglass began another series of probing questions. While the two men argued, Jonathan went through a similar struggle in his own mind. He knew that the battle against slavery had been lost in the Supreme Court, in Congress, and in the White House. Even if the Republicans won the next election, they would surely not be willing to do more than stop its spread into the Territories. One could sense that from everything they said. Was slavery to be allowed to continue in the old slave states? Something had to be done. Was Brown right? Did they have

to take up arms and bring the horrors of a civil war to the smiling Shenandoah Valley that lay to the south of them? And if they did, would the effort fail as Douglass seemed sure it would?

The sun sank lower and dipped below the green woods on the west side of the quarry. Deep shadows gathered in the shafted rocks and spread across the ground. Kagi got up silently and began breaking more sticks for the fire. Neither Brown nor Douglass heard him; they continued their argument in the darkening pit, oblivious to everything around them. Kagi began to fry some meat, and the rich odor of cooking filled the quarry. But when he tried to offer food to Brown and Douglass, they both waved him away, hardly noticing what he was offering them. Shields Green sat crouching on the rock shelf, intent upon every word the two were saying. He, too, refused food. Kagi passed the hot frying pan to Jonathan, who helped himself mechanically. Then he threw more sticks on the fire. Its small, bright blaze threw a dancing red light across the quarry floor, making the disputants look like two giant wrestlers locked in Olympian combat for the entertainment of unseen gods lurking above the black pit.

John Brown answered every objection Douglass made, but he did not succeed in changing his opinion. When Douglass said that ignorant slaves would not know how to use modern rifles, Brown countered by saying that he had purchased a thousand iron pikes to arm them. When Brown spoke of being able to overwhelm the civilian force guarding the arsenal, Douglass wanted to know how a few men could carry off any great quantity of heavy rifles. The controversy went on until late in the night. Douglass' chief objection to the plan was that it could not succeed. The little band of men would be surrounded in the lower part of Harper's Ferry—a highly vulnerable position, for riflemen on the hills could command every part of it.

John Brown, however, disdained Douglass' advice to abandon the idea of capturing the arsenal. "Even if I were to grant everything you said, I would go ahead with my plans. If we succeed it will be glorious, but even if we are overwhelmed, we shall not have fought in vain. Our success will be determined

not by how many rifles we can take from the arsenal, but by the effect our attempt to overthrow slavery will have on the nation. If I can arouse this guilty country to the realization of the wrongs of the black man, I may be able to influence the white man to take action to right those wrongs. Even if we plunge the country into war, I shall not regret it. This is God's cause, and He must decide the outcome."

There was a deep silence in the quarry when he finished speaking. The flickering light of the fire played on his face and made the eyes above the prophet's beard seem like two bright coals gleaming in the darkness.

Douglass bowed his head. "What do you want of me?" he asked humbly.

John Brown's voice rang with the summons. "I want you to help me! Come with me, Douglass. I will defend you with my life. I want you for a special purpose. When I strike, the bees will begin to swarm, and I shall want you to help me hive them." He seized the Negro's arms. "Will you join me, Douglass? I need your help."

But Douglass did not raise his head. He stood, shaken and miserable in the old man's grip. "No," he said in a hardly audible voice. "What you are going to do at Harper's Ferry will rivet the shackles more firmly than ever on the limbs of my people. You will cause them to be hunted down and killed, and your scheme will bring them nothing but disaster."

Brown glared at him and then flung him away with a savage gesture. Douglass stumbled across the quarry and fell against the rock ledge. Brown paid no further attention to him. He turned to Jonathan and Shields Green.

"Will you join me?" he asked.

In the firelight, the face of the old crusader was a red mask. Jonathan stared at it wonderingly. In the stern features he saw the embodiment of the violence he had always hated and feared; in the sharp, metallic ring of the commanding voice he heard the summons of an alarm bell clanging in the night; the dead face of his father haunted him; and he thought of the bullet-ridden body of Elijah Lovejoy.

He hated to give the old man his answer; he dreaded the scorn of those fierce eyes; but his mind was made up. He shook his head.

John Brown turned away from him without a word to seek the Negro seated in the shadows. "Shields Green," he called.

From out of the darkness the Negro answered him. "Yes, suh, I'se heah."

"Will you come with me, Shields Green? You have been a slave yourself, and you have had to flee from the lash. Will you help me set your people free?"

The Negro turned toward Douglass, looking for guidance. Douglass sat up and spoke kindly to him. "You must decide for yourself, Shields," he said.

The Negro stood up, a black pillar against the black wall of the quarry. The light from the dying fire caught his figure and outlined it with red. Obsequiousness vanished, and his voice took on new fervor. "I b'lieve I go wid de ole man, Douglass. I like de way he talk."

From the place where Kagi was sitting came the sound of approbation. John Brown dropped his arms, and they could hear him murmuring a prayer.

XLIV

BEFORE DOUGLASS RETURNED to Chambersburg with Kagi, Jonathan talked with him at the entrance to the little woods where they had left the horses.

"I hope we're doing right," he said. "I feel somehow as if I were passing up a great chance."

"You can still go back if you're seeking martyrdom. For that's what Brown is surely headed for if he goes through with this. His plan is insane—and I'm beginning to think that perhaps he is too."

"He's not insane," Jonathan said quickly. "He's no more insane than Joan of Arc was."

The Negro spoke in the cool tones of a man whose actions were always governed by his head. "You mean they both saw visions and heard voices? Well, don't forget that she died at the stake."

"I know. Yet I see in him something that's needed in these times. Everything has been burned out of him except the fierce will to fight against oppression. We are too much absorbed with the petty concerns of our own lives. We think of money and comfort and providing against tomorrow. There are no tomorrows for him, yet I think he will conquer the future and be remembered when we are forgotten. He wants to change our world, and he would march over the dead bodies of his sons and the members of his families to do it. I think he's the greatest man I have ever met; I want to be like him; but I know I never can. I want to go with him, but I know I won't. I can feel his spirit flame within me—it is one half of my soul and has struggled all my life for mastery. Not to go with him is the hardest decision I ever made. All the soft pleasant things that I have known stopped me. And they are good things—love and old family ties, the desire for peace, and the memory of long happy hours of sunshine and warm firelight. They are what he is trying to win for all of us, yet they fought against him. He's right—terribly right, and I'm ashamed. We aren't made of the same stuff he is, Douglass. You refused to go with him because you're afraid for your people. I refused because I'm afraid for myself. I'm not afraid of dying, but I can't break with myself and with everything that has made me what I am. He'll never come out of Harper's Ferry alive. What you told him is true enough, but damn it, Douglass, perhaps it's better to die with him there than to live out our lives in stolid, stupid comfort!"

This was a crisis in Jonathan's life, and he knew it. He had only to walk back to the quarry and tell Brown that he would accompany him. The two forces that had ever struggled within him were at this moment evenly matched, and a feather's weight

would have thrown the scales. Douglass spoke; his cool, level voice had its effect more by its tone than by what he said.

"I know how you feel, and as I told Shields Green, you have to decide for yourself. But if you go, you go with the knowledge of certain failure. Brown and his men have already written their own death warrants. You must be prepared to die with them."

Kagi came through the woods leading the livery stable horse. Jonathan thought he detected scorn in his very attitude. Douglass shook Jonathan's hand and murmured a few words of parting. "I'll be in Chambersburg for a few days. Let me know if you decide to go."

Jonathan looked after the departing carriage, feeling terribly alone in the dark woods. He walked toward his wagon and untied the team. The two horses nuzzled him softly. Their warm animal breaths brought to mind the scent of plowed fields in the spring, of the snug stable on a winter night, and of long drives on the Illinois prairies with Lucy. It was the final turning of the scales. John Brown was death; there was the smell of the grave about him. Elijah Lovejoy had died the same way, and his martyrdom had been useless. The slaves were still in bondage.



Night after night Jonathan lay awake, wondering whether he had made the right decision. He was sure of nothing. One moment he wanted to abandon everything and go to seek John Brown, but the next moment he was sure he had acted wisely when he refused to join him. There was no one in the valley to whom he could confide his troubles, for he had sworn not to mention Brown's plan. He wished he could talk to his foster father, to Lucy, or go to seek counsel from wise old Henrietta Norton, but he had to keep silent, and he ate his heart out waiting.

If Parker were only available, he could consult him, but he was in Europe. He wrote a brief letter to Higginson, explaining his reasons for not joining Brown. The young minister answered

him curtly; it was evident that Jonathan had fallen in his estimation by refusing to accompany his hero.

Once or twice Jonathan saw Kagi in the streets of Chambersburg, but by tacit agreement they ignored each other. Then, some time in September, Kagi disappeared. He had probably gone on to the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, where John Brown was marshaling his men.

But Jonathan was cut off from all knowledge of what was happening. The whole plan might have been abandoned—he had no way of knowing. He could only hope that Brown had changed his mind. It was difficult, though, to imagine that granite will weakening once it was set for action.

September passed, and the leaves took on the brilliant colors of autumn. The mountains were a wall of orange and gold; the skies had never seemed bluer or clearer. The smoke of burning leaves and brush filled the valley; housewives began making their preparations for winter; children searched the forests for fallen nuts; and the final harvests were gathered from the fields. It was hard to believe that a revolution was being hatched less than fifty miles away.

Jonathan watched the newspapers anxiously and visited the telegraph office every time he went to Chambersburg. The Moores noticed that something was wrong, but they assumed that it had to do with some difficulty in his married life.

When news did come, it reached Jonathan indirectly. Danny had gone into town on a Monday morning in mid-October for a load of feed. When he returned, he said casually that there was a rumor of some kind of trouble at Harper's Ferry. Workingmen were reported to have rioted and broken into the Government arsenal.

Jonathan instantly unhitched one of the horses, saddled it, and was on his way to Chambersburg without waiting to hear any more. He reached the town shortly after noon and went straight to the telegraph office. A small crowd was gathered there.

The telegraph operator was at his instrument listening to its staccato chatter. A bulletin posted on the door gave the latest news.

Men at Harper's Ferry are not workmen. They are Kansas border ruffians who have attacked and captured the place, fired upon and killed several citizens, and captured Colonel Washington and other prominent citizens of the neighborhood. We cannot understand their plans or ascertain their motives. A Captain Anderson is reported to be in charge of them.

The words "Kansas border ruffians" had made many of those present believe that the attack was being carried out by a proslavery group. There were expressions of indignation from the antislavery men, while the proslavery sympathizers seemed pleased.

The telegraph operator came out a few minutes later with another dispatch which he stuck on the door. Everyone crowded in to see the message.

Washington, October 17

Insurrection at Harper's Ferry said to be of Negro origin. They captured United States Arsenal last night and are still holding it. Telegraph wires cut. Railroad bridge has been fortified and is defended by cannon. Trains have been fired into and stopped. Several persons reported killed. Militia being dispatched.

Angry murmurs now came from the proslavery men. One of Jonathan's neighbors, a tall, lanky foothills farmer who was an enthusiastic Abolitionist, commented loudly upon its making a lot of difference whose ox was gored. Proslavery men glowered, and heated discussions took place while they waited for more news. All sorts of theories were put forth, but no one had a very clear idea of what was happening.

The crowd grew slowly in numbers; several reporters from the local newspapers leisurely made an appearance and then turned around and rushed back to their offices when they heard the news.

The telegraph operator came out with another bulletin.

It has been definitely ascertained that a party of Abolitionists is in charge of the Harper's Ferry assault. It is not yet known how many they are, but it is believed they are numerous. Militia have

arrived from Charlestown, and more are expected soon from other points. The insurrection should be under control in a few hours.

Jonathan turned away and walked through the crowd to reach a quiet spot. He sat down on a pile of railroad ties and nervously began to pluck at a bit of dry weed. Henry Watson saw him there and came hurrying toward him.

"Is it true what dey say at de telegraph office, Mr. Bradford? Dey wouldn't let me git near, but I heard what dey was sayin'."

"It's true enough, I'm afraid," Jonathan said. "It looks as though he has failed."

"Why didn't he git out quick wid de guns? What he want to stay dere for?"

"I don't know, Henry. Perhaps he's waiting for the slaves to join him. I don't know any more than you do."

An excited burst of noise from the crowd on the platform indicated the arrival of another bulletin. Jonathan hurried over to see it. More troops had arrived at Harper's Ferry, and the invaders had been driven into an enginehouse near the railroad bridge. People who knew the town were saying that it would be impossible for anyone to get out of the enginehouse alive, for it stood on a low point of land commanded by high hills.

Jonathan rejoined Henry Watson, and for a long while they discussed Brown's chance of survival. Bulletins stopped coming in; evidently a long siege had begun, and it might be hours before there would be any further announcements.

There seemed to be no point in waiting at the railroad station, so Jonathan went to visit the Nortons. They had already heard the news, but in a garbled form.

For a war-hating Quaker, Henrietta Norton took a remarkable interest in John Brown's raid. Like Henry Watson, she wondered why he had not taken to the hills as soon as he got possession of the arsenal's weapons.

Her wise old eyes peered steadily at Jonathan. "It is a pity that thee did not have an opportunity to learn of this before it happened."

"Why?"

"Then thee could have done something about it."

"In what way?"

"In whatever way thy conscience dictated."

"And if it had told me to join Brown?"

"Is that what thy conscience would have bade thee?"

"I don't know," Jonathan said miserably. "I don't know. I hate violence as much as any Quaker does."

Henrietta Norton nodded approvingly. "Violence is a hateful thing. So is slavery. One must balance the two evils and decide between them."

"You think he did right?"

"What I think does not matter. What does thee think? That is what matters to thee."

"I think that John Brown will go to his death—that he was foredoomed to failure by the very nature of his plan. His death will accomplish nothing. It will not set free a single slave, and it will make for more bitterness."

The old lady sighed. "Then thee thinks he has done a foolish thing. Is that right?"

"No. I can't bring myself to say that. I can't help admiring him."

"He is a brave man," she said softly. "Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sins of many. . . ."

"But the Bible goes on to say that he made intercession for the transgressors," Jonathan objected.

"Who knows? Perhaps in some strange way he will. What he has done may eventually benefit the South as well as the North. From his deed a new bond of union may someday spring. In my lifetime I have seen this nation spread across the land. But perhaps thee will live to see it become not only great but noble, not only powerful but free. A country that has men willing to lay their lives down for the oppressed can be saved by their example. John Brown has blood on his hands, yet he

shed it not for himself but for all humanity. I honor him. I would humble myself before him. God help me if I speak wrongly."

"Then you think I should have gone with him!" Jonathan cried.

"Nay, lad. I cannot speak for thee. But I will say that if John Brown had sought my help, I would have given it gladly. And if he had asked me to go with him to Harper's Ferry, I would have gone even if I had had to drag myself along the road!"

X L V

JONATHAN LEFT Henrietta Norton's house tortured by doubt. If a bedridden old Quaker woman believed that her place was with John Brown, surely he, a young and healthy man, should have been at his side. For a moment he thought of going to Harper's Ferry to try to help, but he knew it was too late.

He sent word to Felicity that he was going to stay in town all night and then went to the railroad station. News had arrived that a company of marines had been dispatched from Washington under the command of a Virginian colonel, Robert E. Lee, and proslavery men in the crowd were confident that he would put down the Abolitionist uprising before morning.

As the night wore on, dispatches became more and more infrequent. It was evident that an assault on the enginehouse could not be made before daybreak, so many people went home. Those who remained sat down on the platform and discussed the affair in hushed tones. Some of them lay down to sleep in the waiting room.

But Jonathan could not sleep. His imagination was busy picturing the scene at Harper's Ferry. He could see the little enginehouse near the river's shore and the troops surrounding it. Brown had taken Colonel Washington and other townspeople

as hostages, and their presence was the only thing that prevented the troops from firing on the building with cannon. Some of Brown's men were doubtless already dead. Jonathan wondered what had happened to Kagi and to Shields Green. He stirred restlessly, keeping his eyes on the mountain for the first sign of dawn.

At last a faint gray light flooded the valley; the buildings near the railroad station took on shape and size. Some of the men on the platform stood up on cramped feet, and one of them volunteered to go into town to try to get some coffee.

The sky became lighter, and the sun rose above South Mountain, a bright-burning ball of red. The telegraph instrument began to stutter furiously. Everyone ran to the door to listen, but the message, of course, could be interpreted only by the operator. Finally he turned to them from his instrument.

"They've stormed the enginehouse," he said briefly. "And they've captured everyone in it. They say the leader's name is John Brown—the one who made all the trouble in Kansas. He's been wounded, but they took him alive."



When coherent accounts of the Harper's Ferry raid appeared in the newspapers, Jonathan was able to piece together what had happened there. When Brown's "army" of eighteen men entered the town in the middle of the night, no resistance was offered them. They seized the arsenal without difficulty, but their leader's decision to remain there all day was fatal; militiamen gathered swiftly, and before nightfall what was left of the little band of invaders had been driven into the enginehouse, from which there was no escape. Brown had held that little fortress through the following night, but when United States troops attacked in the morning they easily overwhelmed his depleted force. Kagi had been killed on the first day—shot while trying to cross the river when he was compelled to abandon the isolated outpost to which Brown had assigned him. Shields Green, according to the papers, was still alive. He had been in the enginehouse with Brown, and he had come through

the siege unhurt. Two of the old man's sons were dead, but Owen Brown was unaccounted for.

A telegraph dispatch from Harper's Ferry cast some light on those who were still missing.

It is believed that several of Brown's followers who stayed on the Maryland side of the river have escaped and are making their way north through the mountains. One of them, John E. Cook by name, is definitely known to have escaped. He has been a resident of Harper's Ferry for some time and joined the raiders when they attacked this town. He is about thirty years old, five feet four to six inches in height. Weighs about 132 pounds. Walks with breast projecting forward and head leaning to right. Sallow complexioned, and sharp, narrow face; long, blond hair. Farmers are warned to be on the watch for him. He is reputed to be a good shot and will fight if stopped. Half a dozen others may be with him.

As soon as it was known that some of John Brown's men might be on South Mountain, every Abolitionist in the valley eagerly awaited them, naturally expecting them to take advantage of the regularly established Underground routes by which they might be sent north like so many fugitive slaves. But nothing was heard of them for several days—then one of them blundered into an Underground operator with disastrous results.

Lester Barse returned from Chambersburg, bubbling with excitement. "That old fool Wertz has gone an' done it," he burst out. "He met one of John Brown's men outside the town an' blabbed word of it!"

"Wertz?" Jonathan said unbelievably. "Why would he betray one of Brown's men?"

"Well, he didn't exactly mean to. It was jest dumbness, I guess." He went on to explain what had happened. Wertz had met a stranger on the road and had offered to drive him into Chambersburg. On the way he naturally mentioned the Harper's Ferry raid, but the young man was reluctant to talk about it. He had suddenly asked to be let out of the wagon, saying that he had changed his mind about going into town. He had de-

cided to take the road toward the mountain instead. When he jumped down, a pistol fell from his pocket. The young stranger hastily snatched it up and ran into the woods. Wertz continued along the road, wondering whether he was one of the slave catchers hunting John Brown's men. He had noted that he was carrying a rolled-up blanket which might conceal a carbine.

Shortly after he reached town he saw the young stranger furtively making his way through one of the side streets. He told some friends about him.

"The ole turkey," Barse commented bitterly. "Why didn't he keep his mouth shut? 'Course he didn't know they'd jst posted a thousand-dollar reward for John Cook. Well, everybody was sure it was Cook, an' it wasn't long before the sheriff got wind of it. To make matters worse, the stranger had been seen goin' toward the boardin'house where some o' them Brown boys stayed—Mrs. Ritner's place. The sheriff an' his friends went to Mrs. Ritner's and surrounded the house. But this feller was too smart for 'em. He slipped out the back way somehow. But they found his gun in the garden—still wrapped up in the blanket. Had the initials W.H. on it. But I guess he was Cook right enough. We'll soon know. The sheriff took the afternoon train up the line to head him off. I thought Wertz ud bust out cryin' when he found what he'd done."

The next day Jonathan heard that the sheriff's trip had been successful. The young stranger had been intercepted near Carlisle and had promptly been lodged in the jail there. He protested that his name was William Harrison, but no one believed him. A telegram was sent to the Governor of Virginia to forward the necessary extradition papers for John E. Cook. Then another development complicated the situation.

At the Mount Alto iron furnace, which was located in the foothills a few miles below Chambersburg, a blond-haired young man armed with a rifle suddenly appeared in the midst of the workmen. Since he had not entered from the road, they knew he must have come down from the mountain. He tried to represent himself as a hunter who had run out of food while in

search of game on the upper ridges. Unfortunately for him, a professional slave catcher was visiting the furnace.

This slave hunter, Daniel Logan, who profited by remembering the descriptions of men on posters advertising runaways, whispered to the furnace manager that the young man's appearance tallied exactly with the physical characteristics given for Cook. He also mentioned the fact that a thousand-dollar reward was offered for the fugitive.

Logan engaged the young stranger in conversation, pretending to believe his story. He offered to take him to a store where he could purchase food. Then Logan and the manager marched alongside their visitor toward the non-existent store. While they were passing through a thicket, Logan signaled to his friend. They both sprang on the unsuspecting stranger and wrested his rifle away from him. A hasty search of his pockets revealed a document signed by John Brown, appointing the bearer, John E. Cook, captain in his provisional army.

Logan promptly put his prisoner into his buggy and started for Chambersburg. On the way Cook found out that his captor was interested only in the reward. He quickly struck a bargain with him, promising that if he would take him to A. K. McClure, a local attorney of antislavery sympathies, McClure would obtain for him the thousand dollars he wanted. When they reached Chambersburg, McClure unfortunately could not be found. Logan became impatient; he insisted on going to a justice of the peace; and he had just surrendered his prisoner when McClure was located.

It was too late then to obtain Cook's release. McClure, as the prisoner's hastily appointed counsel, advised him to spend the night in jail, whispering to him that the jailer was an Abolitionist who would not stand in the way of a rescue.

Word of Cook's arrest spread rapidly. The women's sewing circle met in an emergency session to find ways and means of freeing the prisoner. Since Mrs. McClure was one of the members, it would be easy for them to gain admission to the jail. They planned to have her and another woman visit the prisoner with an extra female costume concealed under their skirts. Cook

could change into this; then one of the women would remain in the cell while the other walked out with him. The jailer was sympathetic, so it should not be difficult to take the prisoner past him.

Mrs. McClure told her husband about the plan. He promptly forbade her to go through with it, saying that there was no need for women to rescue the prisoner—he would be removed from the jail on the following evening by antislavery men.

But no one had reckoned with the extradition papers which had been sent to Carlisle and were still lying there. They bore Cook's name, and now that he had been positively identified they could be used against him. Early the next morning an officer from Carlisle appeared at the jail with a demand for the prisoner to be turned over to him. Before his attorney or anyone else could be notified, Cook had been put on the train and taken out of town.



The arrest of two of John Brown's men in the vicinity of Chambersburg caused great excitement in the valley. The prisoner still being held at Carlisle was believed to be Albert Hazlett, one of the raiders, but his identification had not yet been established. However, it was obvious that the fugitives from Harper's Ferry had taken the mountain route north and were probably somewhere in the neighborhood. Proslavery men went out to capture them; antislavery men desperately tried to find them to warn them in time. Neither succeeded; a rain and sleet storm came sweeping across the valley, making it difficult for the searching parties.

Jonathan thought he knew where the fugitives might be if Owen Brown was with them. He was almost sure that John Brown's son would head for the old quarry, where he would be on familiar ground.

It was nearly dark when he set out across the fields to the Fry farm. Great masses of storm clouds swept over the mountain and scudded across the valley under the driving force of a

high wind. Sleet rattled on the bare branches of the trees, and the ground was wet and soggy from the rain. Jonathan had bundled himself in his greatcoat, but the wind cut through it. He hated to think of the fugitives lying out in the open in such weather.

He examined the quarry as well as he could in the failing light. The bough shelter was gone, and there was no sign of anyone's having been in the place since summer. Only the fire-blackened rocks remained as evidence of the Browns' occupancy. Yet, as he prowled around the deserted quarry, he could not rid himself of the notion that Owen Brown was somewhere near. He began to feel that he was being watched, and an uncomfortable prickly sensation crawled down his spine.

He went to the quarry entrance and whistled. The wind tore the sound from his lips and whipped it away. He whistled again, more loudly. There was no answer.

Then he began to shout Owen Brown's name. There was still no response. Jonathan turned to go, feeling rather foolish at having come on a fruitless errand.

Before he could pass the big rock pile at the entrance to the quarry, he heard someone call out to him. He swung around, trying to locate the voice. No one was in sight. Then he heard the voice again, more distinctly this time. Someone was asking him to give an account of himself.

Jonathan hesitated. There was no telling who it might be. "My name is Bradford," he said loudly. "I'm looking for one of our cows that has strayed away."

A man rose up from behind a big rock. Jonathan was relieved to see that it was Owen Brown.

"Stay where you are," Brown said warningly. "I want to get a good look at you." He advanced slowly, keeping his rifle at the alert. He did not lower his weapon until he was within a few feet of Jonathan. "How did you know we were here?" he asked.

"This seemed the most likely place to find you. I knew you must be in the valley because one of your men, John Cook, was captured yesterday at Mount Alto Furnace."

"I told him not to go down there," Brown said wrathfully.

"But he was always reckless. We had trouble with him before. Tell me—what's happened to my father? We've had no news."

"Your father's alive, but he has been captured. He is wounded, I believe, although not seriously. Your two brothers—were killed."

Owen Brown received the announcement of his brothers' death and his father's capture with an expressionless face. Jonathan went on to tell him what he knew about the others. As he talked, three rain-drenched figures came silently out of their hiding places to gather around him. One of them, a slender young boy whom Brown introduced as Francis Jackson Merriam, seemed to be on the point of collapse. He spoke dully to Jonathan in cultivated Boston accents, and then leaned against a boulder with his eyes half shut and his whole body sagging. The rain poured down on him, but he hardly seemed to notice it.

Owen Brown drew Jonathan to one side. "We've got to find some way to get that boy out of here," he said. "He's not very strong, and that trip over the mountains has finished him."

"I can take you to a house that is a station on the Underground. It has a concealed chamber large enough to accommodate all of you."

Brown shook his head. "We're moving on. We've got to get farther north. And it wouldn't be fair to ask anyone to put us up. We can take care of ourselves. We always have," he smiled grimly. "There's only one thing we need—food. If you can bring us that we'll be able to manage by ourselves. But we've got to get rid of Merriam." He hesitated, and then he asked: "What's the first railroad stop north of Chambersburg?"

"Scotland," Jonathan said. "It's not far from here." He pointed through the woods in the general direction of the little village.

"Do you know when the trains run?"

"There's one this evening—about nine," Jonathan said. "Do you want me to take him to the station?"

"We'll do it," Brown said gruffly. "I'll take him over there myself while you're bringing us the food. He has friends in Philadelphia. He'll be all right—if he gets to them."

"But the trains are probably being watched. He may be arrested."

"That's the chance he'll have to take. He's a smart boy when he's fully awake. Anyway he doesn't look or talk like one of our men. He's a Boston gentleman." Brown's voice was affectionately contemptuous. "I'm going to start out with him now. We'll give him what food we have if we can depend on you to come back with more."

"I'll be back in an hour," Jonathan assured him. "Do you want anything else?"

"Nothing, thank you. Just food. None of us has had enough of that since we left Maryland. Tidd and Coppoc went into Chambersburg this morning to try to get some from Mrs. Ritner, but they only succeeded in scaring her half to death. She told 'em that her house was being watched, and it may very well be true, I suppose. Anyway, they got nothing."

Jonathan arranged a signal so they would know he was coming when he approached the quarry again. Then he hurried home to ransack the larder.

Felicity was curious. Jonathan tried to allay her suspicions by telling her that he was taking provisions to a large party of fugitives that had just arrived at the Moores'. Since the Moores always fed the runaways from their own supplies, the story was hardly plausible, but it had to do.

Owen Brown was still away with Merriam when Jonathan returned to the quarry. His two young followers fell on the food he had brought, and ate hungrily. He sat waiting in the dark with them until he heard a sharp whistle above the sighing of the wind. Owen Brown walked across the dark floor of the quarry with sure feet, and then sat down on one of the wet rocks, gently warning the two boys not to eat too much on an empty stomach. "I hope Merriam makes it all right," he said, helping himself gratefully to the food. "I took him to the railroad track, turned him north, and told him to keep walking until he came to the station. He left us all the money he had—took only five dollars for himself. He's a goodhearted boy and brave enough, but he wasn't made for work like this."

"What are your plans now?" Jonathan asked.

"Without Merriam and with enough food to keep us going, we can travel fast. I'm not going to tell you our route, for it's better for you not to know it. But we'll be gone from here before morning—storm or no storm."

"I could put you on the Underground," Jonathan suggested.

Owen Brown grunted. "We don't want to drag anybody else into this. And besides, we can't be smuggled through like runaway Negroes. They're out after us, and they're determined to get us. We can't use any of the usual routes. But we'll be all right. We've gotten out of tighter places than this in Kansas."

XLVI

WHEN JONATHAN RETURNED HOME that night he was unable to fall asleep. Felicity tried to find out what he had been doing, but he fended off her questions with vague answers. He could not bring himself to confide in her. It was not that he distrusted her—he simply did not want her to share his secrets or his dangers. He lay awake wondering why he had to remain bound forever to a woman with whom he had nothing in common. The sentiment of the community was against divorce, but to Jonathan, divorce seemed more sensible than endless wrangling and permanent hostility.

Felicity stirred restlessly. Finally she spoke. "Jonathan, what's the matter with us?"

"Why do you say that?" he mumbled, pretending to be half asleep.

"We act as if we hated each other. Must we always go on like this?"

"What do you want to do about it?"

"There's nothing I can do," Felicity said mournfully. "I try to do the best I can. I could be happy enough if——"

"If what?"

"If you'd put Lucy out of your mind," she snapped.

There was a long silence. "Well?" she asked. "Can't you say something? Don't just lie there like a simpleton pretending you're too noble to answer me."

"I have nothing to say. I can't reason with anyone who is so insanelly jealous——"

Felicity sat bolt upright. "Jealous! I like that! You keep thinking of her all the time and expect me not to mind. You tell her everything and me nothing. You don't let me know what you're doing. You say you're going out to do Underground work. How do I know what you're really doing? How do I know where you are? Probably somewhere with her——"

"Shut up!" Jonathan shouted. "I won't let you talk like that."

"Oh, you won't? I suppose she's too high and mighty for me even to mention. Well, she's a woman just like me. I know what women are. I know how they plan and plot to get what they're after. I can see what she's doing. She's——"

"Don't ascribe your own ways to her. You're a fine one to be talking about planning and plotting. You did your best to get me to marry you. Well, you got what you wanted. What are you complaining about?"

Felicity's voice was murderous. "I got what I wanted all right, and much good it does me. But I mean to keep it. If you have any notions about divorcing me, forget them. I'm not going to give you up to that milky white female with her too-good ways. I'll see you both dead first!" She pounded her pillow with both hands and then stuck her head into it, holding it tightly over her ears to shut out anything Jonathan might say. But he said nothing; he lay still in the darkness for hours, wondering how he could ever have seen anything attractive in this termagant who shared his bed.



He was up early in the morning and out of the house before Felicity was awake. He hurried across the fields to the Moores' house for breakfast. No one seemed to be surprised at his com-

ing; Mrs. Moore silently laid an extra plate for him, and Lucy greeted him cheerfully. William Moore was eager to get to Chambersburg for the first reports of the John Brown trial, which could be expected on the early morning train.

There was a characteristic air of peace and understanding about his foster parents' household which was very different from the tense atmosphere of his own home. Felicity always came to breakfast in a faded old wrapper, and she put Jonathan's food in front of him as if she were doing him a favor. Lucy was fully dressed, and she was bright and gay in the early morning sunshine. The air, after the storm, was brisk and chilly, and Jonathan knew that Felicity would lie in bed as long as she could, dreading the cold. But the Moore kitchen was warm; the fire had been built hours before; and the house seemed to be lived in—not just inhabited.

After breakfast, Jonathan strolled out into the barnyard. Lucy soon followed him. Her father and Danny had driven into town for the papers, leaving the house grounds deserted.

Jonathan was leaning over the barnyard fence, looking across the meadow toward his own house. There was no sign of smoke from the chimney—Felicity was evidently still in bed. But Jonathan did not mention her. He told Lucy of his encounter with Owen Brown.

They talked for a while about the fugitives' chances of getting away. Then Lucy said bluntly: "What's the matter, Jonathan? Something besides Owen Brown is bothering you. What is it?"

Jonathan had never told Lucy how jealous Felicity was of her. He told her now.

"But that's absurd," she protested. "She knows she has nothing to fear from me. Why I'm——"

"You're not married any longer," Jonathan interrupted, "and she has a great deal to fear from you—so far as I'm concerned anyway."

"You mustn't talk like that. You owe Felicity——"

"I owe her nothing. She married me with her eyes open. She knew what she was doing. Well, it hasn't worked out. I can't understand how I ever—— At any rate, I don't see why I have

to go on making the best of a bad bargain. I made a mistake—do I have to pay for it for the rest of my life?”

Lucy sighed. “I don’t know what to tell you. You married her for better or for worse. You have no cause for divorce. What can you do?”

Jonathan gripped the fence rail so tightly that his hands hurt. “I don’t know. It just seems an impossible situation. But there’s one thing I’ve got to know.”

“Yes?”

“I want to know if you still love me.”

She looked up at him, startled. “You have no right to ask that question—now,” she said gently.

“Right? Damn the right! I want to know the answer.”

“I can’t tell you.”

“Then you do love me or you’d say no.”

She laid her hand on his arm. “Jonathan, you mustn’t take anything for granted. And you’ve got to give up any idea of——”

He flung away from her angrily and almost ran across the farmyard. She followed him with her eyes, and then she began to worry, for he was heading not for his own home, but for the mountains, which lay like a great wall against the eastern sky.



When Jonathan returned home, it was long after dark. He had spent the entire day wandering through the foothills, musing angrily on his own problems. He was convinced now that he should have gone with John Brown to Harper’s Ferry. To have died there by a slaveholder’s bullet would have solved everything. He would at least have given up his life for a good cause.

Felicity was waiting for him, contrite and eager to please. She had prepared an elaborate dinner, and she had kept it warming on the stove, awaiting his return. But there was no criticism of his being late. Unfortunately, Jonathan was still so upset that he could hardly touch the food. As soon as he decently could, he left the house, saying that he wanted to go to the Moores’ to see the newspaper accounts of John Brown’s trial.



North and South alike followed the reports of the trial with breathless interest and much discussion. People in the North felt that the proceedings were being rushed—that to try Brown only a week after his capture did not give him a fair chance to prepare his defense. And the South, which wanted only to see the prisoner hanged as quickly as possible, grudgingly had to admire him for the way he behaved in court. He answered every question with quiet dignity, and he bore himself with composure as the testimony of witness after witness went against him. Because of his wounds he had to be brought into the trial chamber lying on a cot. But he asked for no pity and for no special consideration. The Governor of Virginia said that he looked like “a broken-winged hawk,” and even some of the Southern newspapers paid tribute to his courage while they denounced his deeds. The trial lasted only a week. There was never any doubt of its outcome. The verdict was guilty.

The prisoner was permitted to address the court before being sentenced. He got to his feet and held on to a chair to steady himself. Then he spoke with the calm, clear voice of a man who has not lost but won his case.

“I have, may it please the court, a few words to say.

“In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted: of a design on my part to free slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter when I went into Missouri and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side. I designed to have done the same thing on a larger scale.

“I have another objection, and that is that it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, it would have been all right. Every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

“This court acknowledges, too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done—in behalf of His despised poor—I did not

wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice and mingle my blood with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I say: Let it be done!"

And so it was done. The prisoner was condemned to be hanged by the neck until dead, and the execution was set for one month after the date of sentence. But for that month Brown was busy; he was busy writing, and his words taught men to think as they had never thought before. What he said took on added weight because many of the Abolitionists who had supported him now renounced him or fled the country to avoid arrest. Frederick Douglass was on his way to Europe; even the hitherto fearless Dr. Howe went to Canada. Gerrit Smith's mind, preyed upon by fears, cracked under the strain, and the doughty old philanthropist had to be confined in an asylum. But Higginson stood firm, defying the slaveholders to arrest him, and in Concord, Thoreau spoke movingly in behalf of the prisoner. Wendell Phillips, too, came to his defense. Speaking at Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, he concluded by quoting from Lowell:

*Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.*



As the gray November days slipped by, an almost religious revival got under way in the North, and thousands of people who had been indifferent to the antislavery cause turned out in mass meetings to honor the man who was to die on the gallows. Plots to free Brown and his men were hatched, and all sorts of rumors sprang up. The Virginia authorities heard of the plots and doubled the guard around the Charlestown jail. But Brown would not countenance any of the plans to free him by force or subterfuge, and gradually the rumors ceased.

Late in November, a few days before the day set for the exe-

cution, Abigail Norton disappeared from her home after leaving a note for her sister, saying that she had gone away on a mission which she did not want to discuss. Henrietta was terribly put out—not because of Abigail's absence, but because she had not been consulted. She awaited her return impatiently, but when Abigail came home, Henrietta did not have the heart to scold her, for she had been to Charlestown to visit John Brown in his prison cell. She had been afraid that Henrietta would not let her go, so she had simply packed up her things and taken the morning train.

The visit was a great event in Abigail's sheltered life. When she arrived in Charlestown, she sought out a local Quaker to help her gain admission to the jail, but had been refused. Forced to shift for herself, she went to the jailer and persuaded him to let her see the prisoner. Her visit to John Brown's cell caused a great commotion in the town. A crowd gathered outside the jail to demand that the female Abolitionist be turned out. The jailer, fearing for his visitor's safety, suggested that she take refuge in his quarters. But Abigail's Quaker spirit refused to let her countenance such an evasion. She stepped out on the jail porch to face the angry townspeople.

They became silent when they saw her descend the steps and advance toward them. She walked through the town with her head held high and her bright eyes snapping defiance. But when she reached her hotel room, she wanted to throw herself down on the bed and cry. However, since she knew that God was still watching her, she thought it would be unseemly to break down in His presence. She who trembled at the sight of a cow and was terrified by large dogs had learned the meaning of courage. It would not do now even to let God see her give way to weakness.

She told the sewing circle of her adventure and begged its members to help Brown's family. Money and clothing were sent to North Elba, where the women who had been widowed or were about to be widowed were trying to carry on the work of a lonely Adirondack farm.

For a whole month the eyes of the nation were never taken

off the wounded man who sat in his cell in Charlestown awaiting his death. On the day of his execution, services were held in churches throughout the North, and in Chambersburg the Moores went from the church to the telegraph station to hear the news that John Brown was dead. When newspapers arrived, they read the old crusader's last message:

I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away but with blood. I had, as I now think, vainly flattered myself that without very much bloodshed it might be done.

To Jonathan his words were a call to action. Slavery had been assailed on all reasonable grounds—legal, spiritual, political, and economic. There was no recourse left but an appeal to the God of Battle.



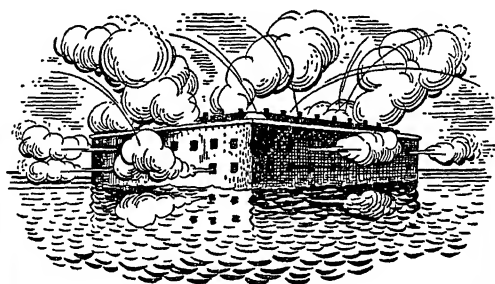
Two weeks after the death of John Brown, four more of his men were sent to the gallows. Among them was John Cook, who tried to escape from the jail on the night before his execution. But the man who had been promised his freedom in the Chambersburg jail was again frustrated at the last minute. A friendly guard from Kansas who would have helped him get away was replaced that night by a Virginian. And Virginians were eager to see punishment meted out to the men who had dared to attack slavery.

Accompanying Cook to the gallows was Shields Green, the young Negro who had come to the Chambersburg quarry with Frederick Douglass. His promise to "go wid de ole man" was made good in a wintry field outside Charlestown on the spot where his chosen leader had already preceded him to an unquiet grave.

BOOK SIX

Battle Hymn

SOUTH CAROLINA
1860-64





XLVII

SHORTLY AFTER John Brown's execution, Jonathan received a letter from Theodore Parker, who was then in Rome.

A steamer has brought us word from Boston that John Brown is no more, but his name, I believe, will live.

My country seems to me now a very sorry place. While reading the accounts of Harper's Ferry, and of the sayings of men whom you and I know only too well, I could not help wishing I was home again to use what poor remnant of power is left me in defense of the true and the right.

America is rich in able men, in skillful writers, in ready and accomplished speakers. But few men dare to treat public affairs with reference to the great principles of justice and American democracy. They ask instead what effect will this opinion have on the Democratic party, or on the Republican party? How will it affect the Presidential election? What will the great state of Pennsylvania, or Ohio, or New York say to it?

Yet there are men in all the Northern states who feel the obligation which citizenship imposes on them. Hence arose the Antislavery Society; hence comes Capt. John Brown's expedition. He sought by violence what the Antislavery Society works for with other weapons. The two agree in the end, and differ only in the means.

But it is not merely white men who will fight for the liberty of Americans; the Negroes will take their defense into their own

hands. The fire of vengeance may be waked up in the African's heart; then it will run from man to man, from town to town. What shall put it out? *The white man's blood!*

You and I prefer more peaceful methods, but I, at least, shall welcome the violent if no other accomplish the end. So will the great mass of good and thoughtful men at the North—else why do we honor the heroes of the Revolution and build them monuments all over our blessed New England?

Word comes to me that the South is stirred up by Brown's attempt; that Northern visitors, peddlers, book agents, and harmless schoolma'ams are no longer safe in slavery's realm. I get what Southern papers I can and read faithfully the fire-eaters' twaddle. They are still defending their peculiar institution as though it were some holy thing. Yet underneath the high-sounding words I see the figure of a black slave crouching, and all their ranting cannot explain him away.

Oh, Jonathan, the life I am here slowly dragging to an end—tortuous but painless—is very, very imperfect, and fails of much I meant to hit and might have reached, nay, should, had there been ten or twenty years more left for me. But on the whole, it has not been a mean life, measured by the common run of men; never a selfish one. I never fought for myself, nor against a private foe; but have gone into the battle of the nineteenth century and followed the flag of humanity. Now I am ready to die, though conscious that I leave half my work undone, and much grain lies in the fields, waiting only for him that gathereth sheaves. I would rather leave my bones with my fathers in Lexington, but will not complain if earth or sea shall cover them up elsewhere. It is idle to run from death.

Write, please write, and tell me everything. I hunger for news of home.

During the spring of 1860, Jonathan sent letter after letter to Rome, often enclosing significant items clipped from the newspapers. But replies were few, for Parker was becoming too weak to sit up and hold a pen.

It was a shame that he had to be away at such a time. He would have enjoyed watching the Democratic party founder on the rock of slavery. Southern Democrats were distrustful of Northern Democrats, and Northern Democrats were tired of

taking orders from Richmond and Charleston. Northern Democrats were supporting Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency, but Southern Democrats remembered Douglas' record on Kansas and would have none of him. The remnants of the Whigs and the Know-Nothings formed the Constitutional Union party, still further weakening the Democrats, for most of the new party's strength was in the South. Meanwhile, the Republicans waited hopefully.

The South became hysterical. If she lost control of the Government she might never regain it. Population figures were running against her as immigrants settled in the Northern states, knowing that it was useless for them to try to compete against slave labor. The Territories which were being opened in the West were reluctant to admit slavery, for men who had braved the wilderness had no desire to see the slavocrats wrest their hard-won land from them.

The Republicans were in a position to elect a President, but they were having trouble over the choice of a candidate. Jonathan gave his views on the subject in a letter to Parker:

April 28, 1860

The Democratic convention has just been held in Charleston, and from all accounts it must have been a madhouse. The Southern delegates bolted because of Douglas, deciding to hold another convention of their own in June. The impregnable party has been split; this is our chance, and with luck we may be able to make something of it. The Republican picture, however, is far from pretty. Poor Seward is likely to have the cup snatched from his lips just as he is about to drink from it. No one can even speculate yet on who the candidate will be, but it looks as though he may be someone from the West, perhaps Chase or Blair. Whoever it is I hope he means to hold firm. It would be a catastrophe to have a weakling in office now. God spare us a Republican Buchanan!

Reports that trickle in from the South indicate great excitement. I believe they really mean to secede down there. Some people here are urging that we let the slave states go. I think it would be a terrible mistake. If we use a strong hand now, resistance will crumble just as it did when Jackson showed the South he meant business. I

wish he were alive now! Democrat that he was, he knew how to deal with would-be rebels.

There is some wild talk about your friend Herndon's partner being considered as a candidate. I don't take much stock in it. He made a good speech at Cooper Union, although he repudiated poor old John Brown, but he hardly seems of large enough caliber even for being a Republican dark-horse. Perhaps it is just as well. Mr. Lincoln still refuses to commit himself on slavery. I keep my eye on him simply because he comes from Illinois, but I cannot bring myself to trust him. I am hoping that by some miracle Seward will be recognized. He has Greeley and the *Tribune* against him, but he is worth a dozen of your Lincolns.



A few weeks after Jonathan mailed his letter the incredible happened. On May 9, at the Illinois Republican State Convention in Decatur, the delegates were instructed to vote for Lincoln. Two fence rails he had split in the Sangamon bottom thirty years before were brought into the hall, and Lincoln immediately became known as the rail-splitter candidate. The appellation was a happy one, for it attracted the laboring and farming classes. Nine days later, at the Republican National Convention in Chicago, he was nominated by the new party as their candidate for President. The obscure attorney from Springfield, whose very obscurity had kept him from making enemies, was hoisted over the heads of better-known men and given the coveted prize.

Jonathan dispatched a hasty letter to Parker, but it never reached him. He had died on May 10 and had been buried three days later in the English Cemetery at Florence.



When news of Parker's death reached the United States, Jonathan found it hard to believe that his friend was actually dead. He had been away for so long that it seemed as if he had simply moved on to some more remote country from which he would one day return, as eager and as alive as ever. A man like Theodore Parker could not be suddenly extinguished. He was too filled with the sheer joy of living, too concerned with

everything that affected humanity to be put away in the darkness of a grave.

The political scene seemed empty without his bright comments to enliven it. Jonathan watched the Constitutional Unionists nominate John Bell of Tennessee; then he saw the Northern Democrats choose Douglas, while the Southern wing picked Breckinridge of Kentucky. The Democrats were committing suicide, and the Republican candidate was almost sure to win, but there was no satisfaction in it. Abolitionist distrust of Lincoln deepened. Wendell Phillips attacked him as a huckster in politics. "Who is this who does not know whether he has any opinion about slavery?" he asked. And then he called him the "Slave Hound of Illinois."

The Abolitionists examined Lincoln's record frantically, combing his speeches as far back as his brief career in Congress for some indication of his attitude. They found that he had said again and again that he hated slavery and was opposed to its spread in the Territories, but he seemed perfectly content to let it flourish in the states where it was already established.

The campaign that summer was picturesque and spirited, but behind the torchlights and the parades was a deep bitterness new to America. Politics was no longer a diverting spectacle—it had become deadly serious. South Carolina announced that she would secede if Lincoln was elected, and her governor called upon the governors of the other slave states to join her. People asked only one question: Would the North let the South go in peace or would the Government try to put down the rebellion? No one knew the answer, and the one man whose opinion counted remained discreetly silent. Abraham Lincoln waited in Springfield, swamped by newspapermen and politicians, plagued by office seekers, and questioned by neighbors and friends. But he said nothing, and many people took his reticence for fear. The ancient Buchanan trembled in the White House, predicting dismally that he would be the last President of the United States.

There were rumors, too, that the War Department, which was headed by the notoriously proslavery John B. Floyd, was transferring large stocks of arms and equipment to Southern

forts and arsenals; that the South was arranging with certain European nations to take her cotton crop in exchange for munitions; and that emissaries were actually being sent abroad.

All summer long the talk of politics was interlarded with talk of war. Yet few people in the North really believed that war would actually come. It seemed absurd that the two sections of the nation which had been founded during the War of Independence and had stood so long united would now fight against each other.

The autumn harvest was gathered, and the voters got ready to go to the polls. The early elections in October were carried by the Republicans in Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania. And then, on November 6, the long-awaited decision came.

Lincoln received 180 electoral votes; Breckinridge 72, Bell 39, and Douglas only 12.

Slavery's political power was broken. There remained only the question of how the South would take her defeat.



South Carolina's two United States Senators promptly resigned, and her state legislature unanimously passed a bill authorizing a convention to be held in Columbia on December 17 to "consider relations with the National Government." The Georgia Legislature voted a million-dollar appropriation for arms, banks in both the North and the South suspended specie payments, and Northern business firms found it impossible to collect their Southern accounts.

Jonathan saw a note in a Boston newspaper that Mr. Joel Tupper, the well-known shipping agent, had left for South Carolina on a hurried visit. He could picture the worried little merchant scurrying around the hostile streets of Charleston, trying to collect his debts before the storm broke.

Late in November he received a letter from him, asking him to come to Harrisburg the next day. But Jonathan was busy with Underground traffic, for the Negroes were frantically trying to escape from the South before winter closed in. He dis-

patched a telegram to Tupper, saying that he could not keep the appointment. The next morning he received a reply:

MUST SEE YOU. ARRIVE CHAMBERSBURG 4:08 P.M. PLEASE BE AT STATION.

J.T.

Jonathan swore angrily when the message was delivered, but he hitched up his team and drove into town. He was late; the train had already left the station, and Tupper was waiting impatiently on the platform.

As soon as he saw Jonathan, he leaped down and ran to the wagon. "I thought you were a friend of mine," he said reproachfully. "Here I am in trouble, and when I ask you for a few hours of your time, you refuse me."

Jonathan looked at him apologetically. "I have urgent affairs of my own, you know."

"Crops are all in, ain't they?"

"Yes, but we have another kind of harvest to gather."

"Eh? Oh, that—well, that's why I want to see you. What I have to say has some bearing on your—uh—other harvest."

On the way to the farm he kept talking about what he had seen in the South. "You people up here don't realize what's happening," he said seriously. "Those damned fools in Charleston are ready to blow the lid off. In Washington that maundering old idiot Buchanan creeps around the White House in his night-shirt, wailing like a sick banshee. Half the men in his Cabinet are traitors, but he runs from one to the other asking for advice, and then he can't make up his mind. He's even afraid to garri-son the Charleston forts. Why, those damned secessionists can seize every United States stronghold in the South whenever they want to take 'em."

"How about our President-elect?" Jonathan asked curiously. "Perhaps when he assumes office——"

Tupper turned purple. "That baboon Lincoln?" he shouted. "That pussyfooting old slave hound? Wendell Phillips tells me——"

Jonathan looked at him in amazement. "Wendell Phillips? You're on speaking terms with Wendell Phillips?"

Tupper glared at him. "Of course. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. But he's one of the most radical Abolitionists in Boston."

"That's what we need, young man. More radical Abolitionists—men like Phillips and Higginson and old John Brown. By God, Brown knew how to deal with slaveholders. The front end of a musket—that's all they understand."

"What did you do to help John Brown?" Jonathan asked bluntly.

"What did I do? Where do you think he got his money for weapons? George Stearns and I—— Well, I'd rather not talk about it. But I was willing to back Brown to the limit. He had the right idea. Force—that's what we need to handle this situation. We've got slavery licked if we only knew it. A lot of miserable cotton planters can't do anything against us with sporting rifles and shotguns. We can march down there and put 'em out of business in a week with a real army."

"A real army, eh? And where are we to get it?"

"The Federal Army, sir. The whole military force of the United States."

"We have sixteen thousand men under arms," Jonathan retorted. "Half of them are in Western outposts protecting settlers from the Indians, and the other half will probably desert to the South as soon as hostilities begin. Most of our important officers are Southern-born. They've been shipping arms to their own arsenals. They possess exact information about the strength of our forces. They have detailed plans of every camp, fort, garrison, and armory in the North. They——"

"How do you know all that?"

"I've made it my business to find it out. You can't be entirely ignorant of the facts."

"I know about our Southern officers. But sixteen thousand men! You're sure—only sixteen thousand?"

"Only sixteen thousand," Jonathan repeated solemnly.

"Oh, my God," Tupper moaned. "Thirty million people in

the United States, and we have sixteen thousand men to defend the whole country. Who let that happen?"

"You did—among others. You're a responsible citizen, a businessman, a public-spirited person—did you ever give the matter a thought?"

"I don't know anything about military affairs. I just took it for granted——"

Jonathan sighed. "That's the trouble. We all took it for granted. Well, we won't be any worse off than the South if it comes to actual warfare. Both sides will have to call for volunteers and train them."

"We have more people than they have—more money, factories, mines, ships, and everything else," Tupper said more cheerfully. "All right—we won't lick 'em in a week. It'll take three months."



Jonathan took Tupper to the Moores' house, although he knew Felicity would be disappointed. She had heard a great deal about him, and she was always eager to meet anyone who was set apart from his fellow men by fame or wealth.

At dinner the family listened eagerly to what he had to say about the state of affairs in Charleston. He was convinced that secession would be declared at the December convention, and he was sure the other Southern states would follow South Carolina out of the Union like a flock of ducks running after their leader.

"There's all kinds of trouble in store for us," he said, looking around the table. "I have little use for Mr. Lincoln, yet he's our legally elected President. But suppose the electoral college refuses to certify him. Then where'll we be? Or suppose Congress won't accept him as the head of the Government. What then?"

"What do you think will happen?" William Moore asked.

"Good Lord, I don't know. Almost anything. No one can tell—least of all those fools in South Carolina who are prancing to go to war. But that's why I came here."

Jonathan looked at him inquiringly.

"Yes," Tupper went on, "while I was in Washington I de-

cided to send an agent to the Columbia convention to report to me on its trend. Any information I obtain will be placed at the disposal of Wendell Phillips and the Antislavery Society. I'll pay all expenses of course. I thought of you immediately."

For answer, Jonathan simply stretched out his right hand, holding it so Tupper could see the brand. "Have you forgotten this?" he asked quietly.

Tupper was embarrassed. While he was making his apologies, Danny got up from his chair and approached him eagerly. "How about me, sir? I'd be glad to go."

"I'm sure you would, my boy," Tupper said evasively. "But you've had no commercial experience."

Danny's face fell.

"I thought you wanted someone to report on secession," Jonathan said. "For the benefit of the Antislavery Society."

Tupper looked uncomfortable. "So I do. But—well, if I'm paying for it I ought to——"

"—obtain some benefit from the journey," Jonathan finished for him. "And beat all your competitors by getting advance information. I suppose you're thinking of the stock market, too."

Tupper wiggled like a worm on a fishhook. "That's not fair. I said I'd turn over all pertinent information to the Society. I——"

"You'll have no trouble finding the sort of agent you want," Jonathan said coldly. "Meanwhile, you've given us an excellent idea. Someone *should* be sent. I'm sure Wendell Phillips will be able to raise money for such a mission. I'll write to him tonight. Shall I put you down for a donation? Say five dollars?"

Tupper sprang up from his chair. "I won't be put in the wrong like that! You're trying to make me look like a sharper. Five dollars! I'm willing to finance the whole thing out of my own pocket."

"Yes—because you expect to profit from it. Well, we're not interested on that basis. You tell me you're an Abolitionist, yet you're still scheming to make money out of a situation that may bring death and suffering to thousands. Can't you forget business? I wish Theodore Parker were alive to hear you now."

Jonathan went on implacably. "You never gave a moment's thought to me, did you? Completely forgot that I can't enter the South. And when a fine young boy like Danny offers you his services, all you think of is whether he has the proper commercial qualifications."

"That's not fair," Tupper mumbled. "I didn't mean that. I was just testing him. I wanted to make sure he was the right man for the work. He probably is if you trained him. In fact, I'm sure he is. Why, he's the very man for it! He's a likable young chap who could get around to places where a commercial agent couldn't go without arousing suspicion. Yes, sir, he's the very man I need."

"What would he be expected to do?" William Moore asked.

"Just go to Columbia and keep his eyes open. That's all. He can communicate with me, by telegraph, using our private commercial code."

"That doesn't seem difficult."

"There's nothing to it," Danny said quickly. "Why—it would be a sort of vacation for me. And you won't need me here on the farm during the winter."

"Wait a minute, young man," Tupper warned. "It's not as easy as that. They're mighty suspicious of strangers in South Carolina these days."

"Oh, I'll be all right," Danny said. "Jonathan's told me how he acted when he was down there. It's something I've wanted to do all my life. Tarnation cats! What a chance! Why, I'll be right in the thick of everything."

XLVIII

ON THE TENTH of December Jonathan drove Danny to the Chambersburg railroad station, where he was to begin his journey to South Carolina. While they stood waiting for the train, they

heard the chattering of the telegraph instruments in the operator's little booth. Jonathan walked over to the wicket and asked for the latest news.

"More of 'em are running home," the operator said. "There won't be a Southerner left in Washington. Maybe it's just as well." He showed them the dispatch he had just written out.

Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury, has just resigned and is preparing to return to Georgia. Senator Clay of Alabama has also resigned. The Louisiana Legislature, meeting in extra session, has voted to elect a convention and has appropriated \$500,000 to arm the state.

"They're moving fast now," Jonathan said to Danny as soon as they were out on the platform again. "I hope you don't get trapped down there. They may stop the trains. I want you to write me every day—even if it's just a note."

Danny's face was gloomy. He was leaving home for the first time, and he felt more apprehension than he cared to admit. He had asked his family not to come to the station, believing that the parting would be easier if they were not present.

When the locomotive whistle sounded far down the tracks, Jonathan spoke quickly, giving last-minute advice. "Go to Charleston first and get in touch with Sylvester Munday. I've already written him to expect you. Avoid strangers and talk as little as possible. They'll be suspicious of Northerners now."

"Maybe I ought to talk like a cracker," Danny said, mimicking the Southern accent.

Jonathan smiled. "I wouldn't advise it—not the way you do it. Your cue is simply to be a good Democrat. The South has always welcomed them."

The train steamed into the station, and Danny got aboard. Jonathan waited anxiously on the platform, watching the train until the last wisp of smoke had drifted across the valley and disappeared.



The Moores were worried when they read newspaper accounts of a smallpox epidemic in Columbia, but on the first day of the

convention Danny wrote to tell them that subsequent sessions were to be held in Charleston. For a few days that city became the center of world attention as the delegates debated the destruction of a nation.

On December 20 the telegraph wires brought news that an Ordinance of Secession had been unanimously adopted, making South Carolina an independent commonwealth. Word spread through the Cumberland Valley from farm to farm. There was no rejoicing even among the proslavery men, for they realized that they were isolated in a hostile Northern state.

The Moores stayed up until late at night, discussing the probable consequences of South Carolina's action. The long-anticipated moment had come when slavery must surely perish, but they could not help feeling depressed at the thought of the Union breaking up. As William Moore said, the work of the American Revolution was being undone, and the blood of the nation's founders had been spilled in vain.

"I wonder how Garrison and the Disunionists feel now," he said, smiling sadly. "This is what they wanted."

"It's what we've all wanted," Jonathan said. "We're no longer a minority trying to force something upon the rest of our countrymen. They've caught up with us now. They'll all have to be Abolitionists."

"I hope so," his foster father said. "I sincerely hope so. I could ask for nothing better than that this war be fought on a clearcut antislavery basis."

"How else can it? Slavery has caused the break."

"A million and a half men in the Northern states voted against Mr. Lincoln."

"But that doesn't mean they'll support the slaveholders!"

"Some of them may. Certainly they're not going to be willing to risk their lives to free the slaves. There's no use deceiving ourselves. Abolitionism is not popular. The Negro is liked no better in the North than in the South. We face difficult times, for a civil war is always much worse than a war against an external foe. There's a remote chance, I suppose, that our new President may succeed in bringing South Carolina back into the fold. But

I don't think the slaveholders are going to be won over. I expect war. I've been expecting it ever since the troubles in Kansas."

"Jonathan, what will you do if it comes?" Mrs. Moore asked anxiously.

"Fight," he answered promptly. "We who have been opposed to slavery for years can't let others do our fighting for us now. As soon as there's a call for volunteers, I'm going to enlist."



Danny wrote home describing the frenzied celebration with which South Carolina had greeted secession.

The bells of the city are ringing as I write this. Cannon are being fired, and the crowds in the street are going wild. People are thronging the business section where orators are speaking from every street corner, and they cheer everything they have to say. It is hardly safe to go out without wearing a secession badge—the palmetto is a passport to Charleston, and Secession Hall bristles with cockades.

I'll be able to tell you a lot more when I reach home, but I don't know just when that will be, for Mr. T. has asked me to remain here for a while. He will probably get in touch with you to explain.

Tupper's letter arrived a few days later. Since he was writing from Boston, where there was no fear of censorship, he could be more explicit than Danny.

I have asked Daniel to stay in Charleston for a few weeks to report on certain interesting developments taking place in connection with the harbor fortifications. I have heard through secret channels that that damned traitor Floyd, who it is our misfortune to have as Secretary of War, is ordering work rushed on Sumter. Guns are being mounted on her walls to command Fort Moultrie, a miserable sand battery where the only Federal garrison of importance is stationed.

However, I have reason to believe that something unforeseen by the secessionists may happen, and I want Danny to keep us posted. There may be a surprise in store for the so-called independent commonwealth of South Carolina.

The developments Tupper hinted at soon took place. On the night after Christmas, Major Robert Anderson, the Federal

officer in charge of the garrison at Moultrie, suddenly left his untenable position to occupy Fort Sumter. The secessionists were furious, because Anderson was a Southerner on whom they thought they could count. When they learned that he had spiked the guns abandoned in Moultrie and burned all the gun carriages there, their anger mounted even higher.

They retaliated by seizing Castle Pinckney, a minor island fortress only a mile from the city, and they took over Moultrie and the other outlying batteries. But Sumter was the key to Charleston. Every ship that entered or left the harbor had to pass under her guns, and South Carolina could hardly pretend to be an independent commonwealth so long as the Northern Government held a fort in the entrance to her chief harbor.



It was a wet winter, with snow and rain and gray skies adding to the feeling of impending disaster that hung over the valley. Jonathan rode into Chambersburg on January 10, a bitter cold day which froze the roads to ironlike hardness and made difficult going for his tender-footed mare. The town was agog with the news that the Federal steamer *The Star of the West* had been fired upon as she tried to enter Charleston Harbor with reinforcements for Sumter. The ship had sailed from New York under the guise of a merchant vessel, but the secessionists had been fully informed of her progress and had driven her away with shot and shell. The long and bitter quarrel had reached the gunpowder stage.

Jonathan rode home quickly. After stopping at the Moores to give them the news, he went on to his own house.

As he was about to go up the back porch, he saw a cigar butt lying on the ground. "Who was here?" he asked casually when he entered the kitchen.

"No one," Felicity said indifferently. "Who'd come to this Godforsaken place in the middle of winter? It's so lonely here I sometimes feel like screaming."

He said nothing more, but went quietly about his business, wondering why she had lied to him.

Several days later, while returning from town during a thaw, he noticed wheel tracks in the lane. They were made by a light vehicle unlike any used either on his farm or the Moores'. Again he asked Felicity whether anyone had visited the house, and again she said that no one had.

The next time he announced that he was going into town for the eleven o'clock mail, he turned his horse off the road and went instead to a small hill overlooking his own home. After a short while, he saw Felicity come out on the porch to hang a bright-colored quilt on the clothesline. About fifteen minutes later a horse and buggy appeared on the road. Jonathan, like every other farmer in the valley, knew every vehicle for miles around. This one was strange to him. The buggy had red wheels, and the horse was a blooded animal superior to any in the neighborhood.

Jonathan rode back to the house and went quietly down the lane. The buggy was standing behind the barn, where it could not be seen from the road. The narrow wheels were similar to the ones which had made the tracks he had noticed before.

He went up the porch steps and threw open the kitchen door. A stranger was sitting at the table, drinking a cup of coffee. Felicity stood opposite him, facing Jonathan.

She started, but brought herself under control quickly. "Oh, hello," she said coolly, "I thought you were going to Chambersburg. This is Mr. Eldridge. He's looking for horses and cattle to buy."

Eldridge stood up and bowed. He was a big, hard-faced man with the easy manners of his trade. "I'm prepared to pay a good price," he said politely. "I don't mind saying that with the possibility of war in the air, I can afford to make an attractive offer. It's pure speculation at this stage of the game, of course, but I'm willing to take a chance."

"If war comes, farmers would be crazy to sell their horses," Jonathan said. "They're going to need 'em."

"So are the armies."

"Which armies?"

"What's the difference? My business is done on both sides of

the border, so I can't afford the luxury of indulging in politics."

"I have no horses to sell," Jonathan said firmly.

Eldridge finished his coffee and then stood up, thanking Felicity elaborately. He picked up his hat and turned to Jonathan. "If you should change your mind, let me know. I'll be at the Indian Queen for another week. Vincent Eldridge is the name." He bowed and walked to the door. "Nice place you have here," he said. "Your wife tells me your folks live on the next farm. Suppose they'd like to sell any horses?"

"No, I'm sure they wouldn't."

Eldridge thanked him and left the house. As he drove out of the dooryard, Jonathan saw him take a cigar out of his pocket and light it.

Felicity went on washing the breakfast dishes. Jonathan sat down at the table and stared at the back of her head. "Do you know that fellow?" he asked.

"Of course not," she said irritably. "I've never seen him before. Why do you ask?"

"I wondered why you bothered giving him a cup of coffee. Why didn't you just say we had nothing to sell and send him away?"

"I was taught to be hospitable to strangers."

"I don't like him."

"You make your mind up too quickly about people. He was willing to give you a good price for horses, and he seemed honest enough about it."

"I don't like his selling to both sides. A man who has no politics has no principles."

"Oh, damn your politics and your principles! I'm sick of 'em both. You judge everybody by the way he feels about slavery. Does it ever occur to you that there are other things to think of?"

"Perhaps," Jonathan said softly. "But not right now. A Federal steamer has just been fired on, and Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida have seceded from the Union. Politics seem pretty important these days."

Jonathan said nothing more to Felicity, but he could not forget that she had lied to him. He instructed Lester Barse to go for the mail while he stayed home day after day until he heard that Eldridge had left town. The rest of January passed like a nightmare. Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas seceded; the United States mint at New Orleans was taken over by the secessionists; and delegates gathered at Montgomery to found a Confederate government.

Jonathan found it impossible to get any work done. Everything he did seemed useless. He wished that war would come. Then he could cut through everything by enlisting. What Felicity would do after that did not matter.

He sought refuge from domestic troubles by studying the newspapers. He followed debates at Montgomery and read the speeches of the men who were founding the new Confederacy there. The fine phrases and the rhetoric were the trappings of reaction; the secessionists were patterning the outward form of their government after that of the United States, but they made a mockery of everything it had stood for, by substituting slavery for freedom. Alexander Stephens of Georgia said bluntly: "Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite ideas; its cornerstone rests upon the great truth that the Negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition."

On February 9, Jefferson Davis was elected President of the new slavocracy, and two days later, Abraham Lincoln began his long journey from Springfield to Washington. There was surprisingly little controversy in the electoral college when it certified him as the legal President of the United States. But his behavior was disconcerting. He kept putting off anxious questioners with vague answers, and he spoke with shallow optimism of "the artificial crisis." Wendell Phillips had been right, Jonathan thought bitterly. You couldn't make a President out of a backwoods politician. The nation was facing war with a weakling as its leader.

Worst of all was Lincoln's secret flight from Harrisburg to Washington to escape a rumored assassination plot. Even the

Northern newspapers ridiculed him, portraying him in cartoons that showed him creeping through Baltimore at night disguised in a Scotch cap and a long military cloak. He was losing everybody's respect. Why didn't he try to live up to the great part that had been thrust upon him? The Presidency was deteriorating. It had gone steadily downhill ever since Jackson. What nonentities!—Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, and now this buffoon Lincoln. The slaveholders would make mincemeat of him.

He had to be inaugurated under wartime circumstances. Armed guards surrounded him when he rode to the Capitol; riflemen were posted on the roof tops; artillery was drawn up in front of the building; and detectives in plain clothes circulated through the crowd.

Jonathan was disgusted with his inaugural address, for it was a conciliatory effort to win back the South. However, Lincoln would have to take action soon. Sumter's garrison was badly in need of provisions, and the decision to send in supplies could not be put off much longer. Jonathan prayed that something would happen, and by this time he hardly cared what.

The high point of his daily existence came at eleven o'clock in the morning, when mail was distributed at the Chambersburg post office. There was always a letter from Danny to which he could look forward, for trains and mails from the South were still coming through. Charleston newspapers were printing dispatches from the Northern states under the heading of "foreign news," but so far, relations had not been broken off between the two sections. The Federal Government, of course, refused to recognize the new Confederacy, and the seceded states had more to gain than to lose by keeping up communication with the North.

But one day shortly after the inauguration, the postmaster told Jonathan that there was no mail for him. It had happened once or twice before that Danny's letters had been delayed in transit. He left the post office window trying not to feel unduly alarmed. The following day might bring two letters in the same mail. But the next morning the postmaster again shook his head.

Jonathan waited another day and then went to the telegraph office to dispatch a message to Munday, asking for information. When his reply came, it was hardly reassuring:

WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN. LETTER FOLLOWS.

It was two days before Munday's letter arrived. There was no writing—only a clipping from the *Charleston Mercury* which stated that a number of Northerners suspected of being Abolitionists had been arrested.

Jonathan rode back to the farm at top speed. He decided to speak to Lucy before saying anything to her family. Fortunately, she was alone in the kitchen.

"I'm going to Charleston," he said as soon as she had read the clipping.

"Jonathan—you can't. That mark on your hand——"

"I can cover it with a bandage—pretend it's hurt."

"Someone may recognize you anyway. You've been in Charleston before."

"That was nine years ago. No one's likely to remember me now."

"But, Jonathan, I can't let you go. You're all I have. I've seen Manfred taken from me—and now Danny. I can't let them take you too."

He was smiling. "Then you do care?"

"Of course. I always have. That's why I don't want you to go."

"Lucy," he said, "we love each other. Nothing else matters. I want you to promise that when I return you'll go away with me. Far away, where no one will know us."

"What about Felicity?"

"Damn Felicity!" He told her about Eldridge.

"But that's absurd," she cried. "You're letting suspicion carry you away."

"It's more than suspicion. You don't know the hell I've been through with her. I hate her, and she hates me. Perhaps she'll give me a divorce."

"You know she won't."

"Then say you'll go away with me anyway. You'd be my wife so far as anyone knew. We can——" He stopped when he saw the silent protest in her eyes. "Oh, all right then. I can see I can't make even you understand. You're afraid of what people will say."

"It isn't only that," she said quickly. "There are a thousand other things to think of. War is coming. What about that? You told Mother you were going to enlist as soon as it began."

"You could wait for me. All I ask is that you give me something to hope for. I know we can't make plans now. But somehow, somewhere we'll work things out. Just say that when the time comes you'll say yes."

She raised her eyes to his and nodded slowly. He caught her in his arms and kissed her tear-stained cheeks. She clung to him fiercely for a moment, then she struggled and broke away. "We mustn't," she said chokingly. "Not now."

"But you will promise?"

Tears were streaming down her face as she turned to him. "Yes, darling," she said slowly, "with all my heart."



As Jonathan walked toward his own home, he was turning over in his mind what to say to Felicity. He wished he could avoid saying anything at all—simply pack up and go away. Whatever happened, he knew he would never live under the same roof with her again. But he had to tell her. His face was determined when he entered the kitchen, where she was casually preparing lunch.

"I have to go to Charleston," he said abruptly. And then he told her about Munday's message.

"You're a greater fool than I thought you were," she said tartly. "Why can't one of the Moores go?"

He explained patiently why that was impossible.

"Fiddlesticks," she expostulated. "There's more behind it than that. What are you up to? You might as well tell me, because I don't believe a word you're saying."

"You're right for once," he said with sudden savageness. "I'm

not coming back here. If I succeed in getting safely away from Charleston, I'm going to——"

"Run off with your precious Lucy. That's it, isn't it?"

"I don't like the way you put it, but that's it, right enough."

Her face whitened. Jonathan looked at her as if she were a stranger, examining with distaste her plump figure and her round, cunning eyes. He thought she would make a scene, but she faced him quietly.

"I've seen this coming for a long time," she said. "You've never gotten over mooning after her. What do you expect me to do?"

"Whatever you wish."

"I suppose you want a divorce?"

He nodded.

"Well," she snapped, "you won't get it! What makes you think I'd be stupid enough to let you run off with her and leave me alone?"

Jonathan tried to keep calm. "It hardly matters. We're determined to go away together. If you won't divorce me, we're going anyway."

"She agreed to that?"

Jonathan nodded.

Felicity looked at him unbelievably; then she became scornful. "So that's what she is! Ready to run off with another woman's husband. I'll spread this story so she won't dare to show her face. I'll tell everybody what she is—a common whore!"

Jonathan stepped toward her menacingly. "If you do that, I'll kill you! I mean what I say. I'll kill you!"

Felicity backed away from him. "You wouldn't dare."

"Oh, yes, I would. Living like this means nothing to me. I see some chance for happiness now, and I'm damned if I'll let you ruin it. If you hurt Lucy, I'll kill you and hang for it. Besides, why should you care? I know you've been carrying on with that fellow Eldridge. You lied to me about him. You told me you'd never seen him before. I watched you signal to him as soon as I left the house. You've——"

"So you were spying on me?"

"What did you expect me to do? Close my eyes? Why don't you take this chance to go to your lover? I should think you'd want to be rid of me as much as I want to be rid of you."

Felicity suddenly changed her tactics. She began to cry. "You never had any use for me," she wailed. "You never loved me. I was a fool to marry you."

Jonathan ran out of the kitchen and went up the stairs. When he reached the bedroom, he heard her begin to sob. Suddenly he felt sorry for her. He was as much to blame as she was.

As he hastily packed his clothes, he looked around the room, which was filled with evidences of his wife's occupancy. Her clothes were thrown carelessly on the bed, and her shoes stood in disarray on the floor. But everything about her possessions was hauntingly familiar. Years of living with a woman bound one close to her with intangible ties that were hard to break even when no love was left. He would try to be kinder when the moment for parting came.

But when he went downstairs, the kitchen was empty. He called Felicity's name, but there was no answer. He went to the door and closed it behind him forever.

XLIX

JONATHAN FOUND the journey to Charleston surprisingly uneventful. The trains ran on schedule, and no one paid any attention to him when he entered the new Confederacy. Secession was still in a tentative stage; its advocates were not yet sure whether the nation they had set up was a real one or just a threatening gesture.

The city was seething with activity, but Jonathan avoided the main business centers to make his way through back streets to Sylvester Munday's house. Time seemed to have stood still in the quiet section around the tailor shop. The weather-beaten

little building was unchanged—it had not even had a new coat of paint during the nine years since Jonathan had last seen it. But its owner had aged considerably; there were haggard lines around Munday's face, and his hair was entirely white. His face lightened with a welcoming smile, but it became worried when he resumed his place on the cloth-littered table Jonathan always associated with him.

"I haven't been able to find out anything about your brother," he said, wetting the end of a piece of thread in his mouth. "Every inquiry I've made has ended in nothing."

Jonathan sat down on the ancient wooden chair reserved for customers. "Tell me how he disappeared," he said. "Your message wasn't very informative."

"It couldn't be," the little tailor said, skillfully threading his needle. "You can't trust the mails—or anything else these days. It's like the beginning of the Reign of Terror."

"I can well believe it. But what happened to Danny?"

Munday was silent for a moment while he sewed industriously on the collar of some gentleman's coat. "I don't know," he said finally. "That's the worst of it—I just don't know. He was staying here with me. One morning he went to the harbor with a pair of field glasses he had just bought. I suspect they may have got him into trouble. At any rate, he didn't return that night. Dozens of people have been jailed without notice. They say Castle Pinckney is full of men who have been arrested on suspicion. Once they're sent out there, they might as well be in Siberia."

"But it's more than a week since he disappeared."

Munday pushed his needle through the heavy cloth and glanced up sharply at Jonathan. "It may be months before we even find where he is. Even longer perhaps. We're living on the edge of war. Frankly, I wish you hadn't come here. This city is dangerous right now—especially for you." He was looking at the bandage on Jonathan's hand. "And besides——"

"Yes?"

"Well, it's possible that you may never find him."

"What do you mean?"

"Suppose he wasn't arrested," Munday said softly, looking down at his work. "Suppose——"

"That he's been murdered, you mean?"

Munday nodded. "There's all kind of riffraff here now. The very dregs of the South have come here to cheer secession on."

Jonathan was silent, but he refused to believe that Danny could be dead.

"Charleston is surrounded by water," Munday continued. "Her harbor is deep and muddy, and there are miles of deserted swamps along the shores."

Jonathan got up and began to pace up and down the untidy little room. "Someone must have seen him just before he disappeared. The Negroes perhaps. They're everywhere in the city."

"Do you think I haven't asked them?"

"I've got to find him. I can't go home until I do. I couldn't face his parents."

"Perhaps you'll have better luck than I've had. You'll stay here of course."

"I don't want to get you in trouble. I'm going to a hotel."

The little tailor bit off the end of the thread. "You can't."

"Of course I can. I wouldn't think of exposing you to danger by staying here."

Munday shook his head. "You can't go to a hotel, young man. You might as well walk into a jail and surrender yourself. Every stranger who registers in a Charleston hotel is watched."

"But if I should be found here——"

"You won't be found here," Munday said placidly. "I'm going to put you in the cellar where I keep all my fugitives. We have a real hiding place now. Wait till you see it."

He led the way into the cellar, where he stepped up to a blank stone wall and thrust his fingers into a crevice. A section of the wall swung back, opening like a door. It was made of thin slabs of stone carefully mounted on a heavy wooden panel.

"Ingenious, isn't it?" Munday said happily. "It was Ebenezer's idea. I wouldn't have thought of anything so elaborate, but he likes grand schemes. He got some of his people to build it for us." He lighted a candle and entered a small whitewashed room in

which there was a single cot and an old chair. The place was scrupulously clean, and an airshaft provided ventilation.

"I'll be comfortable enough here," Jonathan said. "But I can't stay hidden in a cellar. I've got to go outside to be useful. How about the Tower Jail? Could they have taken Danny there?"

Munday shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows? That gray old pile might hide anything. Even the people who live across the street from it never know what goes on behind its walls."



For two weeks Jonathan searched the city, trying vainly to find a Negro who might have seen Danny just before he disappeared. If the boy had been arrested, he was probably being held in Castle Pinckney on Shute's Folly Island or in the Charleston Tower Jail. Both places were equally inaccessible. Castle Pinckney was a mile from the shore, and it was impossible to approach it without being warned off by one of the sentries posted there.

The jail was in the western part of the city, not far from Munday's house, but high stone walls surrounded it, and a sentry marched up and down in front of its arched doorway. Jonathan spent hours in its neighborhood, hoping to catch a glimpse of Danny. But the men who appeared at the barred windows were always unfamiliar, and they were so far away that it was impossible to communicate with them.

Day after day brought only baffling and exasperating failure. Every clue proved false, every line of investigation led to nothing. The hopelessness of his task began to weigh upon Jonathan. Finding a single obscure stranger in a city of forty thousand people was difficult enough, but when one had to work secretly under wartime conditions, the odds against success were overwhelming. Nevertheless, he stuck grimly to his work.

He had to avoid the central parts of the city, for he dreaded meeting anyone who might remember him from his previous visit. He never spoke to the whites, and when he questioned the Negroes, he made certain that no white man saw him talking to them. Each day it became more dangerous to remain in

Charleston, for the situation over Sumter was reaching a crisis, and warlike preparations could be seen everywhere around the harbor.

A floating battery was being sheathed with railroad iron and armed with huge cannon; troops kept pouring through the city to be sent out to the various fortifications; and sentries patrolling the water-front areas made it hazardous for a stranger to display too much curiosity about what was going on.

The nervous strain of working under such conditions began to tell on Jonathan. Queer and whimsical ideas about the fate of the lost boy entered his mind, and at night he was plagued by dreams from which he awoke thinking that he heard Danny call out to him.

Munday advised him to return to the North while there was still time, for once hostilities started, the trains would surely be stopped. And then, early in April, rumors began to arrive that the Federal Government was going to make an effort to provision Anderson's little garrison. On the eighth it became generally known that a naval fleet had sailed from Northern ports.

"You've got to leave before it gets here," Munday said. "This is your last chance. You've done all you can. In a few days it will be too late, and you'll be trapped here for the duration of the war."

But Jonathan was frantically trying to run down a new clue. He had met a Negro who claimed to have seen a young man arrested near the Custom House at about the time Danny had disappeared. The prisoner had probably been sent to Castle Pinckney, for the Negro said that his captors had taken him away in a boat.

Jonathan spent two days trying to find some way to explore Shute's Folly Island. It lay tantalizingly near, but its shores were well guarded, and even if he reached them, he would have no way of communicating with the prisoners inside the fortress. While he pondered the problem, the long-expected crisis arrived.

On April 10, the Confederate officials in Montgomery telegraphed instructions that the shore batteries were not to wait

until the Federal fleet arrived but were to fire on Sumter as soon as was thought advisable.

Jonathan reluctantly agreed to leave on the next morning train. It might be the last one. As he made the final arrangements for his departure, he heard the sounds of distant cheering and the playing of military bands.

"Everyone in Charleston will be on the East Battery tonight," Munday said. "They're hoping the shooting will begin. There's nothing definite yet, but God knows when it may start."

"I'm going down there," Jonathan said suddenly. "I want to see what's happening."

Munday's face expressed his disapproval. He warned Jonathan to be careful and to avoid speaking to anyone. Then he let him out of the back door and urged him not to stay away long.

The Negro curfew bell was tolling as Jonathan left the house. Dozens of silent black figures flitted along the dark street on the way to their homes. The patrols would be starting out soon, and then any slave found at large in the city would be arrested and held in jail until his master reclaimed him. This was one thing war would end, Jonathan thought. After the Northern armies suppressed the slaveholders' rebellion, curfew bells would never ring in free America again.

A mounted patrol turned into the alley down which he was walking. Armed horsemen swept past him with spurs jingling and swords rattling. The nightly man hunt was beginning.

He walked on toward the lighted areas, where the streets were filled with hurrying people. A speaker was shouting from the balcony of a white colonnaded hotel, but no one stopped to listen to him. Jonathan caught a few of his words as the rushing mob swept past. "Bloody graves. . . . Yankee shopkeepers . . . Southern courage . . . Dictate peace terms in Faneuil Hall." They were the old Southern shibboleths being made to do duty as they had done a thousand times before. But now the expressions took on meaning—they were no longer empty rhetoric. The guns around the harbor had lent them deadly weight.

The crowd roared approval and dashed on. It rushed through the lower part of the city and boiled out into the gardens near

the East Battery. Men were clustered along the sea wall, looking out across the harbor to the dim shape of Sumter three and a half miles away. On the other side of the bay, several steam vessels were towing the huge floating battery into position.

The big raftlike structure was beached at the west end of Sullivan's Island, where its four heavy siege guns commanded the land face of Sumter. The fort was most vulnerable from the shore, for it had been built to protect the city from foreign invasion, and no one had ever contemplated the possibility of an attack from Charleston itself.

Jonathan stood glumly watching the preparations. Once the cannon being brought to bear on Sumter began firing, the break between the North and the South would be complete. It needed only the touch of a gunner's match to plunge the nation into war. There was no controlling the hysteria that was sweeping the South. He had an example of it as he watched. A group of gray-clad soldiers entered the gardens, and the crowd closed in around them, greeting them with wild enthusiasm. Men cheered, and women pushed forward, fiercely urging the young boys in uniform to go out and shed their brothers' blood.

Jonathan returned sadly to Munday's house. Perhaps it was just as well he was leaving. There was nothing he could do for Danny now. He would go home to offer his services to the army of freedom that would drive these yelling slaveholders into the sea.

L

MEETING STREET lay bright in the sunshine as Jonathan walked along it on his way to the railroad station. Soldiers were sprawled out in the shadow of a building, lazily seated on the sidewalk and leaning against the wall. Jonathan glanced disdainfully at their gray jackets trimmed with gold braid and ornamented with lead buttons stamped with the palmetto. They were country

troops from the interior, armed with ancient weapons they had brought from the hills. They were supposed to be dead shots, but he doubted whether they would be able to stand up against the heavy artillery of the North. A whiff of grapeshot would tell. It had dispersed rebellions before, and it would again. It would annihilate these country bumpkins who were ready to risk their lives to support men who had no more use for them than they had for the slaves.

He hurried by, for he felt uneasy on this main thoroughfare where people from all over the South congregated. In a few minutes he would be safely on a train that would take him out of this accursed city where the very sidewalks breathed disloyalty and the store fronts were plastered with posters proclaiming disunion.

As he passed a big hotel where the guests were sunning themselves on the veranda, he saw a fine carriage approaching. There was something terribly familiar about its occupants. And then he realized that he was looking at Hugh Ballard and Caroline.

Recognition was mutual. Before Jonathan could gather his wits, Ballard shouted hoarsely to the Negro driver to stop the carriage. He sprang out and advanced with a malicious smile. The scar on his cheek had disfigured the eye above it, drawing it down and giving his whole face a sinister expression.

Jonathan dropped his bag on the pavement and stood still. Ballard strode up to him and bowed with an exaggerated gesture.

"Mr. Bradford! What an unexpected pleasure! But then you *would* be in Charleston at a time like this, wouldn't you? On your usual business, I suppose?"

He looked at the bandage on Jonathan's hand with an amused smile. "Don't tell me that burn is still troubling you. What a pity!"

Jonathan glanced past him at Caroline. She was staring at him with eyes that were wide with terror. Ballard turned swiftly and ordered the coachman to drive on. The horses started forward. Then he stepped up to the hotel veranda and called out in a loud voice, "Gentlemen! Southerners! I want to present a noted Abolitionist to you—Mr. Jonathan Bradford!"

There was a sudden silence and then a concerted dropping of chairs. Men rushed forward to the railing and poured down the steps.

Ballard was grinning. "Mr. Bradford is wanted in Florida on a capital charge. I saw him tried there. He bears the mark of his profession on him. Strip that bandage off his hand and you'll find under it the brand of the slave stealer."

Jonathan was seized from behind and his arms were held firmly when he tried to struggle.

"Look at his hand!" Ballard cried. "The bandage is only a sham. He's trying to hide the brand."

The bandage was torn off, and Jonathan's hand was forced open, revealing the telltale initials. Men crowded around, curious to examine them. Then Jonathan's hand was held up for everyone to see.

The hotel guests leaned over the porch rail, muttering angrily; men appeared from nowhere to swell the crowd; and women added their shrill voices to the din. The cry of "Abolitionist" went up; choleric elderly gentlemen wanted to hang the prisoner; wives backed their husbands' demand for blood; and younger men talked excitedly about lampposts and tree limbs. One young blade tried to strike the prisoner, but his companions pulled him away.

Caroline was struggling to get out of the slowly moving carriage. Her husband ran out into the street, and a brief argument ensued, which was abruptly terminated when Ballard commanded the Negro driver to whip up his horses. As soon as the carriage was out of sight, he walked back to rejoin the crowd on the sidewalk.

"Let's take him to the courthouse," he said.

"No! String him up here," someone shouted.

Ballard motioned to several soldiers to take charge of the prisoner. A group of them made a cordon around Jonathan and started down Meeting Street followed by an angry mob.

When they arrived at the courthouse, the prisoner was thrust into the hallway, and a dozen soldiers lined themselves across the entrance to keep the crowd out. Ballard disappeared into one

of the offices, where he remained for a long while. When he came out, he was accompanied by an elderly man in a frock coat tied around with a red sash from which a gold sword dangled. This gentleman walked pompously across the hall to confront Jonathan.

"Your name is Jonathan Bradford?" he demanded loudly.

Jonathan nodded. Ballard glanced significantly at the official as if to say: "See—he does not even deny it."

"You escaped from Pensacola in 1853?"

"Am I not to have counsel?" Jonathan asked despairingly.

The red sash stared at him contemptuously. "You'll be accorded all the rights the circumstances permit. Meanwhile, you will be remanded to jail until we can communicate with the Florida authorities."

"But counsel——?"

The red sash with its swinging sword was moving away. Ballard opened the office door, and the sash wearer swept grandly out of the hall. A few minutes later a minor police official appeared with a sealed letter. Then a closed carriage was brought up to the courthouse, and Jonathan was hustled outside through the still-threatening crowd.

When the carriage headed west, Jonathan knew that he was being taken to the Tower Jail. The gray, castellated building had never seemed more formidable; its thick walls looked as if they could withstand an artillery siege, and the huge iron gates swung shut behind him with a depressing clink that sounded like the lid of a coffin falling into place.

It was dark in the low-ceilinged guardroom where prisoners were received. There was a long wait while someone went in search of the jailer. At last he entered the dingy antechamber where he read the police official's letter silently. Then he dismissed the guards and was left alone with the prisoner. A sardonic but not unpleasant smile appeared on his long, thin face. "They tell me to treat you as a political prisoner until the extradition papers arrive," he said. "We'll try to make you comfortable."

"I'd like to communicate with my family," Jonathan told him. "Surely there can be no objection to that."

The jailer sat down at his desk and reached for a pen. "I'm afraid there is," he said gravely. "You're to be held here incommunicado awaiting further orders."

"I'm not to be allowed to speak to an attorney?"

"You're not to be allowed to speak to anyone—except me. But you'll be well off. I'm going to put you in one of the tower cells."



The cell on the top of the eastern tower was reached through a trap door in the floor. Jonathan found it to be a room about nine feet square, with two large but heavily barred windows from which a good view of the city was to be had to the north and to the east. A narrow iron cot and a washstand were the only furnishings.

The jailer had accompanied him up the circular staircase. "It's really not bad here," he said apologetically. "Much better than the inside cells where you can't reach a window. You'll be accorded every privilege—except that of communicating with anyone."

"I probably won't be here long," Jonathan said morosely. "The Florida authorities will be glad to get their hands on me."

"Who knows?" the jailer said. "Government officials have a great deal on their minds right now. It may take a good while before extradition proceedings can be carried out. Meanwhile—— Is there anything I can get you?"

"Newspapers," Jonathan said promptly.

The jailer shook his head. "Sorry. I've been instructed to hold you incommunicado. That works both ways—no information is to go out, and none is to come in."

Jonathan was horrified. "The country's on the verge of war," he cried. "I've got to know what's going on. Letting me see a newspaper won't hurt anyone. Why——"

"Orders are orders," the jailer said imperturbably. "Once you pass through these gates, you lose all contact with the outside world. Under the circumstances, you may be lucky. You'll miss a lot of unpleasantness."

"But I don't want to miss it! I want to know what's happening! It's silly to keep newspapers away from me. I can see half the city from these windows. If war starts, I'll be able to watch every shot fired!"

"That's why I gave you this cell," the jailer said with an enigmatic smile. "I'm obeying my orders, but——" He waved his hand invitingly toward the eastern window, which faced in the direction of the harbor. "I'll be back later, when I've finished my usual round of inspection. By the way, my name is Jacquirius—Owen Jacquirius. Don't hesitate to ask me for anything you want—so long as it doesn't conflict with my orders."



Jonathan remained at the window for hours, looking out over the city. But the jail was too far from the center of Charleston to see much of what was going on. Occasionally he caught a glimpse of a long column of soldiers marching across one of the distant street openings, and he could hear martial music and shouting. Most of the time, however, the scene seemed oddly placid.

During the late afternoon, the jailer returned, bringing a parcel of books with him. "I thought you might like something to read," he said pleasantly. "Nothing of contemporary interest, of course, but I have a rather good collection of historical literature in my quarters. Are you fond of Gibbon? I never tire of him."

"I don't want to read about dead things," Jonathan protested. "History is happening right here and now. Is there any word about Sumter?"

Jacquirius put the books down on the floor. "You've forgotten that we're not to talk about such matters," he said reproachfully.

"What is this? Some curious kind of punishment?"

"Orders—just orders," the jailer sighed. "In a way I'm just as much a prisoner here as you. We all have restrictions of one kind or another placed upon us. Freedom is a myth—liberty vanishes when there is more than one person in the world."

Jonathan was impatient. "This is no time for philosophy. Action is beginning—violent action. I want to take my part in whatever comes."

"I'm afraid you won't be able to," Jacquirius said blandly. "I had a visitor a short while ago. A Mr. Hugh Ballard of Mobile. He seems to be a rather important personage. He's in Charleston as a special agent of the Confederate Government at Montgomery, so officials here will naturally be eager to please him. He appears to be very much interested in you."

"What did he want?"

"Oh, just to know how you were being treated. He seemed to dislike the idea of my giving you privileged quarters. But that, of course, is my affair. In this prison I am the sole ruler—a little czar, one might say." He smiled cheerfully. "I was forced to tell Mr. Ballard that your treatment was no concern of his. He warned me that you were a dangerous Abolitionist, but I'm used to dealing with dangerous men."

Jonathan laughed ruefully. "Mr. Ballard bears me a personal grudge."

"That's unfortunate. I imagine that he can be an implacable enemy. However, you have cause to rejoice. He has to return to Montgomery in a few days."

"Thank you for your good services," Jonathan said earnestly. "There's something I should like to ask." Then he told Jacquirius about Danny and inquired whether he was in the Tower Jail.

"No, there's no one here who answers to that description," the jailer replied. "He may be in Castle Pinckney of course. Or in half a dozen other places. I don't think the authorities themselves know just how many political prisoners they're holding. There has been a hysterical wave of arrests. It's a deplorable situation. But that's war, I suppose. It's a hateful business. I'm glad we're well out of it in here. I like to think of this building as a small island of peace in a turbulent world." He got up to go. "I'd close those windows tonight if I were you. It may be rather noisy later on."

The April day died slowly. Spring twilight settled over the city and deepened into darkness. Lights sprang out in the windows of near-by houses, and there was a bright glow over Meeting Street. The evening was a repetition of the previous one. The Negro curfew tolled, and dark figures scurried home. A little while later, a mounted patrol rode past. There seemed to be a great deal of excitement in the business section; the sounds of cheering grew louder; and military bands played incessantly. Shortly after midnight, however, the streets quieted down with an almost mysterious suddenness.

An air of uneasy waiting hung over the city. Jonathan ignored the jailer's advice and remained by the open window as long as he could keep awake. Finally he lay down on his narrow cot to go to sleep, wondering if the secessionists would actually be mad enough to fire on Sumter.

He was awakened by a distant booming. Through the eastern window he could see a thin, red spark dropping like a falling star. Then there was a loud explosion and a burst of light.

The city was still dark. Jonathan's watch had not been taken from him; he pulled it out of his pocket to look at it. In the pale glow he could just make out the hands. It was exactly four-thirty.

A second shell streaked its way across the sky, rising and falling in a giant parabola. It exploded with terrific noise, the light from its blast brushing the low-hanging clouds with red. Then all the guns of the harbor seemed to go off at once. Flashes of fire leaped against the clouds, and the noise of bursting shells pounded the sultry air.

Jonathan clutched the bars of the windows and stared out at the tremendous scene. It has begun, he said to himself excitedly. This is war at last.

The firing went on, irregular and sporadic, but never ceasing. The sky gradually lightened with the dawn, and the day gave promise of being gray and dismal with a threat of rain in the overhanging clouds. The buildings and church spires of the city were at first a jagged silhouette; then they took on a third dimension, and Charleston emerged from the darkness. The

firing on the eastern horizon continued. Dull clouds of smoke drifted upward to mingle with the mist.

Jonathan stayed at the window, moved by deep emotion. The long struggle to which his life had been devoted was reaching its culmination. The armies of the North and South would meet in battle to fight out the issue of slavery. He wanted desperately to join the Northern army of freedom. He examined the bars of the window and studied the façade of the section of the jail he could see from the tower. Each window had a jutting cornice over it. If he could only get outside, he could reach the ground by using the cornices as footholds. But the solid iron bars were imbedded in stone, and it was hopeless to think of prying them loose.

Someone knocked at the trap door; the bolt was drawn back and the door pushed up a few inches. A tin plate with food on it was thrust through the opening, and the door was quickly dropped back into place. Jonathan turned to the window again, leaving the food untouched.

The firing in the harbor settled down to a steady roar. At seven o'clock the din suddenly grew louder and changed its tone as if a different set of guns were being brought into play. Was it possible that Sumter was just beginning to reply? Perhaps the fort was short of ammunition and was trying to conserve her firing power. Cannon from various points around the harbor joined in the battle, and the sound of their firing was a mounting roll of thunder. Then, almost imperceptibly, the rate of fire slackened. The guns had to be given a chance to cool.

At eight o'clock Jacquirius came to the tower cell. Jonathan greeted him eagerly, hoping that the great spectacle being played just outside the windows would loosen his tongue. But the jailer was as reserved as ever. He glanced at the uneaten breakfast, at the unopened volume of Gibbon, and then looked at Jonathan with an amused smile.

"It will take some time for you to get used to prison routine," he said, raising his voice so it could be heard above the guns. "You'll be glad to have a book to read then. And I've noticed that most prisoners develop enormous appetites. Eating is some-

thing to look forward to when one's life holds little else of interest."

"You've got to tell me the news," Jonathan said impatiently. "It isn't human to keep me in ignorance now."

"You have eyes—and ears. Use them," Jacquirius said coolly. He stepped to the window. "You can see quite well from here. Not as well as from the East Battery, of course, but you get some idea of what's going on."

"You were at the East Battery?"

"At four o'clock. All Charleston was there. Or so it seemed."

"And——"

"It was quite impressive—but noisy. I warned you it would be. Shall we talk about something else now? I have my orders, you know."

"There's nothing else to talk about!" Jonathan shouted. "The world's on fire. You can't talk about books and dead Romans. What do they matter now?"

Jacquirius sighed and sat down on Jonathan's cot. "Men with a cause can be trying. This tumult will cease eventually, you know, and then things will go on again as usual."

Jonathan faced Jacquirius squarely. "What are you trying to do—torture me?"

"Certainly not. I'm simply carrying out instructions."

"How can the Charleston authorities benefit by not letting me know what's going on?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I have never been able to fathom the official mind."

"You could communicate with the police and ask them to change their orders."

Jacquirius clasped his hands around his bony knee and gazed at Jonathan with a quizzical expression. "I wouldn't advise it," he said meaningfully.

"Why not?"

"Because I'm hoping for your sake that you may be forgotten in all this excitement. Then you can stay on here in peace while the world you are so much concerned about goes merrily to hell. There are worse places than jail in wartime."

"But I don't want to stay here," Jonathan protested. "I want to be outside, where I belong—fighting in the ranks of the Federal Army."

Jacquirius smiled satirically. "The man with a cause lets his heart speak. Why don't you let your head govern you? It's a better ruler."

"This is no trivial cause. The question of human freedom is about to be settled on the battlefield. Those guns are determining the fate of a nation."

"Very pretty," Jacquirius grinned. "And I didn't say that yours was a trivial cause. Perhaps there are no trivial causes. Or perhaps they are all trivial. Who knows? But I want none of them. There is nothing of the reformer in me."

"You seem to run this jail very well," Jonathan said. "Most Southern jails are no better than hog wallows. You're concerned about your prisoners' welfare——"

"Come, come, I don't have to be a reformer just because I'm not a monster or a fool. I'm not burning to remake this old jail into a model institution. I simply do the best I can."

Jonathan paced up and down the floor angrily. The sound of the guns beat into his ears, and he could imagine men dying on the walls of Sumter. Jacquirius watched him with a sardonic smile.

"I never could understand men like you," he said finally. "What do you care whether a lot of black men work for their keep or for wages that will barely keep them? Why are you so concerned about the fate of other people? What do they mean to you?"

"They mean a great deal," Jonathan said. "We aren't isolated individuals born to live in a world of our own making. We are part and parcel of the human race, and anything that affects the least of its members affects me."

"Nonsense! You know that isn't true. If a Chinese mandarin orders one of his subjects tortured, you never know it happens. You sleep quietly while some poor devil has his nerves plucked out one by one. Men couldn't go on living if they thought too

much about such things. I dismissed them from my mind long ago."

"But you thought about them once?"

"Yes," Jacquirius admitted. "I thought about them once. When I first came to this jail, I suffered every time a Negro had to be taken into the yard for a whipping."

"And now——?"

"Now I can stand and watch the lash fall on his shoulders and think of other things."

"Of other things!" Jonathan cried triumphantly. "You don't let yourself think of the pain he feels."

"Of course not. I try to avoid dwelling on unpleasant subjects. That's why I can keep a post like this. I assure you that this building has seen more than its share of human suffering. I could tell you—— But why should I?"

"You have succeeded in killing part of yourself," Jonathan said accusingly. "You think evil doesn't exist because you put it out of your mind."

Jacquirius stood up. "Why not? I find that doing so enables me to lead a not unhappy life. I expect to continue to lead it."

"And you think those guns out there won't affect you? That you can go on doing what you've always done if the North puts down this rebellion? Why, the whole way of living in the South will be changed."

"Whatever happens, jails and jailers will always be needed. I don't believe in the perfectability of human society. Crime and brutality will always be with us, and you'll need men like me to cope with people you don't know how to deal with otherwise."

Jacquirius went to the trap door and slid one of his long, bony fingers through the handle. The guns burst out again in another mighty salvo. He let the door drop and turned to face Jonathan again.

"Tell me," he said, "how does it feel to be an Abolitionist now? You've brought on the war you wanted. Thousands of men will probably die in it, and thousands of others will suffer the agony of wounds. What have you accomplished? What have you done but add to the burden of human misery?"

"That's not true," Jonathan said hotly. "It was not war we wanted but freedom. If freedom can be purchased only at the price of war, then let's have war. It's better for a few men to die in battle than for millions to live in slavery. We Abolitionists were not the warmongers and troublemakers we were called. We were the conscience of the nation, urging it on to fight against oppression. We were the voice of humanity telling men they could not be free while their brothers were in chains. And now we have succeeded! The task has been taken from our hands to be assumed by the armies of the North. God give them victory, for they are fighting a battle mankind cannot afford to lose!"

Jacquirius looked at Jonathan uncomprehendingly. Then he slowly raised the trap door and disappeared down the stairs.

L I

THE FIRING continued all day; toward evening, it slackened and then was reduced to the regular discharge of a single mortar at fifteen-minute intervals throughout the night. A storm came up out of the sea to lash the city with rain. Jonathan stood at the tower window in the darkness, listening to the rain beat against the glass and waiting for the flash of the distant mortar to light up the scudding clouds.

He wondered how the North was taking the news. He could picture the excitement in Chambersburg. Boston must be in a turmoil; Washington would be a madhouse. Men must be volunteering everywhere to march in the army of freedom. The Negroes would be among the first to sign up. They would make fearless fighters in a war for the liberty of their own race.

It was against prison rules to allow a light in any of the cells, so Jonathan had to sit in the darkness, thinking the thousand and one thoughts that come to a man's mind when a

war begins. He thought of Chambersburg and Lucy, of Felicity and the unhappy house that was his home. He recalled Caroline's face as he had seen it during those few dreadful moments in front of the hotel. She was no longer a girl; she had become a typical young Southern matron with a husband and an estate to manage. He had always found it hard to think of her as Hugh Ballard's wife. Now she seemed terribly remote—it was incredible that he had once held her in his arms.



It was long after midnight when he finally fell asleep. He was awakened before dawn by a sudden increase in the rate of firing. The guns pounded rapidly as gray light crept over the city. It was raining dismally, and Jonathan wondered how the gunners could keep their powder dry in such weather. Apparently it had its effect, for the firing fell off as the rain dripped down from water-laden clouds. As soon as it let up, the guns began again. By eight o'clock they were firing at full speed.

A plume of black smoke rose above the harbor. The guns kept up their merciless roar. The smoke thickened to a broad pillar and spread out flat across the sky, obscuring the sun that was trying to peer through the vanishing rain clouds. As the morning advanced, the smoke became denser; it drifted over the city, and Jonathan could smell the odor of burning wood mixed with the acrid stench of powder fumes. Evidently Sumter was on fire, although it was hard to imagine what could burn in a fort made of stone and brick.

A terrific explosion shook the city, its force dissipating the lower part of the smoke column for a few moments. Then the black cloud poured out its billowing masses more heavily than ever. An hour or so later there was another great explosion. The outpouring smoke almost stopped for a short while, but it soon began again. The steady firing of the guns never ceased.

At noon the trap door of the cell was opened, and Jonathan's lunch was thrust in to him. He was hungry, and he ate the plain food eagerly, keeping at his post by the window. The cannon

fire dwindled away to a few desultory shots. Early in the afternoon it stopped entirely.

People were running about in great excitement. The sound of faraway cheering could be heard, and a military band began playing. Crowds were streaming across the street openings on their way to the harbor.

Jacquirius came to the trap door and pushed it open. He stepped into the cell with a baffling smile on his thin lips. Jonathan begged him to tell him what had happened.

"It shouldn't take any great effort of mind for you to figure it out," Jacquirius said.

"Sumter has surrendered?"

Jacquirius grinned. "I'm afraid you Northern Abolitionists aren't going to have such an easy time of it. Southerners can fight, you know. And battles, I believe, go not to the righteous but to the strong."

"The fort was on fire, wasn't it?"

"You saw smoke. They always say that where you see smoke there must be fire. Those old sayings often have a great deal of truth in them."

"Sumter's loss will only serve to strengthen the North's determination. Men will spring to arms by the thousands now."

"Perhaps. But the first victory goes to the South. It will help her credit in Europe. This war may be decided in Paris and London. Our cotton crop has diplomatic uses."

Jonathan sat down on the bed disconsolately.

Jacquirius' voice changed. "Why should you care? You're safely shut up in an ivory tower where nothing can affect you. I'm sure thousands must be envying you."

"I want no ivory tower."

Jacquirius laughed. "You don't appreciate your good fortune. Why worry about the miserable insects who struggle out there?"

"This is my world—and I can't look at it as if it were an ant-hill."

Jacquirius patted him gently on the shoulder. "The wisest words I ever heard were those of the Abbé Sieyès. When he was asked what he did during the French Terror, he simply replied:

'I lived through it.' What more can a man do? You'll live through this war, safe in jail, and when it's all over, you'll go home. Meanwhile, those poor insects down there will be dying. Do you think anyone will thank them for it? They'll be killed, and then be thrown into the ground to rot. But you'll be alive when they're only a pious memory."



The guns had ceased firing on Saturday; on Sunday, they began again, but with light loads discharged at regularly timed intervals. Fifty times they spoke, booming out like an echo of the bombardment. Jonathan thought it might be a salute of some kind.

Troops kept pouring into Charleston the next few days. On one occasion they filled the street in front of the jail, where they stood in long, disorderly columns to boast loudly to women on the sidewalk about what they would do to the Yankees. From snatches of phrases, Jonathan gathered that active preparations for repelling invasion were under way. The gray-clad infantrymen spoke disdainfully of Lincoln and his call for volunteers. Old Abe was shivering in the White House, they said, and he would soon be a prisoner of war.

Jonathan listened anxiously. His tower cell was too high from the street for him to make out clearly what they were saying, but he gained the impression that the South was ready to march as one man to defend slavery, while the North, as usual, was still torn by indecision and doubt. It was a disaster that a man like Lincoln had to be President at such a time. Anyone who could not make up his mind where he stood on slavery could hardly be depended upon to wage an intensive war to eliminate it. Jonathan's spirits sagged; he had been counting on the North's entering upon a great crusade with enthusiasm. It was possible, of course, that the soldiers were lying or were misinformed, but they seemed so utterly confident, so sure of themselves and their fighting ability, that their voices filled him with despair. Why were they so willing to risk their lives in an evil cause? What was wrong with humanity that apparently decent

men were always ready to march on the side of oppression and fight to keep their fellow men enslaved?

When Jacquirius came to the cell, Jonathan plunged into an angry attack on the South's motives for beginning the war.

Jacquirius looked at him curiously. "There's more to this war than slavery," he said. "Slavery is only one of the South's reasons for fighting. Her very existence is threatened by the North. Wealth and power are concentrated in the Northern states—the South has only her slaves and her pride. Someday men may even maintain that slavery was not the basic cause of this conflict, but that other and deeper factors were involved. You Abolitionists tend to oversimplify matters. You think slavery is the only thing that holds the South together. How do you explain the fact that poor men who own no slaves volunteer to serve in the Southern armies?"

"They're fools," Jonathan said bitterly. "They don't know what they're doing. If they did, they'd be as glad to see slavery done away with as any Abolitionist."

"Perhaps. And perhaps they are fools, but if they are, their very foolishness must be taken into account, for stupidity is a factor in human history. But there are many other factors. The causes of any widespread historic movement are tremendously complex—so complex that they are almost beyond comprehension. I have not yet been able to find an adequate explanation for the fall of the Roman Empire. Gibbon, who was an astute logician, spent a lifetime examining the subject, yet his great work does not really explain why Rome fell. But read what he has to say. When you've cut your eyeteeth on him, you'll be better able to understand this war—if it can be understood."

That afternoon Jonathan took up the volume of Gibbon he had ignored. He opened it to the first chapter and lost himself in the description of the extent and military force of the Roman Empire in the days of the Antonines.



Life in Charleston settled down into the routine pattern of war. There were always soldiers in the streets, and the rhythmic

tread of their marching feet served as a fitting background to Gibbon's words. Jonathan read slowly and carefully, taking weeks to digest the calfbound volumes. When he finished them, he read the earlier history of Rome; then he went on to Greece, to Egypt, and Babylonia.

Spring changed to summer while he followed the ancient armies of the East. War in his own country went on around him, but he was cut off from all information about its progress. No inquiries were made about the occupant of the tower cell; the local authorities apparently had forgotten him, and if word had been sent to Florida, the officials in that war-troubled state evidently had other things to worry about than the fate of a single prisoner in a distant jail.

In July, Charleston suddenly went mad with celebration for a few days. Evidently there had been some kind of Southern victory, but what it was or where it had taken place, Jonathan could not determine. After that, events quieted down again, and the city led its customary drowsy summer existence. Sometimes he found it hard to believe that a war was being fought. Even the troops, which had once been so numerous, gradually became fewer, and uniforms were seldom seen in the isolated section around the jail.

Summer passed into fall, marked only by Jonathan's progress through the pages of history. He was working forward in time, advancing through the Middle Ages to the Renaissance. He had read his way through the eighteenth century and was busy with the French Revolution when the mild Southern winter set in. Early in December, however, one of the few notable events that marked his quiet prison life occurred. He was awakened at night by the clanging of fire bells, and he sat up to see the roofs and church steeples of the city standing black against a fierce red glow.

People were dashing out of near-by houses to see the fire; the jail was astir with life; and Negroes were chattering excitedly in the street below. Huge flames twisted upward to the dark sky, and dense masses of smoke were sweeping across the city. The fire was leaping from one building to another, wrapping wooden

structures in flames and pausing to gut the interiors of those made of brick or stone.

In a few hours it seemed as if all Charleston were on fire. The conflagration, which had begun on the Cooper River front, burned its way in a diagonal path through the heart of the business section. Everything went down before it; churches, schools, and houses were seized upon one after another by the flames and devoured by their angry red tongues. The tower cell was bright with the light of a hundred fires all burning at once, while Jonathan stood at the window hoping that slavery's capital would be destroyed.



But the great fire burned itself out, leaving a long scar that ran across the city from river to river. Efforts were made to rehabilitate some of the buildings, but most of the ruined area remained a blackened waste, for skilled labor was hard to obtain while men were away in the armies or busy making munitions. By the spring of 1862, food began to get scarce. Jacquirius lost his philosophic calm; he was having a battle with the city authorities, who could not see why jailbirds should be fed while their own families were in want.

The food shortage was not yet serious, but Jacquirius was worrying about financial matters that might affect an institution operated on a fixed budget. Prices were rising as Confederate money began to depreciate. The cotton with which the secessionists had expected to finance the war was proving a disappointment, for the Federal fleet was blockading the Southern ports, and only the few bales that could be smuggled past it actually brought the high prices desperate British mill operators were offering. Cotton was quoted at tantalizingly high prices in England, but it had little value in the South, where it was glutting the warehouses. Nevertheless, the planters stubbornly continued to sow it, knowing that a Southern victory would make them rich overnight. Their Government pleaded with them to grow vegetables and grains, but few plantation owners heeded their leaders' advice.

Jacquirius was bitter. "Cotton will be worth money only if we win. Meanwhile, the planters are doing their best to bring about our defeat. Instead of planting food, as the Government begs them to do, they keep on sowing cotton in the hope that they'll be able to sell it for the fancy prices offered abroad. The British quotations are a will-of-the-wisp leading us on to disaster. It's insane for an agricultural nation to let food become scarce."

"But in the North," Jonathan said innocently, "I suppose everyone is doing his best to help the Government."

Jacquirius looked at him sharply. "Don't you believe it," he growled. "There are speculators there too. And dissension even worse than ours. I'm not supposed to talk to you about what's happening, but I'll tell you this much. If you think this is a holy crusade to stamp out slavery, you're mistaken. Even Lincoln knows he can't get the North to fight on that issue. Do you want to know what the rallying cry of the North is? Well, I'll tell you. It's 'Preserve the Union.' Not a word about slavery. Not a word. Your Abolitionist friends are howling about the way Lincoln is conducting the war. But he's smart. It's the Union forever and to hell with the slaves."

He continued. "You idealists always get the short end of it. The Northern Government isn't in the hands of Abolitionists—not by a long shot. It's being run by hard, cool, practical men who are trying to get as much out of this war as they can. Oh, we have them in the South too. Speculators everywhere and decent men dying on the battlefield or rotting in jail while manipulators squeeze profits out of shoddy uniforms and guns that won't shoot. I hate war. I've always hated it. The South wasn't worth fighting for, and neither was the North. Nothing is worth fighting for. All men are fools, and they'll be just as miserable free as they are enslaved."



War crept closer to Charleston. Early in June, Jonathan heard the rattle of musketry fire from the islands to the southeast. It went on sporadically for days, occasionally punctuated by the

deeper sounds of cannon. Federal soldiers were fighting somewhere in the marshes. What were they fighting for? Jonathan wondered. If what Jacquirius said was true, they might as well throw away their guns and go home.

Toward the middle of the month, troop movements through the city indicated that an important battle was at hand. Then, early one morning, there was a sudden sharp burst of firing that continued for about half an hour. It ceased almost as suddenly as it had begun. From the celebration that night, Jonathan gathered that the Federal forces had been repelled. Charleston became quiet again, and only the infrequent sound of a ship firing at the shore batteries was heard.

It seemed as though the North had given up all attempts to take the city. Summer drifted by, and autumn passed into winter while Jonathan waited in his tower cell, growing impatient with himself and the war. He was tired of reading, tired of being confined in a room only three paces wide. He was bored with Jacquirius, whose own troubles made him taciturn and morose.

The new year opened dismally. Jonathan heard the bells of the city announce the arrival of 1863, but he sat forlornly in his cell wondering how he could tolerate another year of confinement. It seemed as though the war would never end. He remembered ruefully how everybody had thought it would be a matter of weeks.

At the end of January there was a brief outburst of heavy firing in the harbor. It began before daylight and stopped shortly after sunrise. Jonathan at first thought the Federal fleet was trying to enter the channel, but Jacquirius assured him that it was only a raid of several Confederate vessels desperately trying to lift the blockade. After the firing ceased, silence closed down again. For weeks nothing happened. The air grew warmer, and Jonathan paced his cell impatiently. He was so irked with prison life that he would have risked anything to escape. He had examined every plank and nailhead in the wooden floor, and he had studied the iron bars at the windows until he knew every

inch of their rusted surfaces. But the bars were heavy, and he despaired of prying them loose.

When he had first been confined in the cell, he had often thought of Lucy and his family, but now he was living in a gray stupor in which his mind turned in on itself. Reading was an effort, conversation with Jacquirius had become trying—only sleep remained as solace. He went to bed early and got up late. Day after day passed in sleep-drugged forgetfulness.



By the spring of 1863, Jonathan thought that both the North and the South must be as war-weary as he was. How could men go on fighting for years? And how was the South able to hold out for so long? The shortage of food had become serious, and everyone in Charleston was dressed in the rags of clothes purchased before the war began.

In April, a few days before the second anniversary of the firing on Sumter, the city began to show indications that another battle was approaching. People flocked to the East Battery, crowding the roof tops and church steeples as if they were out to see some kind of spectacular game. A thirteen-gun salute was fired; then the harbor guns spoke. In two years of war, the caliber of cannon had been increased enormously, so that when the firing reached its height, it was even louder than it had been in 1861.

The battle was a brief one; the salvos from the harbor forts were so tremendous that no invading fleet could possibly withstand them. Jonathan heard a wave of cheering from the crowd, and then the cannon fire slackened. Charleston had repelled another invasion, this time by ironclads thrown against its ring of forts. Gay crowds surged through the streets to celebrate the repulse of the Federal Navy.

There was another long interval of waiting; weeks went by without any actual shooting, but from the constant tenseness Jonathan could tell that the Federal forces had not been withdrawn. Long practice in observation from the tower window had given him an almost uncanny sense of judging what was

happening. Early in July, he sensed that a crisis of some kind was at hand. For several days the city seemed to be expecting the announcement of a defeat or victory. Since this was followed by a period of sullen silence, he guessed that the Northern armies had won a battle on some distant field. One evening he thought he heard a passer-by mention the word "Gettysburg," but it was absurd to think of a Confederate army in Pennsylvania. Firing was beginning in the marshes again, and he soon forgot the strange reference to a town that was just over the mountain from Chambersburg.

All through July and well into August the guns kept roaring. Prisoners clad in the dark blue uniforms of the Federal Army were marched through the streets, and some of them were brought to the Tower Jail. A concerted drive was being made on Charleston, but it was impossible for Jonathan to tell how it was going. The firing never stopped; hordes of prisoners kept flooding into the city; but the weeks-long battle showed no signs of being decided either way.

And then, early in the morning of August 22, the terrors of war were brought to the heart of Charleston. Jonathan was awakened at half past one by the sound of a shell exploding near at hand.

Church bells began to ring, and whistles on the harbor boats were blown to warn the population of the bombardment. Another shell landed with a terrific crash in the lower city. Jonathan stood at the window, and as he watched, he saw the red glow of fire rise above some distant buildings.

All the prisoners in the jail were awake, stirring restlessly as each new explosion shook the building and rattled the windows. Jonathan counted sixteen shots; then the bombardment stopped abruptly. But Charleston was thoroughly frightened. For hours afterward, men kept moving through the streets, and it was a long time before the fire started by incendiary material was brought under control.

When dawn came, wagons passed northward, carrying household goods from the section near the Battery. All day long people lived in fearful anticipation of another bombardment, but it

did not come until late at night, when the huge gun began again. Fourteen shells were sent into the city, but after a tremendous explosion in the marshes, the firing ceased.

The next day, Jacquirius unbent long enough to explain that Federal troops had succeeded in building a battery in the soft mud of Morris Island, on which they had mounted a large Parrott rifle. Fortunately, he said, the heavily overloaded gun had burst and was now believed to be out of commission. From prisoners brought in during the day he found out that the Federal soldiers had affectionately named the giant cannon the "Swamp Angel," and that they had counted on it to reduce the inhabitants of Charleston to a state of terror. Jacquirius seemed to take it for granted that the explosion would discourage the Union artillerymen from making any further attempts to bombard the city.

"Other guns will be mounted," Jonathan predicted. "Now that our troops have seen that it can be done, they'll surely try again."

"It's a good five miles across the harbor. There can't be many guns that will carry at such a range."

"We'll build them. Here's where Yankee ingenuity is going to count. I hope our soldiers blow Charleston off the face of the earth."

But months passed before the Union forces were able to bring long-range cannon into play again. It was December when the next bombardment began.

LII

AT FIRST most of the shells fell in the lower part of the city, but as the gunners became more expert, they gradually increased their range. Driven back by an ever extending arc of fire, the people of Charleston fled from the harbor in successive waves

of evacuation. The palatial homes along the East Battery were deserted first, then buildings on the streets behind them were abandoned. Finally, more than half the city was under fire, and what was left of her inhabitants led a truncated existence beyond the reach of the implacable siege guns. Looters prowled through the deserted areas at night, while the owners of hastily forsaken houses tried frantically to remove their possessions before they were stolen or destroyed.

Jonathan lay awake, rejoicing at the sound of the crashing shells. Every shot hurled against Charleston was a blow against slavery; every fire that started was burning up the slaveholders' wealth. Even when the series of detonations crept closer and closer to the jail, he took a fierce delight in listening to the heavy masses of iron crunch through brick and stone. He wanted to see every house in the city smashed to bits, and he was sorry when a shell landed in the burned-out area to explode uselessly among the ruins.

To Jonathan, the Federal guns were sounding a message of liberation, and he came to know all their accents. A sharp, shrill whistle was their warning, a sudden ear-shattering explosion testified to their might. He learned to distinguish the various types of cannon that were firing from the horizon's rim. Some spoke with a quick angry bark; others cracked with a whiplike snap; and still others roared with a deep majestic boom. At night he could trace the burning fuses of their shells across the sky, and in the daytime he could see a cloud of smoke and brick dust rise where a projectile had landed. He was never afraid of the sullen iron that rained from the skies; it was unthinkable that he could be hurt by Northern weapons. The guns were fighting for him, and they would do him no harm.

One night, early in January, when he was just falling asleep, he heard the whistle of a falling shell. Then he was almost blown out of bed by a terrific explosion. The tower shook and trembled; bricks, plaster, and broken glass rained down on his bed. The sharp, acrid odor of gunpowder filled the air, and from the jail came the fearful sound of a thousand prisoners all shouting at once.

He sprang to the window. Guards were hurrying across the jailyard to quell the riot; lights were being turned on in nearby houses, and there was a big hole in the street in front of the tower. Fragments of glass and brick littered the windowsills in his cell; the wooden frames were shattered; and when he seized the iron bars of the eastern window, he felt them give.

He had often rehearsed the procedure for escape in his imagination. He knew exactly what to do. Working feverishly, he shoved the iron cot across the window, stripped off its coverings, and quickly tore them into long strips. He tied these together to make a crude rope, one end of which he fastened securely to the cot.

The guards had rushed into the building, leaving the jailyard empty. Even the sentries on the wall had deserted their posts. The noise from the jail was deafening. The prisoners were mad with terror; they pounded on the bars of their cells and smashed furniture and crockery. As he pushed back the iron bars, Jonathan could hear the guards shouting at them.

He felt for the coping below him with his feet. It was just above the window of Jacquirius' living quarters, but he was sure the jailer would not be in his rooms while a riot was going on. The window was dark as he slid past it.

For a few seconds he hung suspended, trying to find the stone wall that surrounded the jail. His feet groped for it and finally obtained a hold. He let himself down and began to crawl on all fours along its top. The high tower loomed darkly above him; then he was out of its shadow; and the dreadful sound of the rioting grew fainter.

He never knew how long it took him to reach the far corner of the wall. Suddenly he was there, several hundred feet from the jail. It was a good fifteen-foot drop to the street, but he hardly felt the shock of landing. He picked himself up and began to run. There was a crowd in front of the jail, but it was too far away for anyone to notice him when he crossed the open street to take refuge in the shadows beyond. Almost instinctively he headed for Sylvester Munday's house.

The familiar little wooden house was untouched by the bombardment. Even the water jar that always stood on the back porch was still in place. Jonathan helped himself to a drink from it while he waited for an answer to his knock. His mouth was dry from brick dust and excitement; his hands trembled when he brought the dipper to his mouth; and he felt weak and shaken.

Munday whispered a cautious inquiry through the door before opening it. Ebenezer was standing behind him holding a huge pistol, which he put down with a sheepish grin when he saw Jonathan. Munday took in the situation at a glance; he blew out his candle and led the way to the cellar in the darkness.

"Three men from the Union forces are in the hiding place," he said. "They've been here for weeks, but there's always room for one more."

Jonathan caught him by the arm when they reached the foot of the stairs. "I've got to talk to you first. I've been shut away in jail ever since the war started. For God's sake tell me what's happened. Danny—the war—my family—have you heard from them?"

"The men in there will tell you all you want to know about the war," Munday said. "Your brother's safe in the North. I'll talk to you about him later. Right now I've got to hide you. They may send out searching parties."

"But my family——?"

"I managed to get a message through to them telling them you'd been arrested. I found that out, but I didn't know where you were being held."

"In the Tower Jail," Jonathan said impatiently. "I nearly went crazy. The war, man. Tell me about the war. Is the North winning?"

"Well," said Munday cautiously, "I wouldn't say she was winning or losing. There have been victories and losses on both sides. Last summer I'd have said it was all over, then Vicksburg and Gettysburg——"

"Gettysburg? What about Gettysburg? It's only a few miles from my home."

The other, whose name was Harvey Cathcourt, was a handsome blond young New Yorker, an artillery lieutenant who had been sent to Charleston to install a Requa Battery in the marshes. This newly invented weapon with its twenty-five rapid-firing barrels had been counted on to repel mass infantry attacks, but Cathcourt had been taken prisoner when the awkward mechanism jammed.

While Jonathan told the story of his arrest and imprisonment, his listeners were able to reconstruct the long siege against Charleston from his memories of gunfire, naming battles and clarifying troop movements, so that what had been only a confused pattern of distant sounds finally became an orderly record of the numerous military and naval operations around the city. Then Jonathan began asking questions. The whole course of the war was explained to him from the first battle of Bull Run to the most recent events of the current campaigns. He was appalled at the immensity of the conflict. Half a continent had been fought over, and hundreds of thousands of men had been killed. What he had thought would be an easily repressed rebellion had become a major war fought on a greater scale than any military campaign since Napoleon's.

As Jonathan listened, he was occasionally puzzled by references to men and places unfamiliar to him. A whole new set of public figures had risen to prominence; generals he had never heard of were in command of vast armies; and the names of obscure towns and villages had been lent to great battles fought in their vicinity. The Colonel Lee who had been in charge of the troops used against John Brown at Harper's Ferry was now the leading commander of the Confederate Army; Stephen Douglas had supported the Union and had died in the early days of the war; a bewildering succession of generals had been placed in command of the Federal forces, but they had been unable to make much headway against the amazing fighting ability and brilliant strategy of the South. The Confederacy was in serious straits with a hopelessly depleted currency and a lack of war material that should have crippled her, but somehow she was managing to fight on. The three men who had seen service

were unanimous in their admiration for their foes. They were confident of a final Northern victory, but they all believed that a long war was still ahead.

It was difficult to comprehend the complicated tangle of events that made up the war, but one thing soon became clear to Jonathan. Jacquirius had told him the truth—it was not a war to free the slaves. The record was discouraging. For more than a year the Federal Army had refused to let Negroes join its ranks. Finally, pressure from the Abolitionists had forced the Government's hand. Negro regiments had been formed, but there were relatively few of them. Worse still, was Lincoln's slowness to take action on slavery. Not until the beginning of 1863 had he put an emancipation policy into effect. Munday went upstairs and brought Jonathan a printed copy of the Proclamation, which had been smuggled through the lines. He read it carefully, becoming more bewildered at every word.

"But it doesn't make sense," he said. "It says here: 'All persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free.' But what about slaves in the border states? It doesn't say anything about them."

"It purposely doesn't cover them," Munday explained. "Lincoln was afraid to disturb the situation there."

Jonathan was aghast. "Why, that's not emancipation—that's double-dealing—political chicanery of the cheapest kind!"

"It's a war measure," Munday said patiently. "It has its uses. It serves as a threat against the slaveholders, and——"

"It does nothing," Jonathan exploded. "It's more of Lincoln's damnable shilly-shallying. The man must be a fool or a traitor!"

There was a moment of sudden, hostile silence. Then the soldier from Indiana spoke. "I've allus been a Democrat," he said. "I didn't vote fer Lincoln, and I ain't too sure I'd vote fer him now, but nobody kin go 'round callin' him a traitor. Leastways, not among us he can't."

"I voted for Lincoln," Jonathan said hotly. "I helped elect him. But if he's still trying to straddle the fence on slavery, I

say he's either a fool or a traitor. He proclaims the slaves free in Rebel territory, where his orders carry no weight, while he refuses to do anything about them in border states under his control. What kind of policy is that? The kind of war you talk about isn't worth fighting. I might as well have stayed in jail."

Mauritius Smith got off the bed where he had been lying and stood up. "Well, stranger," he said coolly, "I guess we can arrange that any time you want. If you want to be in jail, it shouldn't be hard to get you back in again."

Munday tried to make peace. "Mr. Bradford's a good anti-slavery man. You don't understand——"

"I understand he has no use for the President of the United States."

"That's right. That's what he said," Bugler chimed in eagerly.

Harvey Cathcourt came to Jonathan's defense. "Let him have his say. After three years in jail, he can't be expected to know all the complications of this war. Give him a chance."

Smith sat down on the bed again. "All right, let him talk. But I don't want any copperhead arguments. Let him talk straight if he's got anything to say."

Jonathan looked questioningly at Cathcourt. "What does he mean—'copperhead'?" he asked.

"That's what we call a Northerner who favors the South."

"I'm no copperhead," Jonathan protested. "I've spent my whole life in the antislavery movement."

"You Abolitionists are jest as bad as the copperheads," Bugler said. "Troublemakers, the hull damned lot of you."

Jonathan sighed. "All right, let's start all over again. Mr. Munday, if you'll state the arguments for Lincoln's war policy, I'll promise to listen to them quietly."

"I'm hardly the one to defend him," Munday said. "Still, I must say he's done his best to hold the Union together. There are many Southerners who secretly approve his efforts to keep the country intact. We're not all Rebels in the South. A number of men right here in Charleston have opposed secession from the start."

"He ought to know that," Smith muttered. "Get on with your story, and if you can't make matters clear to him, we'll help you. And if all of us can't convince him, then by God, you'd better send him back to jail!"

The men settled down again, and Munday began his explanation of Lincoln's war policy, laying great emphasis on the necessity for keeping the border states loyal.

Jonathan had an immediate objection. "But states like Kentucky, Tennessee, and Maryland have always stood for slavery. Does Lincoln think he can convert them peaceably?"

"He hasn't done so badly," Munday said. "The slaves in the District of Columbia have at last been freed. Virginia has been split in half. Early in the war the western part broke away to become the free state of West Virginia. Maryland has stayed in the Union, and despite proslavery sentiment there, a good part of her population remains loyal——"

"It wasn't worth it," Jonathan interrupted. "A great wave of antislavery feeling was sweeping the country at the beginning of the war. What happened to it? Where do men like William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips stand now?"

"They stand where they've always stood, but they stand alone. There's a great deal of opposition to slavery in the North, but not enough to make it the basic cause of a war."

"Why are men fighting then?"

"Let's ask these gentlemen," Munday suggested. "They ought to know." He nodded toward Mauritius Smith, who simply grunted that fighting was his business. He had been in the navy, and he did what he was told. Then Munday asked Bugler.

The boy from Indiana grinned. "I reckon it was 'cause somebody offered me three hundred dollars to go as a substitute," he said. "I figured I could slap that down on a farm and buy me a piece of ground when I got out of the army."

"And you, Mr. Cathcourt?"

Young Cathcourt looked embarrassed. "Well, I regret to say that I didn't have any definite reason. When war was declared, my father obtained a position for me in the Springfield Armory. I soon found out that I liked guns and had a natural aptitude

for handling them. I'd always been rather good at mathematics, and, of course, it came in handy there. After working at the armory for a while, I thought I'd like to see how the guns worked in the field, so I enlisted in the artillery. I must say I've enjoyed every moment. I'd been pretty well bored with civilian life. War meant excitement to me, and it gave me something to do."

"Even if you stood a chance of getting killed?" Jonathan asked.

"You try not to think about that. You tell yourself it won't be you." He grinned boyishly. "And if you're wrong, you probably wouldn't know it anyway."

Munday sat back on the bed and looked at Jonathan. "You've heard the professional, the mercenary, and the adventurer. I suppose there are men in the Union armies who are burning with zeal to free the slaves, but there don't seem to be many of them. This war is not an antislavery crusade."

"Hell, no," Smith said. "But Lincoln's trying to do his best. He knows the temper of the country. Do you take back what you said about him?"

"Oh, God, I don't know," Jonathan said miserably. "Give me time to think. I've been shut away from life for years. I have to readjust myself to a new world now."

"Let him alone," Cathcourt urged. "He'll come around. He's no copperhead—that's sure."



Jonathan was sick with disappointment. He had tried not to be discouraged by Jacquirius' caustic comments about the war, but there could be no doubt that these Northern fighting men were telling him the truth. What he had hoped would be a heroic crusade had turned out to be an internal wrangle over political unity. He could see Lincoln's cunning hand shaping the Federal war policy. He had perverted the spirit of a nation and obscured the central issue of slavery with his slogan 'Preserve the Union.' Compromise, delay, temporizing, and evasion were to be expected of a small-town lawyer whose total experience came from cajoling local juries and begging favors from circuit-

court judges. Yet it was strange that he should have such a hold upon the loyalty of the men in the army. Even a Democrat like Bugler seemed to admire him.

One thing, however, Jonathan was convinced of—the war against the slaveholders had to be pursued relentlessly. Despite his disillusionment, he determined to reach the Federal lines at the earliest possible moment to offer his services to the army. Every Abolitionist who joined the ranks could help change the goals for which the war was being fought.

LIII

JONATHAN SOON FOUND that although his companions spent endless hours discussing means and ways of escape, a strange paralysis of the will had settled down upon them. Munday had procured a map of the state, which they pored over day after day, but when it came to leaving a shelter where they had remained so long in comfort, they were reluctant to go. Jonathan tried to prod them into action, but they kept putting him off, saying that if he had ever had a taste of war, he wouldn't be so eager to see a battlefield.

Suddenly they were forced to leave. Munday came in one night to tell them that a friend of his had been arrested for harboring escaped Union soldiers and that the Confederates were making a house-to-house search for them. There were rumors that prisoners of war hiding out in the city were hatching a vast insurrectionary plot to seize Charleston and hold it until their comrades fighting in the marshes could come to their aid. The Confederates were no longer making polite inquiries at the door—they were closely examining every building from cellar to attic.

"I guess we've got to go," Smith said regretfully. "I was hoping we could wait for warmer weather. It's going to be cold

sleeping out in the open, and I hate to think of those swamps."

"We'll get through somehow," Jonathan cried impatiently.

Bugler was sarcastic. "Our friend here can't wait to git into a nice blue uniform. He wants to lick the Rebels all by hisself."

"He'll see what war's like soon enough now," Smith muttered. "Maybe he won't be so anxious to be a soldier then. Jesus, I hate to leave this place. Well, let's see what we've got to do." He took out the map and spread it out on the floor. "It looks easy on paper," he said bitterly. "Just head for the Ashley River. Cross that somehow and work your way through to Wappoo Creek. Get across that, and you're on James Island. Then go straight ahead till you meet the Federal picket line. It's all very simple—on the map. But when you try it you find that the Ashley is a big river, and the water is damned cold right now, so you've got to have a boat. God knows where you'll get one. Then there's marshes on both sides, and you'll need twenty-foot legs in that mud. Wappoo Creek is just a streak on the map, but the water'll be cold there too. If you do get across it, your troubles just begin. The Rebels have a fortified siege line right across James Island. A mouse couldn't creep through it—not even at night."

"What do we do?" Cathcourt asked.

"Well, it may sound crazy, but I think we ought to follow the Savannah railroad to Pocotaligo and then strike down toward Beaufort. The islands there are in Federal hands. It's a long trip through enemy country, but it's better than trying to pass the siege line on James Island. The railroad runs through the marshes all the way, so we won't have to go through any large towns."

"How far would you say it is?" Jonathan asked.

Cathcourt thumbed the scale of miles and measured the distance on the map. "Must be eighty or ninety miles."

"Hell, that ain't much," Bugler said. "I've walked more'n that on a trap line many a time."

"Why can't we get a boat and simply head right across the harbor at night?" Jonathan asked.

Smith snorted. "That'd be suicide while all this shooting's

going on. Our troops have got big calcium lights out there to throw on Sumter so they can see what they're aiming at. The Rebels would spot us and blow us out of the water before we got halfway across."

Bugler spoke up. "Goin' round by land makes sense to me. I kin take you through any kind o' swamps or woods. I'd feel more at home on land anyway."

"I'd feel a lot happier on water," Smith admitted. "But the water around here's bad navigating. It's full of mines and torpedos, and there's a lot of pickets and gunners on the shores."

"How do we get out of the city?" Jonathan asked.

"That's not so easy either," Smith said. "We can't use the Ashley River bridge. It's sure to be heavily guarded. The one road going northwards has a fortification built right across it. We can't use it or the northbound railroad tracks either. We'll have to parallel 'em both and cut around through the marshes when we get near the earthworks. I don't know how hard the ground is there. I'm just hoping it's not all mud and water. Perhaps Mr. Munday can tell us."

Munday shook his head. "I wouldn't know. There's marsh up there, but there are trees too. Perhaps they indicate firm ground."

"Trees would," Bugler said. "I'll go anywhere there's a tree growin'. They got to have firm footin' fer their roots."

"This isn't Indiana. These damned cypresses here grow right out of the water," Smith complained. He turned to Munday. "Are they cypresses or honest-to-God trees?"

Munday smiled. "I don't know what kind of trees they are, but they're not cypresses. The ground looks firm from the road."

"We'll have to try it then," Smith said. "And we've got to get well beyond the earthworks before daylight. Now can we get some kind of weapons? We've got to be able to put up a fight if we run into a Rebel patrol."

"The only weapon I own is an old horse pistol," Munday said. "You're welcome to it."

"How about a knife?" Bugler said. "I'm right handy with a knife."

"I can let you have one from the kitchen, I suppose," Munday said dubiously.

"Good, I'll pick it out myself. I want a nice long one—an' a sharpenin' stone."

Food, matches, and clothing were distributed. Munday gave Smith his pistol and a small pocket compass. Then, shortly after midnight, they left the house one by one to meet in the shadows of some liveoak trees farther down the street.

Jonathan was the last to go. He wanted to have a final word with Munday. "Can you smuggle a letter through to my family?" he asked. "I'd like them to know I'm still alive."

"I may be able to send a verbal message over the Underground routes."

"That'll do. Just tell them I'm all right and that I hope to be in the army soon. Once we reach our lines I suppose I'll be able to write to them."

They shook hands, and then Munday let him out of the back door. Jonathan went silently down the street, thinking of home and Lucy. Munday had told him how Danny had reached the North. When a number of prisoners had been transferred from Castle Pinckney to an inland camp at the beginning of the war, several of them had made a successful attempt to escape, and after weeks of traveling over the mountains, they had at last reached the Federal lines. Word had come back through the devious Underground channels of their safe arrival. Munday had heard that Danny had enlisted in the army after that, but that was all he knew. Messages that came over the Underground had to be short and to the point.



Jonathan found the others waiting for him under the liveoaks.

"We'd better travel in pairs," Smith said. "Bugler and I'll go on ahead. You two follow behind, but make sure you keep us in sight."

They started out through the dark streets, heading toward the northern part of the city. When they came to the outskirts,

Bugler strode boldly into the marshes, where he kept paralleling the highway. Occasionally one of the men cursed softly when he stumbled or became entangled in the long grass, but they managed to make good progress. Even at the snail's pace at which they had to proceed, they soon came in sight of the long earthwork fortifications through which the road and the railroad tracks ran.

"We swing out into the mush now," Bugler whispered. "We may have to drop down and crawl. Don't be afraid of a little mud. Don't be in a hurry, an' don't make no noise. Remember—the Rebs won't ask questions. They jest shoot, an' some of 'em are goin' to be mighty nervous, standin' out there in the dark alone."

He started forward, bending down below the tops of the dried marsh grass. They had gone slowly before, but now they took whole minutes to cover a few feet. As they advanced, the ground became softer. Soon it was a solid expanse of wet mud from which each foot had to be drawn carefully to avoid making loud sucking sounds. Jonathan could see nothing; the mud was cold; and his feet quickly became numb, but he plodded on behind the others, keeping close to Smith's bulky form.

Suddenly the men in front of him stopped. Smith turned around to clutch Jonathan's arm and point silently toward the right.

The square shape of a sentry booth could be seen dimly against the sky. A long runway of planks elevated above the marsh on piles connected it with the nearest earthwork. As they stood examining the hardly visible structure, they heard footsteps on the plank walk. Jonathan suddenly felt Smith's hand force him down into the mud. Bugler had already dropped flat on his face.

Jonathan signaled that he understood. He knelt down and thrust his hands into the cold mud, letting himself down into it gently. He lay on the surface of the swamp, feeling cold water seep through his clothing to chill every inch of his body. From far away he could hear the sound of voices, then the regular tread of footsteps on the planking. After what seemed to be

hours, the footsteps died away, and he felt Smith's hand give the signal to move on again.

As he crept forward through the quaking mud, shivering with cold and tense with fear and apprehension, Jonathan began to understand what a soldier's life was like. He could see nothing but the soft earth a few inches in front of his face; he could hear nothing except the sighing of the wind through the marsh grass; but he knew that the earthworks were not far away, and that there were men there who would shoot him as casually as they would a squirrel. He remembered, too, some of the ghoulish stories Bugler had told him of Federal soldiers who had been shot down on Morris Island, where they had been left to die in the swampy area between the lines. Weeks later their bodies had been found, half-eaten by buzzards and rats.

The men in front of him were standing up at last. He could see them cautiously raise themselves to peer out over the grass. Then Smith motioned silently to him, and they moved ahead more quickly. A grove of trees was in sight, and the ground was firmer.

When they reached the shelter of the trees, Bugler gathered the others around him. "We've got to keep goin'," he said. "We can't do no trav'lin' when it's light, so we got to cover as much territory as we kin while it's still dark."

They were able to move freely now, for the woods hid them from the fort. Cathcourt was critical of the Confederate command for leaving a screen of trees in front of the earthworks, pointing out that an attacking force could use it for shelter. But no one was interested in military tactics while they were hurrying toward the low embankment on which the railroad line was built.

Bugler halted them when they reached it. "We kin make good time now," he said, "but no talkin', an' be careful, 'cause there may be sentries watchin' the line. I'll go ahead. Walk on the ties—you'll make less noise."

He glided up the embankment, making no sound in the loose cinders. The others followed him, trying to imitate his silently moving feet. The tracks stretched far away across the level

ground, their burnished surfaces gleaming lightly under the dim sky. The four men walked in single file, stepping out quickly.

When the first glimmer of dawn appeared, Bugler urged them to hurry. A small patch of woods was just ahead. They could sleep there and set out again at nightfall.



It was Smith's plan to follow the Columbia railroad for a few miles and then swing south to pick up the Savannah line. This meant that they had to cross the Ashley River, but they had less trouble than they anticipated; for they found a rowboat, which they promptly appropriated. On the third night of their travels they arrived at the Edisto River. It was spanned by a railroad bridge, which they approached cautiously, since it was sure to be guarded.

They lay in the marsh grass while Bugler went ahead to reconnoiter. He disdained the offer of Smith's pistol, but he slid his kitchen knife into his boot top, where he could reach it quickly. After a few minutes, he came crawling back through the darkness to whisper that there was only one sentry on the bridge, although there was probably a guard post near by.

"He's got a nice rifle," he said thoughtfully, "an' a bayonet we could use too. Besides, we got to get across that river. You fellers come along with me, an' I'll see if we can't get some secesh equipment. T'ain't right for two of us not to have no weapons."

The three men crept cautiously behind him until they were in sight of the bridge. They could just make out the figure of the sentry leaning on his rifle as he looked out carelessly across the water. Bugler motioned for them to stay where they were; then he began crawling forward so slowly and so silently that Jonathan soon lost sight of him.

But as he watched, he saw the sentry suddenly disappear. There was a ticklish feeling in his back when he thought of the long kitchen knife Bugler had placed in his boot top.

Smith jumped up and hurried forward. Cathcourt motioned

to Jonathan to follow. When they arrived at the bridgehead, Bugler was hastily stripping the dead man's pockets. Cathcourt picked up the fallen rifle, detached its bayonet, and silently handed the short, swordlike weapon to Jonathan. Then Bugler dragged the body down to the water's edge. In a few minutes it was floating downstream.

"I guess it's all right now," he whispered. "We'll go on ahead and see if there's anybody on the other side. Wait till we get across before you two start." He and Smith vanished in the darkness, walking sure-footedly on the bare ties.

Jonathan tugged nervously at Cathcourt's arm. "How is it the sentry didn't make any sound when the knife hit him?"

"Sh-h," Cathcourt hissed angrily. "There may be others here." It was not until they were on the middle of the bridge and safely out of hearing from the shore that he explained. "Bugler knows his business. He probably clapped his hand over his mouth just as he struck. At least that's what I'd have done."



A small village flanked the railroad tracks just beyond the river. They had to circle through the swamp to avoid it, and while they stumbled on through the darkness, Jonathan kept thinking of what he had just seen. When they reached the railroad line again, he spoke to Cathcourt.

"You've killed a man like that?" he asked hesitantly.

"In almost exactly the same way," Cathcourt answered coolly. "A sentry on Morris Island when we tried to surprise a redoubt one night."

"And it doesn't bother you?"

"It did—for a while, but you get over it. It's your life or theirs. You soon learn to do what you have to do and then forget about it. This is war, you know. All rules of civilian life are suspended, and you find yourself doing all sorts of things you never thought you could do. But you said you wanted to fight."

Jonathan walked on in silence for a few minutes. "I can't forget that poor devil by the bridge," he said finally.

"I know how you feel. But he had a fairly easy time of it. He passed from life to death without ever knowing what happened."

"You like war. You're fascinated by guns and mechanical things. Have you ever thought of what happens when one of your shells hits human beings?"

"I've thought of it," Cathcourt admitted. "But it's long-range work, so you seldom see where the shells land, and you never know just what damage they do. It's like a game, a problem in mathematics, a matching of wits and skills."

"With men's lives as counters. I hate to think of what effect your long-range death-dealing powers are going to have. Someday, I suppose, they'll invent a cannon that will shoot halfway around the earth. Then, of course, you'll never know what happens when the shell strikes. But men will be killed—and women and children too. If men like you go on perfecting these machines of death, no one will be safe anywhere."

"Oh, progress will take care of that," Cathcourt said carelessly. "In fact, I've even thought that if someone would invent a weapon so terrible that men wouldn't dare face it, war would automatically cease. Perhaps the engineers in the arsenals are our true civilizers. I know that some fellow named Gatling has invented a gun which fires a perfect stream of bullets. If it works, it'll make the Requa battery obsolete. The War Department has been experimenting with it. Can you imagine the effect it would have? Why, no one would fight. There couldn't be any war."

"Perhaps," Jonathan muttered. "Until some other young man invents another gun that shoots even faster."



During the early morning, when they bedded down in a thicket near the railroad tracks, Bugler seemed worried. Scouts were likely to be sent out as a result of the sentry's disappearance, for his death would reveal the fact that enemy soldiers were somewhere along the railroad line.

He insisted on standing the first watch himself, and shortly after dawn he quietly awakened the others to tell them that

a handcar with half a dozen Rebel soldiers on it had just passed down the tracks. "If they come back, we may be all right," he said, trying to be optimistic.

Smith was doubtful. "Even if they return, they'll have warned the men at the next post to watch for us," he said. "We'll have to be mighty careful tonight. I wish there was some way we could get away from this damned railroad." He took out his map and stared at it dismally. "Swamps everywhere," he sighed. "Swamps and half a dozen rivers to cross. If we had enough food, I'd suggest we stay right here for a few days."

But the supplies Munday had given them were almost gone, and it had been impossible to get provisions of any kind in the desolate territory through which they had passed.

At nightfall, when they started out again, Bugler preceded them. Before he left, he told them that if he was attacked they should at once take refuge in the swamps and not try to come to his aid. "Then they'll only get one of us," he said calmly, "an' you boys'll have a chance to escape."

Smith kept talking in a low voice as he walked behind with the others. "If they're smart," he said, "they'll have men strung out on both sides of the line. They'll let Bugler walk deep into the ambush and close in on us. Watch out for places where the trees come near the tracks. They're more likely to hide there than in the open swamps. Of course, it's just possible that they may not even be waiting for us. Soldiers get awful careless sometimes."

"I don't like it," Cathcourt said bluntly. "I smell trouble."

"Bugler's a clever scout. If there's anyone ambushing the line, he'll spot 'em."

Cathcourt was scornful. "Sure, they're going to be waiting for him with lanterns and a bonfire. What chance has he got against men lying in a thicket alongside the tracks. They won't make a sound until he's on top of them."

"Got any better idea?"

"No, but I don't like it. I feel that we're walking into a trap."

The black night was menacing. Jonathan approached clumps of trees with apprehension and left them with relief. The open

swamps now seemed friendly, even though they prevented them from leaving the railroad.

"There's Bugler coming back toward us," Smith said suddenly. They hurried forward to meet him.

"There's a town ahead an' a little river with another God-damned bridge," he announced. "We've got to go 'round."

He led them down the embankment and pushed into the swamps. The mud was soon nearly knee-deep, but they pressed on through it. After nearly an hour of painful progress, they came to the shore of a small river. There were no houses in sight, but they could make out the dark shape of a railroad bridge spanning the sluggish little stream.

"I'm goin' down for a closer look," Bugler said. "You three wait here in the grass and don't move, so I can find you when I come back." He thrust a stick into the mud to mark the place where they were hidden and then slipped noiselessly away into the darkness.

It was bitterly cold in the marsh. Jonathan shivered and thought of the big fireplace in the Moores' living room. He was hungry and miserable, and he knew from having seen what the others looked like that he was a mud-covered, unshaven scarecrow, dirtier than the most wretched beggar he had ever seen.

Bugler was at their side before they heard him coming. "There's a couple o' men on the bridge," he whispered. "Marchin' up and down. You'd think they'd have sense enough to keep hidden. Do they think we're dumb enough to walk up to 'em an' ask, 'Please, mister, kin we use your bridge?' "

"They probably take it for granted that we crossed this river last night," Smith said.

"Maybe. We could have, if we'd only have known how close we was to it. We got to git across up here somehow."

"Perhaps we could swim," Jonathan said, but his skin crawled with the thought of the ice-cold water as he made the suggestion.

"I might as well tell you why I wanted to take the land route," Smith said mournfully. "I can't swim. Most sailors can't."

"And right sensible of 'em too," Bugler said. "A man who kin swim lets hisself in for a lot o' trouble. We'll go 'long the

shore an' see if we kin find some way o' gittin' over nice an' dry."

They walked along the river's edge, vainly trying to find a boat or a raft. It was not until they came to a little grove that they saw any sign of human habitation. A small hut nestled there under the bare limbs of several huge trees.

Bugler cautiously approached the house and knocked on the ramshackle door, while Smith held his pistol in readiness. A Negro's drowsy voice answered.

"Come on out. We want to talk to you," Smith said.

The door opened slowly, and an elderly Negro peered out.

"Have you got a boat?" Bugler asked.

The Negro stared at them dazedly.

"Well, have you got a boat or ain't you?"

"No, suh, dey done took ma boat away from me. Who is you?"

Jonathan stepped forward. "These men are Union soldiers trying to reach their lines," he said in a reassuring voice. "They've been fighting to free your people. They want you to help them."

"Yes, suh," the Negro said obediently. "But Ah ain't got no boat."

"Have you got somethin' to eat?" Bugler asked.

"Corn pone an' some fish. Dere ain't much of it, but it's right good fish."

"Let's have it," Bugler said enthusiastically. "I could eat a raw whale."

The Negro opened the door, and they all filed into the dingy one-roomed hut. While they waited in the darkness, he fumbled around near the fireplace and finally produced some cold fish and stale corn pone.

Bugler spoke through a stuffed mouth. "We got to git across this river in a hurry," he said. "Ain't there some way you can git us a boat? How'd you ketch this fish?"

"Off'n the railroad bridge, suh. De sojers let me sit there an' fish. Dat's how Ah gits along widdout a boat. When Ah wants ter cross over Ah jist walks on de bridge."

"Well, we can't do that. Them soldiers don't like us, an' they won't let us use their bridge."

The Negro chuckled. "No, suh, reckon dey won't. Dey been

dere all day waitin' fer some Yankee sojers to come along. Dat's you, Ah reckon," he added shrewdly.

"That's us all right," Bugler said. "You got to help us. You know us Yankees are the black men's friends—fightin' to make you free. Well, you got to do us a good turn now. Git us across that river."

"Yes, suh, but Ah ain't got no boat."

"Perhaps we could rig up some kind of raft from the timber round here," Smith said. "There's plenty of it."

Still munching the food the Negro had given them, they went outside to examine the various bits of wood lying around the house. A dozen railroad ties were piled up under one of the trees.

"These'll do," Smith said. "They won't hold four men, but I can ferry you over one by one. If we can get some rope, we can tie 'em together to make a raft."

The old Negro shuffled off into the darkness to return with several lengths of moth-eaten rope. Smith tried it with his hands and announced that it would do. Then they began carrying the ties to the water's edge, where Smith quickly bound them together, making a double row of timbers to give buoyancy.

After much effort they managed to launch the heavy raft into the water. The Negro proudly produced an oar, which he said had been overlooked when the soldiers had commandeered his boat.

With Smith as the ferryman and Cathcourt as the first passenger, the raft was pushed off into the darkness. After a long wait, it came in sight again to take Jonathan across. The water lapped over the low-lying craft, and it was only by crouching on half-bent knees that he could keep himself dry. Cathcourt was waiting for him on the other shore, and the raft then went back to bring Bugler across. When they were all safely on the other side, they pulled the raft up into the marsh grass where no one could see it when daylight came.

It was nearly dawn when they reached the railroad again. They had made only three miles of actual progress during the night.

"We ought to have less trouble now," Bugler said when they were ready to start out on the next lap of their journey. "Them soldier boys must have got tired lookin' for us last night. I'll go on ahead, though, 'cause they may be smart enough to keep a close watch again."

He went off down the railroad track, while the others followed several hundred yards behind.

There was a long stretch of open country to cross; then they came in sight of a small town straggling along the railroad tracks. Bugler waited for them to come up to him so he could lead them around it. It was an easy passage. The ground was hard, and they had no trouble regaining the railroad line. Bugler strode down it, his manner indicating that he was relaxing his vigilance because there was probably nothing more to fear.

He had not gone more than half a mile when they heard the sudden crack of a rifle. Then a dozen shots followed the single report. Smith and Cathcourt scrambled down from the embankment. Jonathan ran after them, stumbling in the loose soil and almost falling.

"Can't we do anything for him?" he gasped when he caught up with them.

"They've got him for sure," Smith said. "We're going to have troubles enough of our own now. Come on. We've got to head into the swamps. The deeper the mud the better. They'll comb this section all night and all day if they have to. But they can't use dogs on us. The water and the mud'll cover our tracks. Watch out now that you don't bend down a lot of marsh grass to show which way we went."

"They'll be able to see where we entered the swamp," Cathcourt said. "We jumped into the grass like a herd of elephants."

"That's all the more reason to be careful now. Let's go—and move fast."

But it was impossible to move quickly in the mud. It clung to their feet and slowed them down no matter how desperately they struggled. And Jonathan was sure that their wallowing would leave an easily followed trail through the marshes.

There was a sound of shouting behind them. Men were calling

to one another as they spread out across the swamp, and then bright spots of light appeared as lanterns were brought up.

"It's one chance in a million," Smith said as he strode on through the retarding mud. "I see trees ahead. There must be hard ground there."

"If we stay on a marsh island we'll surely be trapped on it as soon as daylight comes," Cathcourt warned. "I think we'd do better going right ahead. If we all keep close together we can pull anyone out if he goes down in a mudhole."

He had hardly spoken when Smith floundered into water that was waist deep. His companions hastily dragged him out, and then they all headed in another direction.

"Keep an eye on the North Star," Smith said, "or we're likely to go around in circles."

They went on silently. The mud grew shallower, and a long raised line appeared above it. At first they thought it was a railroad embankment, but as they approached it they saw that it was a road running through the swamps. A few small trees grew alongside it, and there was a dense cluster of them farther on.

"Do you think we ought to try the road?" Cathcourt asked. "We could make real progress on good hard ground."

Smith hesitated. "All right," he said finally. "Let's try it. We can't be much worse off than we are now."

They climbed up on the road and hurried along it. Soon they neared the grove.

Smith halted his companions. "That's the very sort of place where a patrol would lie in wait if its commanding officer had any sense."

"I'll go ahead and see," Cathcourt volunteered.

"No, you won't," Smith objected. But before he could stop him, Cathcourt was sprinting down the road. As he approached the shadow of the trees, he slowed down and proceeded more cautiously. Then he disappeared into the black woods.

There was a sudden shout of warning followed by a muffled cry.

Smith jumped off the road into the marsh and started wading through it. Jonathan was close behind him, but they had not

gone far before bullets began to splash around them, sending up little spurts of mud.

They kept going ahead frantically until Smith drew in his breath sharply and started to curse. "The bastards! Oh, Christ! They've got me in the arm. Laid it open. God damn it! It's bleeding like a sieve."

Jonathan caught up to him.

"Come on," Smith said desperately. "I can still walk. We'll be out of range in a minute."

They plunged on, stumbling through the mud. The firing died down as the Confederates emptied their guns and stopped to reload.

"I can see the railroad line ahead," Jonathan said at last. "If we can reach it we may be all right, for they'll never think of looking for us there."

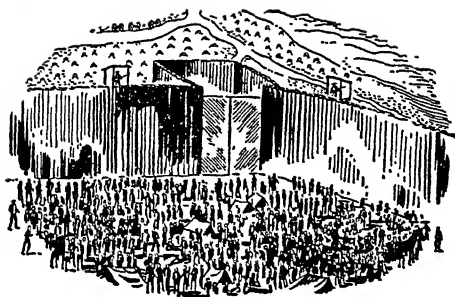
Smith clenched his teeth and kept going. "You may be right," he muttered. "That's the last place they'd search. They're all scattered through the swamp—I hope."

In a few minutes they came to the long embankment and scrambled up it. No one was in sight. Smith hastily tore off a piece of his shirt and tied it around his arm. Then they started forward, keeping the embankment between them and the Confederates.

BOOK SEVEN

Death's Acres

SOUTH CAROLINA AND
GEORGIA, 1864





L I V

TWO NIGHTS LATER, Jonathan and Smith left the railroad line at the Combahee River and struck off through the marshes for Pocotaligo. After circling around the town, they came upon a small creek where they found an abandoned flat-boat half-buried in the mud.

"That's as foul a looking craft as ever I saw," Smith said, poking the soggy planks with his good hand. "But she might be fixed up to float. We're not likely to find anything better. I suggest we camp right here and try to patch her up. With enough bailing we may be able to reach Port Royal. There's no other way of getting there."

They spent the next day calking seams and filling holes. As soon as it was dark they launched their ancient vessel upon the water. Water seeped in through the rotted boards, but Smith was sure that industrious bailing would keep her afloat. With the help of two homemade paddles they started down the creek, and by dawn were on the upper stretches of the Broad River, with the low-lying shores of Port Royal Island in sight. As the sun rose above the marshes they saw a small steamboat rounding a bend below them.

Smith jumped up and began to wave frantically. Jonathan looked at him in amazement. The boat was hardly more than a

speck upon the water, so far away that he could not make out what kind of flag she was flying. "How do you know it isn't a Rebel gunboat?" he asked.

"Rebel gunboat hell!" Smith retorted. "That's a good Yankee-built tug. She's got two twelve-pound Armstrong guns on her foredeck, and anybody with half an eye can see that she's flying the stars and stripes." He splashed around recklessly in the water swirling under his feet. "I wish I could sing. I'd give you a 'Star Spangled Banner' that'd knock your ears out."

It was several minutes before Jonathan could confirm his companion's sea-trained eyes. The tiny square of cloth streaming out from the stubby mast was an American flag.

They both kept waving to attract the attention of the men on the deck of the tugboat. She came around slowly and drew up alongside. Jonathan's eyes never left the flag that was snapping gaily in the breeze.

Smith almost foundered their waterlogged craft in his haste to get aboard. He was cursing at his wounded arm, damning the Rebels, and greeting his rescuers with incoherent phrases of joy. It was left to Jonathan to explain how they had escaped.

At first the tugboat captain was suspicious, for two ragged-looking men drifting downstream in a patched-up boat might very well be Confederate spies. And Jonathan's tale was so extraordinary that it required a good deal of explanation.

He was still explaining when they passed so close to the western shores of Port Royal Island that he could hear the Federal bugles in some unseen army camp there. He looked out over the water at the bit of land which had been in possession of Northern troops since late in 1861. The sun was flooding the river with golden light, and the crisp air of the morning was invigorating. After years of bondage, he was out of the Confederacy at last. He knew now how a fugitive slave must feel when he first stepped upon free soil.



For hours the little tugboat steamed around the island toward Beaufort. Smith's wounded arm was dressed, and a sumptuous

breakfast was served them. While they sat eating it, Jonathan talked to the captain about the troops stationed at Port Royal. He was told that there were several Negro regiments in training there, and that a Colonel Higginson was in command of one of them.

"Higginson?" he asked curiously. "Thomas Wentworth Higginson?"

The captain nodded. "He's colonel of the First South Carolina Volunteers. All black—and, all ex-slaves."

It was like Higginson to want to be with a Negro regiment. Such a command was a worthy culmination to his career as an Abolitionist.



When the boat put into Beaufort early in the afternoon, Jonathan and Smith immediately started out for Camp Shaw, where Higginson's headquarters was located. The big encampment was situated on a low bluff overlooking the river and a long, narrow beach on which several black-skinned soldiers were bathing. Negroes were everywhere. Hundreds of them, dressed in scarlet-legged uniforms, were lounging in the shade, while drillmasters were putting new recruits through their daily routines. But Higginson was not in the camp. He had gone to the north end of the island, where he was supervising picket lines on the Coosaw River.

They walked for two hours along a hard shell road before they reached the dilapidated plantation house that was the picket-line headquarters. As they approached it, a Negro sentry stepped out in the road to challenge them. He looked dubiously at the two ragged white men who said they wanted to see his commanding officer. Then he summoned a guard.

While they waited, Smith looked admiringly at the old house that stood in the midst of a neglected garden. "Picket duty ain't so bad here," he murmured. "All the comforts of home and a nice warm climate to boot. I wouldn't mind staying in a place like this myself."

"I suppose you'll have to go back to the navy," Jonathan said regretfully.

"Well, it'll take a few weeks for this arm to heal up. It's going to be nice lying around with nothing to do and no Rebels to worry about. Good food every day, a nice tent to sleep in, and war far away. I'm going to enjoy every minute of it."

The guard led them through a wild tangle of vines and bushes to a large double tent erected in the dooryard of the main house. Saucy little Negro drummer boys scampered out of their way, black faces peered at them with frank curiosity, and a babble of voices followed their progress through the ruined garden. They passed through a broken-down gate and entered the dooryard. The ground under the liveoak trees surrounding the house was bare and trodden hard.

The guard stopped respectfully at the door of the tent and spoke in a low whisper. He was answered by the wail of an infant and a man's voice muttering angrily. A tall figure in a colonel's uniform backed out of the tent, holding a baby in his arms.

Higginson's eyes opened wide with surprise. He looked older and more serious, but when he smiled, his face was still boyish, and he seemed very handsome in his blue uniform. A fat Negress followed him out of the tent, expostulating violently. He handed the infant to her and then turned to the two forlorn-looking refugees.

"How on earth did you get here?" he said, holding out his hand to Jonathan. "Everybody told me you were dead."

Jonathan laughed. "It's a long story. I can't tell you how glad I am to see you. Is Mrs. Higginson here?"

"Good Lord, no! That's the regiment's baby. We all take turns entertaining her." He said something to the Negress, who tossed her head and took the baby away. "Now," he told Jonathan, "come in and tell me how you arose from the dead."



It was dark before Jonathan finished his story, and then he had to tell it all over again to the regiment's officers when they gathered in the plantation house for dinner. Higginson was particularly interested in their passage of the Edisto River Bridge.

"That's where I received my one and only wound," he explained. "We went up there last July to destroy that very bridge. But our gunboats got stuck on a mud flat, and the Confederates let loose at us with shot and shell. One of the cannon balls missed me by about half an inch, leaving my side black and blue for months afterwards. In fact, I still feel the effects of it."

Jonathan began to ask him about Boston. Hours passed while they talked about old times and people they knew. Then some of the officers prepared to return to Beaufort. Smith was to accompany them to the military hospital there.

"I'll be back in a few days," he told Jonathan. "This wound don't amount to much, but maybe I can make it do. Anyway, it won't keep me from walking."

After he had gone, Higginson started out on his nightly inspection tour of the sentry posts. He had a horse brought for Jonathan, and they went slowly along the shore. The air was cool and the night clear. Thousands of stars seemed to be dropping down in great clusters from the sky.

"I've been waiting for a chance to speak to you alone," Jonathan said. "I'm spoiling to take part in some real action. We Abolitionists can't let others do our fighting."

"I suppose you want to enlist first thing in the morning," Higginson said amusedly.

"Tonight if I could," Jonathan replied quickly. "I've lost a lot of time. I want to send a letter home to my family. Then I'll be ready for anything you suggest."

Higginson patted his horse's neck as they entered the deep shadows of a little wood. "We'll have to try to find something for you," he said thoughtfully. "You've had no military experience, so you can't qualify as an officer. If you want to join one of the white regiments, you'll have to start in as a private. Yet, with your training in Underground work, you could be of great service to us. When the Negroes learn who you are, you'll be a great hero to them. I have the very job for you, but I must warn you that it's a dangerous one. I won't blame you if you don't want to take it. We need scouts. We need 'em right now to gather military information, and we need them all the time for recruiting work

among the Negroes of the interior. You'd be good at that. But—I must tell you that any white man attached to a black regiment runs the risk of being hanged if the Rebels catch him. They've never actually done so, but they keep threatening to. You don't have to give me your answer now. You can let me know in the morning."

"I don't have to wait till morning," Jonathan said. "My answer is yes. I can't think of anything I'd rather do—and I'd like to be in your regiment."

"I'll be glad to have you," Higginson replied. "I have a job waiting for you. We're planning an invasion of Florida. It's primarily a political move, of course, but it has its strategic value too."

"Political move?" Jonathan said blankly.

"This is a Presidential election year, you know. It would be very helpful to the Republican party and to Mr. Lincoln if we could bring Florida back into the fold so she can vote in the national election this fall."

Jonathan was indignant. "That's a fine reason to be planning an invasion! I never thought I'd be fighting a war just to re-elect Abraham Lincoln."

Higginson chuckled. "You have a lot to learn about military affairs. Battles are fought not only in the field, but also in the ballot booth. Lincoln is going to need votes, and it's essential that he be returned to office."

"I don't see why."

"You wouldn't want a peace Democrat or a copperhead to get in, would you?"

"They won't," Jonathan argued. "We can elect a Republican President—but one who's a real antislavery man."

"I wish we could, but I don't think we can. If Lincoln isn't nominated, the Democrats may elect a President and negotiate a peace with the slaveholders. It's important that Lincoln remain in charge. You're not fair to him. He's a politician, but that's what we needed to carry us through this war. He's had to walk on a tightrope, balancing violently opposing groups on either side. I think he's done a good job of it."

"I didn't expect to find you defending Abraham Lincoln," Jonathan said coldly.

"An Abolitionist die-hard!" Higginson cried delightedly. "You *have* been out of things, haven't you? What would you have done if you'd been President?"

"I'd have freed the slaves the day I took office!" Jonathan cried. "I'd have given the country something to fight for."

The Negro sentry at the next post was startled to hear his colonel burst out laughing. Higginson straightened his face when he gave the countersign. "There's no use arguing with you," he said as they rode on. "You'll just have to learn for yourself. You're still back in the fifties. This is 1864, and things have changed. However, let's talk about military affairs. That is, unless you've changed your mind about fighting for Mr. Lincoln."

"I'm not fighting for Abe Lincoln. He's just an accident of history. He's President now, but he'll soon be forgotten. It's freedom I'm fighting for—something Abraham Lincoln wouldn't understand."

"You're mad," Higginson said genially. "Long confinement in prison has affected your mind." Then he became more sober. "Now about the Florida campaign—we have reason to believe that the Rebels have learned of our plans, and we want to find out whether they're shipping troops and artillery down there. We're cut off entirely from the mainland, and the only news we get of their activities is what is brought to us by our scouts and by the slaves who come through the lines. That's why I want you to go into the interior. You've just come from there, so you ought to know the country. Did you notice anything along the railroad?"

"We couldn't. We ducked into the underbrush every time a train came in sight."

"You'll have to be on the lookout this time. We want to know just how many cars are being sent south, how many cannon, and so forth. I'll send two of my men with you. They come from this section, so they'll be at home here. They'll round up their friends while you do the scouting. You'll have to come back to report to me, and then go back later to pick up their recruits."

"I shouldn't think it would be hard to get recruits," Jonathan said.

"It's harder than you realize. At first the slaves flocked to us, but the Government made an awful mess of handling them. Even now my black troops are receiving only half the pay of white soldiers."

"That's some of Lincoln's doings, I'll wager," Jonathan said bitterly. "He was born in Kentucky, and he's never forgotten it. He's a fine person to be President of the United States at a time like this!"

Higginson clucked to his horse. "I can see that I have some educational work to do. I've got to make a loyal American out of you."

"I'm loyal enough," Jonathan retorted. "But I'm loyal to my country—not to the politician who happens to be its President."

"You might be wrong, you know," Higginson said mildly. "I met Mr. Lincoln in Washington before I came down here, and he seemed quite a decent sort. He's slow and hard to move, but he's honest and unpretentious. The Negroes love him. I'd trust their judgment. It has always been pretty good."



The next morning, when they made the rounds again, riding along the shore in the bright sunlight, Higginson pointed out some of the Confederate pickets standing guard on the opposite side of the river.

"Why doesn't someone take a shot at them?" Jonathan demanded. "They're well within range. I could bring one of 'em down myself with a good rifle."

"It's a good thing they kept you under lock and key," Higginson said merrily. "You have no respect for the rules of warfare. If we shot at them, they'd shoot at us, and then life wouldn't be worth living here. You're as bad as my Negroes. They can't see any sense in a flag of truce. When the Confederates come over here to exchange prisoners, we have all we can do to keep our men under control."

"I'm glad I'm joining a black regiment," Jonathan said. "The

Negroes understand the kind of war we're fighting. They know they've got to meet force with force."

Higginson cocked his head and looked at Jonathan appraisingly. "You've come a long way from the young man who debated the use of violence when we wanted to free Anthony Burns. I wish John Brown could hear you now. Perhaps he'd forgive you for not joining him."

"That was the greatest mistake of my life," Jonathan admitted. "I hate war, but if we must have it, it's better that it be clean and hard and quick."

"Perhaps you'll make a good guerilla leader. I'm going to give you two of my best men. One of them is quite a character. He's a big, coal-black Negro for whom the Rebels have posted a reward of two thousand dollars. When General Hunter took him to New York, he was almost mobbed there, because the crowd resented the sergeant's chevrons he was wearing. But he was able to take care of himself even against a horde of New York hoodlums. His name is Prince Rivers. I think he has as much native ability as any white officer in the army. I'll also assign you a corporal named Robert Sutton, who is an intelligent man and a persuasive speaker. Rivers will do the soldier work and Sutton the recruiting."

When they returned to the picket-line headquarters, Higginson sent for the two men and held a long conversation with them. Then he brought them to his tent, where he presented them to Jonathan. It was evident that he had told them all about him, for they examined his branded hand with the awe that the mark always inspired in Negroes.

"Massah Linkum he shake dis hand?" Prince Rivers asked reverently.

"I shouldn't wonder," Higginson said without committing himself. He turned to Jonathan. "I've just explained that you're practically a ward of the Government because you were orphaned by the slave power. That makes Mr. Lincoln your godfather." His face was properly solemn, but there was a delighted twinkle in his eyes.

Jonathan looked at the two gigantic Negroes and silently

cursed Higginson. He tried to get out of his predicament. "I've been in a Rebel prison for years," he said weakly.

They nodded vigorously. Higginson had told them about that too. Sutton spoke in a voice that sounded like a jungle drum. "Massah Linkum be ebreywhere. He walk de earth like de Lord. He know."

Jonathan glanced despairingly at Higginson, who was enjoying his discomfiture.

"We take care Massah Linkum's boy," Prince Rivers said confidently. "No buckra man hurt him while he wid us."

Higginson went on to tell them that Jonathan came from the same state Massah Linkum did, and, without actually saying so, he implied that he had been raised by him and treated as a son. Jonathan writhed, but he was helpless. He could not disillusion the childlike men with whom he was to work. As soon as they had left the tent, he turned indignantly on Higginson.

"No one would ever think you'd been a minister of the gospel! I never heard such a pack of deliberate lies."

Higginson shook his head innocently. "I didn't say a thing that wasn't true—in a symbolic sort of way. You were raised in Jacksonville, and it's only a few miles from Springfield."

"I never laid eyes on Abraham Lincoln. And what's more I never want to!"

"Perhaps you'll do something for which I can recommend you for a citation," Higginson said wickedly. "Then you may have a chance to meet him. If that happens, I'll go to Washington with you myself. That's something I wouldn't want to miss—you shaking hands with your fellow Illinoian. A great state, Illinois. It's done a lot for the Union. John Hay comes from there too. He was down here a short while ago to get us primed up about the Florida campaign. We didn't want to tell the men that he came direct from the President, because we were afraid they'd annoy him with their adulation. Now you can have all the glory he missed."

Jonathan stalked out of the tent, swearing under his breath. A little group of Negroes was gathered around its entrance. They fell back respectfully, but he could hear them chattering ani-

matedly to one another. It was hard to make anything out of their thick Gullah speech, but the word "Linkum" was clearly repeated many times.

†

L V

JONATHAN WAS OVERWHELMED with attention. Negroes followed him around the camp, springing up as soon as he appeared, and making it impossible for him to do anything for himself, because a dozen ardent helpers leaped to anticipate every wish. It was difficult to act the part of being Abraham Lincoln's ward—especially under false pretenses. And again and again, some wide-eyed black soldier would sidle up to him and beg to be allowed to see the slaveholders' brand.

Fortunately, information about the Confederates' movements was urgently needed. Two days after he had arrived on Port Royal Island, Jonathan and his two Negro scouts started up the Broad River on the same little tugboat which had brought him to Beaufort. It left them at a deserted boathouse belonging to a plantation which had been destroyed earlier in the war. The tugboat captain arranged to call for Jonathan a week later, and a larger boat was to come up the river in two weeks' time to take off any recruits they might bring in.

Jonathan was disappointed that he had to take off his new uniform. If he was caught behind the Confederate lines without it, he ran the risk of being shot as a spy, but if he went through the countryside dressed in the blue of the Federal Army, he could not hope to get very far. He changed into civilian clothing, while his Negro scouts put on the rags and tatters of typical plantation slaves. They would also be provided with fictitious passes which Jonathan would write out for them himself.

It was almost dusk when the tugboat put about and steamed down the river. Jonathan wanted to survey his surroundings before night set in. Accompanied by his two assistants, he made

a hasty tour of the neighborhood, inspecting the burned-out ruins of the main plantation house that stood farther inland among a fine grove of trees.

Two tall, gaunt chimneys rose above the fallen walls; twisted ironwork and fallen bricks were heaped in chaotic piles between them. Jonathan saw a flight of stone stairs leading to what had evidently been the cellar. Bricks and rubbish blocked up the entrance way, but with his men's help he quickly cleared a passage.

It led to a large and fairly clean cellar which showed few traces of the conflagration that had destroyed everything above it. Vaulted stone archways supported the wreckage of the upper floors, so that it was still possible to walk underneath the ruins.

"This might be a useful place to hide your recruits," he suggested.

"Yes, suh," Prince Rivers answered, looking about uneasily. "But he awful dark down heah."

"You're not afraid of ghosts, are you?"

"No, suh. Ah ain't afraid ob nuffin. But some o' dese recruits is."

"Well, you won't have to come here unless you have reason to hide them. But it's a good thing to know about."

They piled up bricks and rubbish in front of the entrance to conceal it, and then returned to the boathouse, where they had left their supplies. The little wooden building at the water's edge was in reasonably good condition, although it had been plundered of everything movable. They built a small fire near it and cooked their supper before starting out for the railroad line.

While they ate, the two Negroes tried to find out more about Jonathan's relationship to Abraham Lincoln.

"You live in Massah Linkum's house?" Sutton asked as a starter.

"Well, not exactly," Jonathan replied cautiously. "It's some time since I've been in Illinois. I lived on the Pennsylvania border before the war began, and I operated an Underground Railroad station there." He told them about his work helping

fugitive slaves, preferring to be known for his actual accomplishments rather than for an imaginary relationship to a man he had never met and for whom he had little use. The Negroes nodded approvingly. It was fitting that Massah Linkum's son should be engaged in such work. But they were not to be shaken from the subject that engrossed them.

"What Massah Linkum look like?" Prince Rivers asked curiously. "I see he picture, but dat not tell."

Jonathan was at a loss. "He looks just like his picture," he said unhappily. "He's very tall, and he has a beard."

"He tall like two men," Sutton said. "He strong too. He cut down big tree wid one blow ob ax. Den he take up tree an' break him in half wid hands."

Jonathan wondered how such myths sprang up. Were they invented by the imaginative Negroes to substantiate their faith in a superhuman hero, or were they deliberately started by white men who sought to impress a gullible people? However, this was no time to break the magic spell. He listened to some of the astounding stories Sutton told him about Massah Linkum's exploits.

It was strange what a hold the man had on people. Jonathan could understand why the simple Negroes worshiped him, but it was extraordinary that an intelligent Abolitionist like Higginson should be taken in by him. Mauritius Smith thought of him with almost as much awe as the Negroes did, and even Bugler, who was an opinionated Democrat, had come to his defense. Higginson said that Lincoln was held in high regard by the soldiers in his armies. Generals had come and gone, but the enlisted men's faith in their Commander in Chief never wavered. It was certainly odd, Jonathan thought. Was everybody blind?

When they finished eating, they removed all traces of their occupancy, shouldered their packs, and set out in the darkness to travel all night until they reached the railroad. There was little opportunity for talking, and Jonathan was left to his own thoughts. He kept brooding about Lincoln. After all, it wasn't possible that he could be wrong about him. One had only to examine his record on slavery to see what a charlatan he was. He

had a marvelous gift for words, but that was all. Higginson had shown him a short address which Lincoln had delivered at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg during the previous autumn. It was a good speech, quite in keeping with Lincoln's fervent adoration of the Union, but it did not even mention slavery.



They arrived at a thicket near the railroad tracks before dawn and prepared to make their camp there. Jonathan was to remain concealed in the underbrush, watching the trains, while the two Negroes went from one plantation to another, talking to men of their own race. They were to rejoin him each night, bringing with them any doubtful Negroes who might need actual contact with Massah Linkum's own son to convince them that they should join the army of liberation.

Jonathan often felt like a hypocrite when he spoke to the hesitant Negroes who came to consult him. It was hard to make them believe something he did not believe himself. He could have been eloquent if he were recruiting for a genuine army of freedom, but when he thought of the Government's policy on slavery and the use of Negro troops, his resentment robbed his words of conviction. Nevertheless, the work had to be done. Even though the North was not trying to eradicate slavery, slavery was almost sure to perish in the war. Jonathan swallowed his scruples and did his best.

Watching the trains and making a careful record of everything he saw was easy enough. All one had to do was wait for the whistle of an approaching steam engine and then jot down the information about the number of cannon on the flatcars and a rough estimate of the troops on the train. During the middle of the week, when it rained and became colder, it was uncomfortable lying out in the open without a fire, but Jonathan made a tiny bough shelter that kept him fairly dry.

The days passed, leaving only the memory of troop-filled trains and of soft-spoken Negroes who appeared during the night to ask all sorts of questions and then hurry back to their owners

before morning came. Some of the questions were quaintly ludicrous, but Jonathan answered them with a straight face and a solemn voice. The myths surrounding Lincoln had been firmly planted in the Negroes' hearts, and it would be impolitic to shatter them. They looked upon the Northern President as a new Moses, an emissary of the Lord sent to bring them out of bondage. Even Jonathan began to think of him as a symbol. If he was not all that he should be, he at least made a useful substitute that was helpful in winning recruits for the Northern cause.

At the end of the week, when Jonathan had to return to the boathouse to meet the tugboat that was to call for him at dawn, his two scouts insisted on accompanying him on his all-night journey. They could not afford to let him fall into the enemies' hands, they said, and they walked for miles rather than let him go alone. They left him at the boathouse where the tug appeared shortly after sunrise and took him on board.



Higginson was pleased with the information Jonathan had brought. There could be no doubt that the Confederates had learned of the Florida campaign and were preparing a counter-attack. Jonathan's report was sent to General Saxton, and everything was made ready for the invasion.

"You'll just about have time to bring in your recruits before we sail," Higginson predicted. "We can use as many as you can get, for we're going to need every able-bodied man we can find. How do you like the honor of being the President's son?"

"I don't like it," Jonathan said. "However, I must admit that the device is useful. The Negroes hang on my words as if I were one of the Apostles."

"And so you are—an apostle of freedom. I don't feel too badly about the deception, because I never really said you were Lincoln's son. The Negroes simply seized upon my suggestion and made something out of it. And in a sense we are all Abraham Lincoln's sons. You know how the soldiers call him Father Abraham."

Jonathan made a wry face. "Something's gone out of Abolitionism. Perhaps Garrison wasn't so wrong. The minute you mix an idealistic movement with politics, idealism vanishes, and the politicians step in."

"Lincoln is more than a clever politician," Higginson said seriously. He told Jonathan some of the stories he had heard about the President. Jonathan remained unconvinced, but he weakened enough to say that even if Lincoln was all right as a person, his attitude toward slavery was still to be deplored.

Higginson became impatient. "Good God, man! Wake up, will you? I admit he's not an Abolitionist, but neither was George Washington. You wouldn't deny Washington's greatness."

Jonathan was shocked to hear anyone mention Lincoln in the same breath with Washington. "The trouble with you," he said, "is that you have no feeling for history. I spent three years in the Charleston jail with nothing to do but read about great men. I guess I know one when I see him. Lincoln has none of the attributes of greatness. He's nothing but a small-town lawyer who comes from the same part of the country I do. I could have gone over to Springfield any time and seen him pleading cases in the courthouse there. He had a shabby little office with Herndon in one of the buildings on the square. I didn't pay any attention to him when I was in Illinois, and neither did anybody else. He was just a down-at-the-heels attorney at whom one wouldn't give a second look. What is all this about him anyway? He'll go back to Springfield when he's defeated in the election next fall, and be a sour and sorry ex-President like Buchanan. Buchanan comes from down our way in Pennsylvania, and no one ever thought much of him."

Higginson laughed. "'There are none so blind as those who will not see.' You think of a great man as someone who sits up on a white horse and leads a parade while the people cheer."

"No, I don't," Jonathan said stubbornly. "But a great man has to have some sense of his own greatness and not put his feet up on the desk and spit on the floor."

"Lincoln doesn't chew tobacco."

"It doesn't matter. He has the soul of a tobacco-spitting circuit lawyer. Why, you might as well try to make a hero out of a traitor like Robert E. Lee."

"Lee's a good general," Higginson said gaily. "It's a pity he isn't fighting on our side. I wish he were."

Jonathan turned away in disgust.



Smith appeared at the picket-line headquarters with his arm lightly bandaged and supported by a sling. The wound was healing nicely, and, according to him, there was no need for the sling. He kept removing his arm from it, saying that if he really wanted to, he could take the bandage off, but he saw no reason for hurrying things.

"Say, you're quite a person around this camp," he said to Jonathan. "Why didn't you tell me you were a friend of Abe Lincoln's?"

Jonathan snorted.

Smith looked at him slyly. "Knowing you has been a great help. I don't have to do anything for myself, and I have a bunch of darkies following me around waiting to hear me tell them what a hero you are. I'm going to hate to leave this place. But what's the chance of taking me up the river with you this time? I'm getting kind of tired lying around doing nothing."

Jonathan promised to ask Higginson. It was not difficult to obtain his consent, for the journey would be a relatively simple one. All they had to do was bring the recruits to an embarkation point, where a gunboat would pick them up.

At the end of the week they were taken upstream and put ashore at the boathouse, where Jonathan changed from his uniform to the clothes he used on scouting duty. Then they went on foot to the railroad to meet Prince Rivers and Sutton. The two Negroes greeted them with enthusiasm. Everything had gone well. Massah Linkum's son had brought them good luck, and they had succeeded in rounding up fifty-two recruits.

Word was sent to the various plantations, notifying the slaves to come to the thicket near the railroad that evening. They

began to arrive shortly after dark, slipping noiselessly through the woods with their few belongings. By ten o'clock, fifty-one of them had arrived. They waited a little while for the fifty-second man, and then decided to start without him. By questioning the other slaves, it was determined that the missing recruit was a sullen fellow from a distant plantation who might very well have changed his mind at the last moment.

Jonathan and Smith went ahead, followed by the slaves who were strung out in a long line behind them. Rivers and Sutton brought up the rear in order to keep any stragglers from running away. They traveled fast, for it was essential to reach the boathouse before it became light. By pressing hard, they arrived there long ahead of time. It was still dark when they led the recruits into the deserted grounds around the ruins of the main plantation house. Jonathan instructed Sutton to keep the recruits near the house, where they could be hidden in the cellar in case of alarm. Then he and Smith and Prince Rivers went on to the boathouse to await the gunboat.

L V I

THEY SAT IN THE BOATHOUSE, watching for the first sign of dawn. They were tired, and they had little to say to one another. Suddenly Prince Rivers stood up, drawing in his breath with a harsh, sibilant sound. "Horses come," he whispered. "Mus' be buckra men."

Jonathan tiptoed to the window, but it was impossible to see anything in the darkness outside.

Smith joined him. "You'd better slip into your uniform," he said. "If the Rebels catch you in the clothes you're wearing, they'll hang you sure. I'll stand by the window here. Get your jacket on. That'll help."

Jonathan went to the bundle of clothing he had hidden in

a closet and fumbled for his uniform. He put on the blue jacket and the flat cap. His two revolvers were heavy at his side. Smith motioned to him from the window.

"There's a whole bunch of 'em," he said. "They're swinging out around the house."

Jonathan peered out. He could see nothing, but as he waited, he heard a horse whinny, and then someone cursed.

"Looks like we ain't got a chance," Smith said. "We can't stand off a whole God-damned cavalry troop."

"But the recruits," Jonathan said despairingly. "They'll be trapped and taken back."

"I go tell 'em," Prince Rivers said.

"You'll never get out of here alive," Smith warned.

"I go tell 'em," the big Negro repeated imperturbably. He went to the water entrance of the boathouse and disappeared.

"Maybe we can get out that way, too," Smith suggested.

But as they started for the rear of the boathouse, there was a loud knock at the door.

"Open up," a man's voice said. "We have this place surrounded. I warn you that resistance is useless."

Smith stopped short and started swearing in a low, almost inaudible tone.

"Open up, or we'll break down the door," the voice said again.

"We may be able to keep them from finding the recruits," Jonathan whispered. "That's all we can do now."

Smith was still swearing as he flung open the door. A Confederate officer stepped in, followed by two cavalymen with carbines.

"All right, men," the officer said. "You can bring in a light now. Let's see what we've got here."

One of the soldiers took a candle stub from his pocket, lighted it, and placed it on the window sill. More men poured into the room. Jonathan and Smith were stood against a wall, and their weapons were taken from them.

The officer leisurely pulled off his gloves and spoke to one of his aides. A few minutes later the man returned, bringing with

him a lean-faced mulatto whom Jonathan remembered as one of the many Negroes whose questions he had answered. He knew now why the fifty-second recruit had been missing.

"Is this the one you mean?" the officer asked, indicating Jonathan.

"Yes, suh. Dat he, Cap'n. Dat Massah Linkum's son."

The captain stepped closer to Jonathan, examining his face closely in the wavering candle light. Then he drew out a Northern newspaper and compared a woodcut image of the Lincoln family with Jonathan's features.

"Nonsense—there's no resemblance at all——" he said impatiently. He looked sharply at Jonathan. "This nigger here told us you were Abe Lincoln's son. I thought for a moment he might mean Robert Lincoln. But I should have had sense enough to know they wouldn't send him down here." He turned disdainfully to the mulatto. "I promised you a thousand dollars if it was Robert Lincoln. Hell, I might have known. This is just some damned Yankee scout. We pick 'em up by the dozen."

The mulatto's face fell, and he shuffled about uneasily.

"However," the officer went on. "I'll keep my promise. I'll give you the thousand dollars I said I would. But not in gold—in Confederate bills." Some of the soldiers snickered.

"He take slaves," the mulatto said. "He take many slaves. Dey here wid him."

"Well, you go out and find 'em then. I'll give you five dollars in paper for each one you bring in."

The mulatto waited, unwilling to move.

"Why don't you go find 'em?"

"You promise t'ousand dollars," the Negro said pointedly.

The officer laughed and motioned to a young lieutenant, who reached into a leather dispatch case and counted out a thousand dollars in Confederate currency. The mulatto pocketed the money and vanished silently.

"Now," said the captain, "let's find out what this is all about." He addressed Jonathan. "We know you've been up the river recruiting. But what's this about you're being the President's son?"

"That's a story the Negroes spread among themselves. I come from Illinois, so they take it for granted that I must be some relation to Mr. Lincoln."

"Are you?"

"Of course not. I've never seen him. Illinois's a big state."

"That's lucky for you," the officer grunted. "If you were any relation to that murdering butcher, I'd hang you up on the nearest tree. When we march into Washington we're going to take him out and shoot him on the front lawn of the White House."

Smith suppressed a derisive snort. Jonathan was angry. Despite Lincoln's faults, it irked him to hear this Confederate speak of him like that.

"Where are the recruits you brought down here?" the officer demanded.

Jonathan refused to answer. The captain shrugged his shoulders and turned to one of his men, instructing him to take the others and search the grounds.

A few minutes later, they heard the troops ride off. Two guards stayed by the door, their carbines resting lightly on their arms. The captain made several efforts to question his prisoners again, but when he saw that he could make no headway with them, he sat down tiredly and took off his hat. His young, unshaven face looked haggard in the gray light coming through the windows. "Jesus," he sighed, "I'd like to get a good night's sleep in a real bed. Why don't you Yanks give up and go home? You'll never lick us."

The question seemed rhetorical. Jonathan made no reply; he stood still, silently cursing his own luck. The next mail boat from the North would be bringing letters from home. He wondered what was happening in Chambersburg. For a while he had seemed very close to it—now it was receding into the distance as it had during his long stay in the Tower Jail. Yet the sun that was rising above the horizon was at this moment flooding the Cumberland Valley with its light. For a moment he saw the fields around his home as clearly as if he were

standing in them. He glanced desperately at the door, but the guards were watching him closely.



The sun was shining through the boathouse windows when the cavalrymen returned. They reported their lack of success to their captain, who immediately ordered his own horse brought. Jonathan and Smith had their arms bound tightly behind them and were taken outside to be led between their guards' horses. Under the captain's supervision, the troops spread out through the woods, beating the bushes and searching for footprints.

It was hard to find any tracks in the dry, sandy soil. The captain went ahead, riding along the lane that led to the main house. When they arrived there, Jonathan glanced covertly at the cellar entrance. Bricks and rubbish were piled up around it. Evidently one of the Negroes had been clever enough to put the stuff back in place after concealing the recruits inside. He wondered who it was, for whoever had taken the trouble to hide the entranceway must be somewhere in the woods. It was probably Prince Rivers, he thought. He had done his work well.

The captain mounted the steps of the plantation house, where he could get a good view of what was going on. "Where's that nigger who brought us here?" he asked one of the guards. "It's damned queer he should run off. I offered him five dollars apiece for every slave he found."

"Maybe he skedaddled with the money you gave him. That was a lot of money for a nigger."

"Not when he tries to spend it," the other guard said. "He won't get more'n a pair of boots fer it now."

The troops combed the woods around the house, and then several soldiers began to explore the ruins. Jonathan looked on apprehensively, hoping they would not notice the cellar entrance. Smith stood by unconcernedly. He did not know where the recruits were hidden, and he did not realize how close the Confederates were to finding them.

The men were noisy as they went through the underbrush; they kept shouting to one another, making jokes and teasing a

spindle-legged cavalryman who seemed to be the butt of the troop.

"Hey, you, Johnny! Better watch out, or some nigger'll drop down on you. By God, there he is—up in that tree. Look out!" And they all laughed when the innocent actually glanced up. One of the soldiers who was climbing about the ruins stepped on a loose bit of masonry and brought it down with a crash. He got up from the brick dust, rubbing his backside tenderly, while his comrades roared.

The men were spreading out farther from the house, and their shouts were becoming fainter. When a sudden scream came from the woods, everyone thought it some kind of horseplay. It was not until they heard a frenzied summons that they took the matter seriously. Men began running, and the captain yelled at the guards to bring the prisoners along.

A group of cavalymen were standing in a circle around something lying on the ground. It was the mulatto. His throat was cut from ear to ear, and blood was still pouring from the wide-open wound. A wad of paper was thrust into the dead mouth. As Jonathan came nearer, he saw that it was a bundle of Confederate bills.

"Too bad they didn't pay him in silver," Smith murmured. "It would have been more appropriate for that damned Judas. Your man's right smart with a knife, but he should have kept the skunk from yelling. Bugler would have done a quieter job."

The captain prodded the body with his foot and then spoke to the lieutenant with the dispatch case. "You might as well take the money back, Lieutenant," he said grimly. "The Confederacy needs it."

The young officer glanced at him with an expression of distaste, but he bent down to remove the bills. He dropped them into the case and wiped his fingers on some leaves.

A cavalryman rode up and hurriedly addressed the captain. "Yankee gunboat comin' up the river, sir," he said excitedly. "Big one, too. Four guns on deck, an' one of 'em's a thirty-pounder."

"Round up everybody," the captain said to the lieutenant.

"And don't blow any bugles. We want to get out of here as quietly as possible."

"But this man has just this minute been killed," the young officer protested. "Those slaves must be loose in the woods."

"That's all the more reason for getting away quickly," the captain explained patiently. "When the Yankees land, the niggers'll join in with 'em. I want to get out of here before that happens. Round up the men."

L V I I

FAR DOWN THE LINE a freight train was coming toward the Macon junction, where Jonathan and Mauritius Smith stood waiting under guard. They had spent two weeks in a jail near Savannah, and then they had been sent inland to the junction where they were to meet the prison train.

As it chugged into the station, the guards on the car roofs climbed down and lined themselves up along the platform. The officer in charge of the two prisoners began to argue with a sergeant in the engine cab, who kept protesting that there was no room on the train even for two men.

After a brief controversy, the sergeant got out of the cab to unlock and open the doors of the freight cars. Solid ranks of emaciated white faces peered out at them.

"Think you kin git any more in there?" he asked. "They can't hardly breathe now."

"How many are there in each car?"

"Must be 'bout a hundred, I reckon."

"You didn't count 'em?"

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders and glanced away.

"That's a hell of a way to ship prisoners," the officer said. "How do you know the cars are really full?"

"When we can't jam any more in, we know they're full, all right."

"That's no way to do it. These Yankees are smart enough to figure out that if they crowd around the doorway you'll think the car is full. It's an old trick. I'm surprised you didn't catch on to it. Well, we'll soon find out if that's what they've been doing." He summoned half a dozen guards and told them to fix bayonets.

Bayonets were reluctantly withdrawn from their scabbards and fastened to the rifle barrels.

"Now shove those bastards back. We'll see if there's room or not."

Under the officer's urging, the guards advanced toward the doorway of the first car, where the prisoners were clinging to one another for support. Even the threat of the sharp-pointed bayonets could not make them move. They cursed and pleaded, swearing that it was impossible for them to budge.

The officer told the guards to go to the next car. While they brandished their bayonets, he bent down and slipped underneath the train. In a few seconds he came scrambling back, puffing and angry.

"There's lots of room, God damn it! They're all piled up around the doorway. Now get up there and drive 'em back. Give 'em the bayonet. Come on now. Let 'em have it."

The guards surged forward, their bayonets bristling. As the sharp steel points approached human flesh, the men retreated, shrieking and howling.

"Get in there now," the officer said to his two prisoners with a grin of satisfaction. "Get in there before they breathe hard, or they'll shove you right out again. They ought to make these cars of rubber."

Jonathan and Smith climbed into the car. The prisoners greeted them with boos and jeers.

"Listen, boys, we don't like this any more than you do," Smith said. "We didn't pick this train for a pleasure jaunt."

The men in the car fell silent when the wooden door was slammed shut. Except for streaks of light that filtered in through cracks in the walls, the interior of the freight car instantly became dark. The stench of sweat and human ordure was in-

tolerable. Jonathan felt himself squeezed in among tightly packed bodies; then the pressure slowly lessened as the men who had crowded the doorway distributed themselves around the car.

"Hell, this ain't so bad," Smith said, drawing a long breath. "I can actually move my arms."

"Where are we?" someone asked.

"Macon, Georgia," Jonathan said. "Do you know where we're going?"

A dozen voices replied. No one seemed to know their destination, but the prisoners were bitter, for they had been told that they were to be exchanged.

"Exchanged hell," one man complained. "This train's been headin' south ever since it started."

"Where did you men come from?" Smith wanted to know.

Voices in the darkness spoke the names of Danville, Belle Isle, Lynchville, and half a dozen other Confederate prisons of war. "They're cleaning out Virginia," someone said. "They're afraid to keep us up there any more—we were too close to the border, and they know there's going to be a big campaign this spring."

"Good reason they have to be afraid," another man growled. "They ain't got anything left to fight with. Their money's worthless, and there ain't been a new uniform in their God-damned army since Antietam."

The train jerked forward, throwing some of the men off balance, but they were packed so closely together that it was impossible for them to fall.

"I suppose you boys have thought of escaping," Smith said tentatively.

A chorus of groans greeted him. "You saw the guards on the roofs," someone said. "They're dead shots. That's why they're there. Somebody in one of the cars behind us tried to break loose last night. Cut a hole through the floor, I guess—that's about the only way it could be done. Well, we heard 'em shooting, and from the yelling they did, they must have got him all right. Nobody's tried anything since."

Everyone settled down into an apathetic silence as the wheels began to click monotonously on the rails. The little light that filtered into the car gradually died away, and the interior became completely dark. Only the steady chugging of the engine could be heard, and occasionally the steam whistle as it sounded a shrill wail in the still night air.



Hours later, Jonathan felt the train jolt to a stop. Guards hurried down from the roofs and ran to open the doors.

"All out, Yanks. You're here."

"We're where?" a prisoner asked sleepily.

"Andersonville—Camp Sumter—your summer quarters. A nice, open place where you'll get lots of sunshine and fresh air. Smell them pines? This is good healthy Georgia country, where you'll get some real Southern hospitality. All out, you in there!"

The prisoners squeezed out of the doorway to a platform built of freshly cut lumber that still smelled of resin. A dozen bonfires lighted up the side of the train, and beyond them, a long double row of fires illuminated the road leading to the prison camp. Guards carrying pine torches rounded up the prisoners and formed them into marching lines.

Jonathan and Smith managed to get a place in the front ranks. There was no sound except the steady tramping of hundreds of feet on the hard dirt as the column swung into the road. After marching for half a mile, they saw the camp. It was simply a big stockade built of heavy pine logs about twenty feet high. The first hundred men were marched into an enclosure between massive double gates; then the outer gate was swung shut behind them before the inner one was opened.

"Mighty damned careful, ain't they?" Smith said. "They're taking no chances on this entrance being rushed."

A wide expanse of cleared ground lay before them; the other walls of the stockade were so far away that it was impossible to see them in the darkness.

One of the Confederate guards spoke to the prisoners. "Now, if you fellows're smart, you won't go gallivantin' around here

tonight. The ground's kind of rough an' swampy in places, an' the south wall ain't finished yet. But there's a squad of sharpshooters waitin' there to pick off anybody who tries to get out that way, so if you know what's good for you, you'll stick right here."

"Ain't there no tents for us?" one of the prisoners asked.

The guard chuckled. "Tents hell! If our boys kin sleep on the ground, I reckon you Yanks kin too."

He walked back to the gate and slipped through it when the next batch of prisoners entered. A cold wind blew across the open space. Some of the men had brought blankets from their former prisons, but Jonathan and Smith had only the clothing in which they had been captured.

"I guess we might as well stay where we are," Smith said. "When daybreak comes we can see what this place is like."

"But we might be able to escape tonight," Jonathan suggested. "The camp doesn't seem very well organized yet. We might——"

"Think so? Look along the top of the stockade."

"What are they—sentry booths?"

"That's what they are. Must be one every hundred feet. You didn't think they'd turn us loose in here unless they could watch us, did you? I'll bet those crackers up there would have a lot of fun taking a pot shot at a Yankee. They've probably been told we have horns on our heads and eat little children raw for breakfast."

Many of the prisoners were unfolding their blankets. Smith felt around and triumphantly produced a handful of pine boughs.

"If we get enough of these, we'll have something soft to lie on. They're better than Georgia clay."

Jonathan groped in the darkness for the discarded branches that still littered the ground.

"This ain't so bad," Smith said as soon as his own bed was ready. "Now if I only had something to cover up with, I could get a good night's sleep."

But it was miserably cold, and Jonathan lay shivering for a

long while before he dropped off into an uneasy doze. All night long he kept hearing dogs baying somewhere in the distance.



He was awake and stirring at the first sign of light. Smith sat up, groaning with cold and discomfort as he moved his cramped limbs to restore circulation. Little patches of mist drifted over the ground, and there was a heavy dew on the dried grass and weeds. The walls of the stockade were a long blur against the pines; the sentries could be seen stirring restlessly in their tiny booths as they tried to keep warm.

They started out to explore the huge enclosure, which was about a thousand feet long and seven hundred and fifty wide, with two big double gates on the western side. Through the middle, where the ground sloped down to a valley, a small stream flowed through a muddy swamp.

"That's our water supply, I guess," Smith said. "We might as well wash. They seem to have forgotten to supply towels."

The stream, which was their only source of water, was also intended to serve as a sewer. Crude open latrines lined its lower reaches, and the sluggishly moving water was the only sanitary provision in the entire camp.

They washed in the chilly water, wading through the soft mud to reach it. Then Smith led the way up the steep southern slope toward the unfinished end of the stockade. As they approached the opening, a dozen soldiers suddenly appeared. One of them raised his rifle and shouted a warning.

They hurried back to the north slope. While they were ascending it, Jonathan pointed out that there were nearly two thousand prisoners inside the enormous stockade. If they all made a concerted effort to rush the opening, some of them might get through.

"That's an idea," Smith said reflectively. "We'll mosey back here a little later and see what the chances are."

"A wagon's coming through the gate," Jonathan said. "Maybe it's bringing us a good hot breakfast."

The prisoners were crowding eagerly around a Confederate commissary wagon. A raw sweet potato, a small piece of uncooked salt beef, and a quart of corn meal made up the rations for the day.

"What are we supposed to do with this stuff?" Smith demanded indignantly. "Cook it in our hands? We haven't even a pot to take the meal in."

The sergeant who was doling out the food did not even bother to turn around. "I don't give a damn what you do with it," he snarled. "I don't see why we feed you Yankees. So far as I'm concerned, it's a waste of good supplies."

Jonathan pulled Smith away. "Don't get in a fight with him," he warned. "There's nothing meaner than a real Yankee-hater. Maybe we can borrow a pot from someone."

Men were hurrying back from the brook, carrying water in crude utensils made from tobacco tins brought from the Virginia prisons. Fires were being lighted, and the odor of cooking filled the enclosure.

"We'd better make some friends fast," Smith said. "Let's offer to bring water in exchange for using one of their pots."

He went up to a group of soldiers and quickly made a deal with them. While they were on their way to the creek, Smith said optimistically: "Well, it doesn't look so bad here. There's plenty of room, lots of firewood, and enough to eat. It's a whole lot better than being shut up in jail."

The sun was rising, its yellow rays flooding the enclosure and bringing some warmth to the chilly air. The scene seemed cheerful as hundreds of men scurried around preparing breakfast. But the prisoners with whom they talked did not share Smith's optimism.

"I wouldn't trust these Rebels nohow," one of them said. "I was in Cahaba, and I know old Winder. He's in charge of all the prisons down this way. There ain't a meaner man alive. He'll make a hellhole out of this place just as he has of all the others. It ain't bad here now, but just wait and see."

As soon as breakfast was over, a Confederate sergeant entered the stockade to organize the prisoners into groups of hundreds in order to facilitate the handling of rations. Jonathan and Smith found themselves part of a mess made up of soldiers from the Middle Western states.

Then they started out to explore the stockade again, for Smith could not believe that escape from the open enclosure would be difficult. While they were examining the uncompleted southern end, Smith suddenly grabbed Jonathan's arm. "Look who's here!" he yelled, indicating a young soldier who was dragging a big log out of the swamp. "If it ain't our old pal Cathcourt. They've brought him here too."

They hurried over to join him. As soon as the circumstances of their capture had been explained, Smith asked about the possibilities of escape.

Cathcourt brushed his long hair out of his eyes. "I've been through all that," he said. "I know it looks easy, but it's not so easy as it looks."

"But that open section down there—hell, a couple of hundred men could go right through it. Suppose a few of 'em did get shot. It would be worth it. By the time the guards reloaded their rifles, we'd be out."

Cathcourt smiled. "The Rebels aren't that stupid," he said quietly. "They have half a dozen fieldpieces hidden behind the bushes there. They're old smoothbores, probably discarded by the armies in the field, but at this distance they'd blow us to pieces with grapeshot."

"How about this damned horse corral? It oughtn't to be hard to get over these walls."

"That's been tried. Do you see that place where there's a couple of short logs?" He pointed to a gap several feet deep in the long line of twenty-foot pine trunks. "Fifteen men climbed through there one night. But the guards were waiting for them on the other side. Someone had tipped them off."

"But there must be some way of getting out of this damned rat trap!" Smith expostulated. "Maybe we could dig under the walls."

Cathcourt grinned. "Several groups are trying that right now. I'll introduce you to one of the tunneling parties if you wish. Frankly, I think they're working in vain, for even if you do get out of here, you'll find yourself in the heart of the Confederacy with hundreds of miles of hostile country to travel before you reach our lines. They knew what they were doing when they picked this place for a prison camp. They have dogs outside the walls too. Maybe you heard 'em last night?"

"Damn it! They can't keep me shut up here inside a fence. There must be some way of getting out."

"Maybe. But while you're waiting for a chance, I'd recommend that you build yourself some kind of shelter. There's plenty of wood lying around now, but it's going fast. They're sending in new prisoners at the rate of six hundred a day. It won't be long before this place begins to get crowded. And when it rains here, it gets awfully wet."

"It gets cold at night too," Jonathan said, shivering at the remembrance.

"All right," Smith said reluctantly. "We'll build us some of these damned little dog kennels to crawl under. But we won't need 'em long. Somehow we're going to bust out of here."



During the afternoon the big north gate opened, and an elderly man in the uniform of a Confederate major general rode in. He advanced only a few feet before he stopped his horse; then he sat motionless in the saddle, surveying the enclosure with deep-sunk, enigmatic eyes. Long white hair straggled down his neck; his hat was set down tight on his forehead; and his hand played nervously with a loaded whip.

The man from Cahaba instantly recognized him. "That's old John H. Winder hisself," he said. "The old turkey buzzard's here to pick our bones. I'd like to wring his neck right now."

Several prisoners began to edge toward the general. As soon as he noticed them, he abruptly wheeled his horse around and ordered the gate opened. The sentinels on top of the wall covered his departure.

"That old buzzard's bein' here don't mean no good," the Cahaba prisoner predicted. "He's lookin' fer carrion. I kin see it in his eyes."



The next day, gangs of Negro slaves were led into the stockade. They carried short posts and scantlings, with which they proceeded to build a light fence around the interior of the enclosure just twenty feet inside the walls. It took them two days to finish the work. When it was completed, the prisoners were warned that to pass the flimsy barrier meant death, for the sentries manning the walls had been instructed to shoot anyone who so much as touched it.

A German infantryman, half crazed from a head wound, was the first victim. He shambled up good-naturedly to the new fence and grinned amiably when one of the sentries warned him away. Then he bent down to reach for a bit of white rag lying inside the dead-line. A shot roared out, and the still-grinning prisoner crumpled to the ground, an inanimate bundle of rags which no one dared touch until the guards came in to take the body away.

"I told ya that ole buzzard Winder was out fer carrion," the man from Cahaba muttered as they dragged the limp body out of the camp. "Watch out fer him. He'll be hoverin' 'round here, waitin' fer us all to die."

LVIII

CATHCOURT HAD CHOSEN a location in the southern end of the stockade where two giant pine trees stood—the only trees in the whole enclosure, and even they were useless for shade, for their lowest branches were at least fifty feet above the ground. But they were trees, and the prisoners flocked to them, considering the sites near them the most desirable in the camp.

Huts were made by bending light flexible branches into a semicircle, the ends of which were thrust into the ground to form part of a framework, which was then thatched over with pine boughs. Hundreds of such structures had already been built, and hundreds more were going up every day. Wood was getting scarce, and many of the shelters had to be made of blankets stretched over poles or of anything else available.

Incoming prisoners brought word that a General Grant had been appointed head of the Northern armies. Jonathan had never heard of him, but soldiers who had fought with him in the West were loud in their praises of the new commander, predicting that he would take Richmond in a few weeks.

On March 23 the south wall of the stockade was completed, and the prisoners were allowed to enter the still-unoccupied ground near it. A rush took place; within a few hours the new area was staked out and more huts were hastily built there.

A few days after the palisade was finished, rumors quickly spread that a new commandant was about to take charge of the camp. His name was Henry Wirz, but nothing was known about him except that he was a Swiss or a German who had been wounded earlier in the war.

He came striding into the stockade one morning, a medium-sized man of forty, with a roughly trimmed brown beard and pasty white skin. His left arm, which had been shattered by a bullet, was almost useless, but in his right hand he carried the biggest revolver Jonathan had ever seen.

Surrounded by a cordon of guards, he walked along the cleared passage down which the food wagons entered the camp, wrinkling up his nose at the foul odor of the prison, and looking contemptuously at the miserable creatures crowding around him. When one of them tried to ask him about the possibility of being exchanged, he stopped short and glared at the man.

"Quiet!" he roared. "Prisoners do nod speag if dey are nod spoggen to."

"But——"

The commandant's face was contorted with fury. "Shud up,

I tell you! I am de one in charge here. No Yankee schwein can talg to me."

One of the Confederate guards good-naturedly pushed the questioner back. "Better git out o' his way," he muttered under his breath. "He acts sometimes like he's cracked in the head."

Wirz swept on, accompanied by his circle of guards. The prisoners followed them. When the commandant came to a place where a deep hole had been dug in a vain effort to reach fresh water, he stopped beside the excavation and peered down it. "How do I know dis is nod de beginning off a tunnel?" he asked suspiciously.

Lieutenant Piersons, whose duties Wirz was taking over, explained that the prisoners were desperate for clean water and that they were trying to dig wells deep enough to reach it. Working only with homemade wooden shovels and pieces of tin, they had sunk shafts that were already many feet deep, although no water had yet been struck.

"I do nod like it," Wirz said pompously. "I do nod like digging in de prison. Id giffs bad ideas."

"But it keeps the men occupied," Piersons objected. "They'll go crazy if they sit around doing nothing."

Wirz moved violently away and then winced as his arm began to hurt. "Still, I do nod like it," he growled impatiently. They moved on, still arguing.

"And I don't like our new commandant," Jonathan said. "He looks insane to me. How could anyone appoint an animal like that to rule over the lives of thousands of helpless men?"

"Maybe that's why the Rebels chose him," Cathcourt conjectured. "They don't believe in coddling their prisoners."

"He reminds me of a captain I sailed under once," Smith said reminiscently. "We had to bring him into Canton tied up like a trussed bull. He'd killed off four men on the voyage—one of 'em with his fist. He had a funny look in his eyes like this fellow too."



The weather grew warmer with the coming of spring. The nights, which had been unbearably cold, became moderate

enough, but insects began to plague the prisoners. Flies gathered in great swarms around the lower part of the creek where the open latrines were built, and mosquitoes began breeding in the swamps. Even the sun was a menace, for the prisoners had no way of protecting themselves from its rays. Those who had been in the camp long enough to be exposed to them gradually did not mind, but newcomers, pale from months of confinement in closed prisons, suffered terribly from sunburn when they were turned loose in the shadeless enclosure. Their skin blistered and then peeled off in great slabs, and several cases of sunstroke occurred. Jonathan shuddered when he thought of what conditions would be like when the Georgia sun became really hot.



As the camp's population increased, rations began to dwindle in quantity. The prisoners grumbled at the monotonous fare of corn bread and salt beef, but Wirz ignored their complaints. Provisions were difficult to obtain in the Confederacy, and the single railroad line that passed through Andersonville was so overburdened with prisoners that it could not carry much freight.

There was a sutler's cabin in the stockade, where supplies were sold, but the prices were so high that few prisoners could afford them. Smith often loitered near the place, looking enviously at the few scrawny vegetables and mangy bits of smoked meat displayed on the shelves. He returned to his friends one day with an idea.

"Here's how I see it," he said. "The Rebels are going to keep sending more men in here than they can take care of. This place was built for perhaps ten thousand men. There's five thousand here already, and more coming in all the time. Everybody goes around hungry, and if I'm any good at guessing, they're going to be a lot hungrier. I say we ought to go into business."

"It seems a rather rotten thing to do," Cathcourt interrupted. "Making money out of these poor devils."

"It's not a question of money. To hell with the money. We've got to eat if we want to go on living. It's root hog or die."

"We haven't any capital to start with," Jonathan objected.

"I've got that all figured out. But first I want to show you the possibilities. Remember, it isn't just a question of starvation—men can't go on eating salt beef and corn meal forever. We learned that in the navy long ago. That's why the British have been lime-juicing their seamen for years. Why, we'd be doing a real favor to the men if we sold 'em something that was good for 'em."

There was a virtuous look on his face as he spoke, but his companions still seemed dubious.

"Did you ever see a real case of scurvy?" he asked. "Did you ever see a man spit his teeth out? Or swell up around the joints so he couldn't move? Well, I have. I saw a boatload of men come in from a ship that had been stranded on a reef for months, and let me tell you, they were something unpleasant to look at. I don't want to see us get like that."

"He's right about scurvy," Jonathan said.

"I know he is," Cathcourt admitted. "I've seen mild cases of it even in New York. Down in the Five Points section you can see almost anything but leprosy, and I guess you could find that if you looked hard enough."

"Now," said Smith with a pleased smile, "here's my plan. We're going to get out of here eventually, of course, but while we're waiting for a chance to escape, we might as well do something to keep busy. Those crackers up in the jack-boxes there don't look any too prosperous. It's my guess they wouldn't mind making a little extra money. I never saw a soldier who would. Sailors, of course, don't get much chance, being as they're most always on ships, and maybe they're more honest anyway. However, we won't go into that now," he said hastily, when he saw Cathcourt ready to start an argument. "I've had my eye on one of the sentries over on the east wall there. He's the thin, mean-lipped kind who's always out for everything he can get. I was talking to him last night. He's going to give me credit—in exchange for half the profits."

"What are we going to sell?" Cathcourt asked curiously.

"Root beer."

"Root beer! These men in here want food—not luxuries."

"Sure they do. But there's no profit in food. We'd be in competition with the sutler. Now, root beer is cheap to make, and it has lots of medicinal qualities, which is just what these men need. All we have to have is water—which is free—corn meal, which we get anyway, and some molasses and sassafras roots. My friend up on the wall there is going to supply the molasses and the roots."

"Where did you get the formula?" Jonathan asked.

"Oh, I just made it up out of my head. Anyway, it'll prevent scurvy. Why, it's practically as good as lime juice—and a hell of a lot easier to get."

"And the barrel? How will you obtain that?"

"Just let me handle everything. Tomorrow morning the feed wagon's going to accidentally leave a barrel behind when it drives away. It'll be half full of molasses and sassafras. All we have to do then is throw in the corn meal, fill it up with water, and let the damned stuff ferment."



It took two days for the strange-looking concoction to ferment in the hot sun until it satisfied Smith's taste. He made a face whenever he had to sample it, but he declared that its sourness was a virtue. Men fed on bland corn meal would enjoy something sharp.

After one mouthful Jonathan spit it out with disgust. "I don't know why you call it root beer. It's awful."

"It's got roots in it, ain't it? And besides, the name'll remind people of what they used to drink at home."

"You can call it anything you want," Jonathan grunted, "but to me it looks like what runs out from under a manure pile after a heavy rain. It smells like it too. Anybody'd be crazy to pay good money for it."

"You don't think of it in the proper way," Smith complained. "This ain't a drink you take because you like it—you take it because it's good for you. It's medicine, and the worse it tastes

and smells, the better people'll think it is. I know, because I traveled around with a medicine show as a boy. Folks don't think much of anything that tastes good—they wouldn't believe it was real medicine if it didn't make their stomachs heave. At five cents a glass, we ought to make a fortune on this stuff."

To Jonathan's amazement, Smith was right. When he stood up on the barrelhead to cry his wares, men crowded around him to try his anti-scurvy remedy. The first man to taste it nearly spit it out; then he thought better of it and swallowed a whole mouthful with a pleased grin.

"It's just like the stuff my mother used to give me for a belly-ache," he said admiringly. "Only this is even stronger and it stinks worse. I don't see how scurvy could stay in the same body with it."

"There, you see, gentlemen," Smith shouted. "An infallible test! A positive anti-scurvy formula! Drink a glass of it, and you'll keep your health even in this pest hole. Step right up and buy salvation for a nickel. It's an old navy specific, folks. Saved thousands of lives in the U.S. fleet. No admiral could do business without it. Only five cents a glass!"

The barrellful was gone before noon, and that night, the sentry who was Smith's source of supply received instructions to leave two barrels the next day. Word of the new anti-scurvy remedy spread through the camp, and there was a line waiting when the next lot of brew was ready.

"But how do we know whether it does any good," Jonathan asked. "I can't see taking money if the stuff's worthless."

"It ain't worthless," Smith assured him solemnly. "First of all, it's got sassafras root in it, which is honest-to-God medicine that doctors use. And then it's got some alcohol from the fermenting, which makes the men feel good. It's important in a place like this to keep thinking you're all right. Half the battle in keeping alive is making yourself believe there's nothing wrong with you. We're doing these men a real favor. We're doing 'em more good than all the sanitary commissions in the North, 'cause they ain't doing anything for 'em at all."

"You'll probably get a Congressional award," Cathcourt

said wryly. "You and Clara Barton—as benefactors of the human race."



The root-beer business flourished, but its proprietors did not make a fortune from it. However, they did make enough to provide themselves with blankets and sufficient food to keep alive.

Prisoners kept flooding into the camp, until by mid-April there were nearly ten thousand of them milling around in the enclosure. Every available bit of space was taken, and fights became frequent when incoming prisoners, forced to find a place to sleep, had to encroach upon someone's jealously guarded living room. Wood, too, had almost entirely disappeared. The huge piles of cut branches left behind by the Confederates when they built the stockade had long ago been used up. Chips and splinters were eagerly sought; the ground was pock-marked with excavations from which the last shreds of pine stumps had been removed; and men grubbed in the swamp mud for root ends. Their faces were blackened from pine smoke that soapless water would not wash off, and the swamp in which they burrowed was foul from the latrines. The frantic search for wood was brutally unnecessary, for the camp was surrounded by thousands of acres of pine forests, but the Confederates refused to let any of the prisoners go outside to bring in firewood. Speculation in logs smuggled in by the guards began, but Smith refused to have anything to do with it. Wood, he said, was something that grew everywhere as a free gift from God, and it was a sin for men to make a profit from it. He concentrated on his root-beer business and kept Jonathan and Cathcourt busy making new batches of the evil-smelling brew.



The ten thousand prisoners in the stockade represented a cross section of the Federal Army. Among them could be found men of every calling and every walk of life. Sweepings from slums and jails mingled with honest farmers, mechanics, and

professional men. But the criminal element, although actually small in numbers, became a nuisance which rapidly developed into a menace. Thieves, petty criminals, and men made desperate by war and killing banded themselves together to prey upon their fellow prisoners. At first they were content to filch the poor belongings of those who were so sick or so weak that they could not defend themselves, but they soon began to work as a well-organized gang, making carefully planned and executed raids upon anyone who had anything worth stealing. Prisoners disappeared, and there was much talk that they had been murdered. The raiders, as they were called, operated secretly, and their identity, although suspected, was not definitely known.

One morning, when the three partners were setting up their root-beer stand, a wizened little Irishman approached them. "Pat Delaney's my name," he said heartily. "I've come on a matter o' business."

Smith nodded absent-mindedly, too busy watching the barrels being put in place to pay much attention.

"It's about the raiders," Delaney said. "They're makin' a lot o' trouble for some o' the merchants here."

"So I've heard," Smith grunted. "What of it?"

"They're robbin' 'em of their stock in trade. A bad lot, thim raiders. Ye can't feel safe o' nights with 'em around."

"They haven't bothered us any."

"Haven't they now? Well, ye niver kin tell with men like them at large in the camp."

Smith said nothing. He lifted up a heavy plank that served as a counter and put it in place between the two barrels.

"Now me and some o' my friends have decided that somethin' ought to be done about 'em," the little Irishman went on. His pale, washed-out blue eyes looked shrewdly at Smith.

"That's good," Smith said idly. "Something should be done, I guess."

"We thought we'd get together to protect the honest traders of this camp."

"That's fine. I wish you luck."

Delaney teetered back and forth on his heels with a pleased

expression crinkling his features. "You're a sensible man, Mr. Smith. A very sensible man."

"What's sensible about wanting a gang of thieves put down?"

"Sure an' that's what they are—a gang o' thayves an' murderers. No daycent man can rest aysy while they're allowed to have their way. But we're going to make it safe here—that is, for those who jine us."

"What do you want?" Smith demanded, suddenly suspicious.

"Well, now, we need a bit o' financin' to help us along. We thought ye might like to contribute—say ten per cent o' yer profits—to support an able-bodied police force here in the camp. We kin promise that ye'll have no trouble then. It's what ye might call insurance from molestation."

"Molestation from whom?"

The little Irishman's eyes wandered vaguely around the stockade. "From the raiders, o' course."

"You wouldn't by any chance know who they are?"

Delaney shook his head. "Does anyone? They're an evil, secret lot, workin' in the darkness and strikin' down anyone who crosses 'em. 'Tis a shame what they've done, an' it'll take bold men to fight 'em. We've a good strong crew of fearless lads who kin hold their own. We're already operating in the north end o' the camp, an' 'tis fine work we've been doin' there. No one who has jined with us has had any trouble at all."

"And those who didn't join?"

"Well, now, of course, we can't be takin' care of everybody. We're like an insurance company—we kin look out only for them as takes insurance with us. A few of the north-end boys who didn't jine us have suffered from the raiders' depredations. 'Tis even said that one or two of 'em had to retire from business. An' a silly thing it is, too, when ye think of it, for every commercial enterprise has to have certain operatin' expenses. What merchant 'ud think o' keepin' goods in his warehouse without takin' out insurance on 'em? That's our plan—insurance against molestation."

"I don't like any part of your plan," Smith said bluntly.

"Get the hell out of here. We're three strong men, and we can take care of ourselves."

"Now I wouldn't be talkin' like that," said Delaney reproachfully. "I come here a makin' friendly gestures to save ye from——"

"Get out of here!" Smith roared. "We want none of your friendly gestures. And you can tell that gang of cutthroats you're working for that if they come near us we'll peel the living hides off 'em."

"On your own heads be it then," Delaney said coolly. "If ye want no insurance, ye must be prepared to take the consequences."

Smith turned away disdainfully. The little Irishman glanced at him oddly and then sauntered off among the huts.



That night the three partners were awakened by several heavy thuds. They ran out of their shelters to find that their root-beer kegs had been smashed and upset. The precious liquid was pouring out on the ground, and they were able to save only a few quarts of it. The meager profit of weeks of endeavor had been lost, and they would have to start all over again.

L I X

SMITH WENT AROUND breathing threats all day. He wanted to attack the raiders singlehanded, but his partners dissuaded him. It was impossible to do anything against a well-organized band, and the other prisoners were too terrified or too apathetic to be depended upon for help.

The loss of their stock in trade was a serious matter, for it meant that they had to go without extra food until they could set themselves up in business again. And all around them they

saw examples of what was happening to men who tried to live on the inadequate prison diet. Scurvy was prevalent; hideous-looking creatures crawled painfully around the camp on swollen limbs, and many of them were slowly starving to death, for they found it almost impossible to eat the rough corn meal supplied by the Confederates. Dysentery, too, was making its inroads. Deaths occurred daily; each day saw larger heaps of corpses flung into the empty commissary wagons to be taken outside for burial.

Because the friends of those who had died were allowed to go to the cemetery to dig graves, sick men were surrounded by a circle of newly found "friends," waiting vulturelike for them to die. It was even rumored that moribund cases were sometimes speeded to their deaths by men impatient to bury them. Then someone devised the idea of bidding for corpses. Twenty-five, fifty cents, and even a dollar was offered to the guards for the right to claim a stranger's body. The bidders would cluster around the dead pile at the gates each morning to make their ghoulish bargains.

Many of the prisoners were sick or wounded before they were sent to Andersonville. Some of them died on their way to the camp, and their bodies were taken out of the cars when they arrived at the little railroad station; others entered the stockade only to die a few days later; and still others lingered on for weeks, gradually growing weaker until they were no longer able to keep themselves alive without medical attention, adequate food, or decent shelter. A crude hospital was erected outside the walls, but almost everyone sent to it quickly died, so the sick naturally preferred to remain in the open enclosure rather than face certain death in the hospital.

The prisoners did anything to relieve the monotony of their existence. They carved chess sets out of tree roots and finger rings out of bones; they played cards until they wore the spots off them and then they painted on new markings with ink made from soot and grease. Professional gambling places sprang up among the traders' booths; faro and three-card monte games went on all day long; and tin lamps filled with bacon grease

furnished light after nightfall. Meanwhile, efforts to escape never ceased. Horizontal shafts were started from the sides of wells; men scraped away a few feet of dirt each day until the tunnels were many feet in length. The earth often caved in on them, for they had to work without timbering, but there were always others willing to take their places.

The Confederates began building an outer stockade to discourage tunneling, but such a precaution hardly seemed necessary, for the few men who succeeded in digging out were usually tracked down by bloodhounds, and most of the tunnels were discovered by the guards before they reached the walls. Some of the prisoners made a business of betraying their comrades in exchange for special privileges Wirz offered for information. When these tunnel traitors, as they were called, were caught, their fellow prisoners scratched the letter T on their foreheads. Life then became impossible for them. Nevertheless, the betrayals continued. Retaliation became more terrible. Suspected spies were beaten to death, and once Jonathan saw one of them chased through the camp until he crashed through the dead-line to beg for the Confederates' protection. But the unheeding guard in the sentry box promptly shot him dead.

News from the outside was the greatest event in the prisoners' monotonous lives. Every time a fresh contingent was marched through the gate, they crowded around the newcomers to hear what was happening in the North.

From several prisoners captured in Florida, Jonathan learned that the attempt to invade that state had ended in disastrous failure. The Union troops sent there had met the Confederates in battle near Olustee and had been ignominiously defeated. The Negro soldiers with them had fought bravely, but the Confederates had easily carried the day. Higginson's regiment had not taken part in the action—it had not even reached Florida, for it had been quarantined at Port Royal when smallpox had broken out among his men.

Jonathan searched every incoming batch of prisoners for someone from the Cumberland Valley. He spoke to several men who had been forced to accompany the Confederates in

their retreat down the great valley after Gettysburg, but they could tell him nothing about his home, except that Chambersburg itself had come through unharmed in the tremendous battle fought so near it.

But he did meet Abolitionists he had known in Boston, and from them he learned about the struggle taking place in Congress over the Administration's war policy. Leadership had shifted from old pioneers like Garrison, Phillips, and Douglass to a new group of politicians known as Radical Republicans. Abolitionism had lost its fine moral fervor; political shrewdness had replaced idealism; and the center of activity had passed from the pulpit and the outdoor platform to the halls of Congress. The Radical Republicans were the only ones in the Government fighting to put down slavery, yet behind them stood men whom Garrison would have despised as much as he did the slaveholders. Wealth and industry were using the Republican party to gain political power. War millionaires were reaching out to consolidate their strength, and they were finding the energetic Radicals useful.

The Radicals were fighting Lincoln and the moderates; Lincoln was fighting the copperheads and the traitors; and, as the election of 1864 drew nearer, the Democrats were hopefully re-entering the field. Meanwhile, the Government still had no policy on slavery. It was disheartening, but of course Lincoln was no Abolitionist. His heart burned with mystic fervor for the Union; he was adamant against any peace move that threatened the continental solidarity of the United States; but he favored compensating the slaveholders for loss of their human property, and he toyed with colonization schemes that Garrison had rejected in his youth.

Whatever had been accomplished had been brought about by the combined efforts of the Radicals, the Abolitionists, and the Negroes themselves, for they had brought pressure to bear upon the President, forcing him to take each hesitating step toward eventual emancipation. They had persuaded the Government to utilize the services of homeless ex-slaves as "contrabands of war"; they were winning the long fight to use more Negroes as

soldiers; and now they were busy trying to get Congress to pass an amendment to the Constitution which would banish slavery forever from American soil.

As one of the Abolitionists to whom Jonathan spoke said: "By the time this war is over, people may begin to believe that it was really fought to free the slaves!"



Jonathan's long vigil at the entrance gates was at last rewarded when he caught sight of a familiar face from the Cumberland Valley. It was that of a man whom the Moores had occasionally employed at harvest time. Jonathan did not even remember his name, but he ran up to him eagerly, asking for news of home.

The melancholy-looking farm hand shook his head. "It ain't no use askin' me. I ain't been near Chambersburg since last summer, when the Rebs came through on their way to Gettysburg. They took me prisoner, an' they marched me right past my own house. All I could do was jest look at it an' wish I hadn't been so damned patriotic."

"For enlisting, you mean?"

"Well, now, I didn't rightly enlist in the army. But when the Rebs came up the valley, some of the boys talked me into joinin' the home guard. Home guard!" he sniffed scornfully. "The Rebs drove us through Cashtown Gap an' took most of us prisoners afore we could even fire a gun. It was the dumbest thing I ever did, an' I guess it's the last, 'cause they've torn the guts out of me with their rotten grub."

"But you were in Chambersburg for the first two years of the war—for God's sake tell me what's happened," Jonathan pleaded. "I haven't heard a word since I left home."

"Ain't ye now? Well, ye was supposed to be dead. At least that's what yer wife tole everybody."

"She did! What about her? What has she——?"

The man looked at him queerly. "Course, since you was dead, there warn't no reason why she shouldn't've done what she did. There was some that didn't rightly approve of it, but

then if she did think you was dead, that's another matter. Anyways——"

"What do you mean? Speak up! What are you driving at?"

"Well, kinda early in the war—must uv been when McClellan was raisin' his fust army—a horse trader came through buyin' up mounts fer the Govermint. Paid right good prices, he did, too. He bought an old nag of mine fer a hundred dollars. He carried a roll o' bills on him and smacked down cash wherever he went. Them as didn't sell were sorry when the Rebs came through an' took all their livestock, but I'm gittin' ahead o' my story. It seems he met up with your wife somehow. Went over there to buy that team o' yourn maybe. Anyways, she seemed to take a shine to him right off. Must say he rode a horse better'n any man I ever seen. Guess that's what took her. He'd go dashin' around jumpin' fences and raisin' hell. You know the kind—allus showin' off to the wimmin folks. Well, anyway, as I was sayin', he and she hits it off the minute they seen each other. He hung around fer a week lookin' fer horses, but he seemed to do most of his lookin' right in your house." He glanced shrewdly at Jonathan. "Hope ye don't mind my tellin' ye this."

"No, go on," Jonathan said impatiently.

"Well, right after he leaves town, she puts the farm up fer sale. It was a bad time to sell it, with the war an' all, so she almost had to give it away. Then she has a big auction an' sacrifices the stock an' tools. Maybe she was lucky at that, 'cause she got cash fer the stuff afore the Rebs came along and took it fer nothin'."

"Yes, and then?"

"An' then she packs up her trunks, takes a hack down to the depot, where this horse trader meets her, an' off they go to Harrisburg. I ain't heard tell of her since."

"The man's name was Eldridge?"

"That's right. How'd ye know?"

"I've met the gentleman." Jonathan hurriedly changed the subject. The tired-looking farm hand answered his questions patiently. Danny had enlisted as soon as he got home, joining

a Pennsylvania regiment a few weeks before Gettysburg. Lucy had become a nurse and had gone to Washington early in the war to put to use the training she had received with Dr. Howe. Meanwhile, the Moores were trying to carry on the farm work with old Solomon's assistance.

When Jonathan rejoined his companions, his voice was at once relieved and bitter. "Well, this war has accomplished one good thing," he said. "I'm a free man at last. My wife has run off with a horse trader."

And then he began to laugh hysterically.

L X

LATE IN APRIL, word was received that Grant had refused to permit any further exchanges of prisoners. He had plenty of men, while the Confederacy was desperately short of troops. Grant's own followers cursed him, and the President was blamed for supporting his newly appointed commander's decision.

Early May brought more discouraging news. Grant's campaign against Richmond was beginning badly. Prisoners captured in the Wilderness battles reported that the Confederates had made another of their incredible stands against a stronger and better-equipped army. The slaughter of Union soldiers had been frightful in the tangled Virginia woods, where no one knew quite what was happening, and Grant was apparently just throwing his men away in order to impress Stanton and the War Department. Spottsylvania was another fiasco, and when Grant attacked again at Cold Harbor, old soldiers declared that he was a crazy butcher with no regard for human life. Fifty thousand men were sacrificed in his attempt to break through the defenses around Richmond, but their deaths accomplished nothing, for the Confederates seemed as strong as ever. The only hopeful development was Sherman's steady

advance southward from Chattanooga. If he could take Atlanta, there was a good chance that he might continue on to Andersonville to free the Union soldiers imprisoned there.

A flood of new prisoners rolled into the camp from Grant's and Sherman's armies. It seemed impossible that any more men could be sent into the stockade, but the living tide kept pouring through the gates day after day. There were 20,000 prisoners in the enclosure early in June, and the saying went around that if any more came in, they would have to sit in each other's laps.

In order to make sure that the thousands of penned-up men did not try to rush the walls, the Confederates started building earthworks around the stockade. Cannon loaded with grapeshot were mounted on them with their muzzles turned toward the prisoners. Word of what was being done was circulated by Wirz in order to discourage any plans for assault. Nevertheless, such plans were constantly being made, for the men were becoming so desperate that they felt they might better lose their lives fighting even against hopeless odds than wait for death to overtake them in a place where there was nothing to do but die.

The rains that set in early in June added to the unrest. The prisoners were drenched to the skin for days on end; the camp became a churned-up morass of red mud; dugouts were flooded; and there was no place to sleep except on the wet earth. Colds became common, and coughing was universal; thousands of disgruntled men sat around with nothing to think about but ways of escaping from a confinement which had become intolerable.

The time for an organized prison break seemed propitious. From the high ground in the southern end of the stockade the prisoners could look out over the dip in the valley to see hospital trains bringing Confederate wounded to Americus from the battles north of Atlanta, where Sherman was forcing Johnston to fall back. With troops in the neighborhood tied up in a defensive campaign, Wirz would have trouble obtaining reinforcements for his guard.

All kinds of homemade weapons were secretly prepared. Knives were painstakingly ground out of scraps of iron; long poles were sharpened to a fine point; and heavy clubs were made

from knobby roots. Leaders sprang from the ranks to take charge of volunteers and train them in assault duties. The camp was waking up from its long period of lethargy. The prisoners remembered that they had once been soldiers and could be again.

Smith was put in command of the hundred men in his mess; Cathcourt was busy with engineering plans for a mass attack on the walls; and Jonathan had volunteered to recruit the services of a number of Negro prisoners who had recently been sent into the camp.

It was fortunate that the Negroes had arrived at a time when everyone's attention was concentrated on the idea of escape. Otherwise, there might have been trouble, for some of the prisoners resented their presence. They were glad enough to have Negroes in the army so long as they were kept in separate regiments, but it was another matter to put them in the same camp with white men. Even a prison had to draw its social distinctions; Negroes were not to be accorded the dubious privilege of suffering and dying in a place where conditions were worse than in any African slave pen.

The Negro haters did not want the blacks taken into the escape plot. They swore they were not to be trusted, and they said they would be worthless as fighters, although they knew that Negro regiments had already proved their courage. Jonathan had many a bitter argument; finally he refused to be drawn into any further discussion and went grimly ahead with his recruiting.

He found the Negroes pathetically eager to co-operate. They did not know what was being said about them, and they entered into the plot with a happy conspiratorial air. They were a picked lot of men, for the Union army permitted only the strongest and healthiest Negroes to enlist. Most of them were husky six-footers who would be useful in hand-to-hand combat.

The real danger of betrayal came not from the Northern-bred Negroes, who looked upon every Confederate as a potential Simon Legree, but from the lawless raiders and the corrupt creatures who made a regular business of purveying secrets to

the guards. It was impossible to keep so widespread a plot from reaching the commandant's ears; the conspirators could only hope that Wirz would regard the idea of a universal uprising as such fantastic nonsense that he would refuse to take it seriously.

Cathcourt and several army engineers with whom he had become friendly devised an ingenious scheme for getting a large number of men over the palisade quickly. At a given signal, thousands of prisoners were to seize everything portable and start piling it into an inclined pathway on which a group of volunteers could climb to the top of the eastern wall, where the Confederate defenses were weakest. The passageway would have to be built under fire, and the assault troops would have to go forward over the bodies of their comrades, but the only hope virtually unarmed men have against a well-armed force is to be willing to make the sacrifices large numbers can afford.

Everything was made ready. It was decided that the prison break was to be started at four o'clock in the morning of June 10. The exact time was kept secret among the ringleaders of the plot, since they were afraid traitors might carry word of it to Wirz. However, the camp seethed with excitement, for everyone sensed that action was about to begin, and the prisoners forgot the dismal weather while they waited for the hour of revolt to come.

On the night before the plan was to be carried into effect, Jonathan and Smith sat huddled together, reviewing last-minute details. The plashing of the rain on the wet soil and the constant murmuring of thousands of men all talking at once sounded like surf on an ocean beach, but they were so used to the ever-present roar that they did not even notice it.

"If we get out of here we can all march together to join Sherman," Jonathan was saying. "There aren't enough Rebel troops in this vicinity to stop a body of twenty thousand men."

"What about the sick and the wounded?" Smith asked. "What do we do with them? Leave 'em here for the Rebs to nurse back to health the way they nursed all the others?"

"We can take the commissary wagons——" Jonathan began.

Then he stopped suddenly when he saw Cathcourt hurry toward them out of the darkness.

"They're bringing up artillery!" he cried. "I heard horses and guns moving through the mud outside the walls."

"Where would Wirz get artillery?" Smith demanded. "The Rebels need every gun they can get to defend Atlanta."

"I don't know where he got it, but it's here. He's a sly old fox. He probably ordered cannon sent down here weeks ago. He probably knows what we've been planning."

"We should have moved sooner," Smith muttered. "We knew we couldn't trust some of these two-faced bastards in here. How many guns has Wirz got? Maybe we can still go ahead if there aren't too many. Some of us are going to be killed anyway."

"I didn't see them," Cathcourt said, "but from the sound they're making, I'd say he had quite a battery."

Smith cursed softly. Others came over to confirm what Cathcourt had said. A conference was held, and it was agreed that they would have to wait until daylight to see how strong the new battery was before making any decision.



Few men slept the rest of that night. They stood around talking in anxious little knots, impatiently waiting for morning to come. The leaders stayed together in the south end, where they could look out over the central dip in the stockade. At dawn they saw the shapes of dozens of new cannon emerge from the darkness. Hundreds of soldiers were struggling to wheel them up the steep sides of freshly built earthworks, and horses were dragging in other fieldpieces from the railroad, where they had been unloaded during the night.

The north gate opened, and Wirz entered the stockade with a triumphant smile. He sat near the entrance on his horse, while squads of guards went around the camp posting handwritten notices. The prisoners hurried to read them.

NOTICE TO ALL PRISONERS

Not wishing to shed the blood of hundreds not connected with those who have concocted a plan to force the stockade, I hereby

warn their leaders that I am in possession of all the facts and have made arrangements accordingly. No choice would be left to me but to open with grape and canister on the prisoners, and what effect such fire would have on this densely crowded place I need not say.

H. WIRZ

June 10, 1864

"I guess that settles it," Jonathan said as he turned away from reading the notice.

"I guess it does," Smith agreed. "Now we'll have to wait for Grant to beat Lee. Maybe he can do it if they give him a couple of million more men."

Cathcourt was puzzled. "I wish I could understand how the Rebels get so many cannon. They must make 'em out of old fence posts and iron pipe."

"Say, those guns down there are real, ain't they?" Smith demanded.

"Oh, they're real right enough," Cathcourt said. "And I don't doubt that they're loaded with real powder and shot that will tear real holes in your belly."

"Shall we try to get some sleep on this nice soft mud?" Smith said sadly. "There doesn't seem much else for us to do now, except wait for that great general of yours to take Richmond. We ought to put his men to work digging a channel in the James so the fleet could get up there and capture the city for him. Damn Grant, and damn Wirz, and damn all the filthy traitors in this camp! I'm ashamed to be in the same service with 'em." He kept muttering to himself. Jonathan heard him say: "I'll place my bets on Sherman. He's the only one of these damned-fool army generals fit to command a ship."

L X I

THE COLLAPSE of the great prison-break plot caused a tremendous letdown in everyone's spirits. Men who had lived in hope

of gaining freedom sank down again into the deadly lethargy in which they had dwelt for months. The rains ceased, and the sun shone again, but the deaths increased. Some of the prisoners thought the camp's health was better in rainy weather, for the swollen waters of the creek washed away the sewage which otherwise remained to breed flies and disease.

Wirz, evidently frightened by the revolt brewing in the camp, gave orders that an addition was to be made to the stockade. Volunteers were called for from among the prisoners to cut and haul timber. Outside work was popular, so the Confederates had no trouble finding men willing to build a prison to shut themselves in.

Incoming prisoners brought word that Lincoln had been nominated for a second term. The Democrats were putting off their convention until later in the year, but there were already rumors that General McClellan would be their candidate. Soldiers who had served under "Little Mac" were enthusiastic about their former leader, but the majority of the men in the camp supported Lincoln. Politics, however, seemed incredibly remote to men whose chief worry was to remain healthy in the midst of the sick and the dying.

The hot, breathless air was becoming unbearable. The sun baked the much-trodden soil of the enclosure, and the slow-moving water of the little creek became warm and unpleasant to taste. Work on the wells was continued until some of them were sunk to the amazing depth of eighty feet; water was finally struck, but every drop of it had to be brought to the surface in buckets attached to homemade ropes, and the men said that they lost more water from sweating to haul it up than they could replace by drinking the hard-bought liquid.

Insects, which had been an annoyance and then a plague, now became an active menace. Mosquitoes bred in the swamps; the dry, sandy soil crawled with vermin; every man in the camp was tortured by body lice; and it was a common sight to see hundreds of prisoners sitting naked while they killed the pests infesting their clothing. Flies settled on festering wounds, and maggots tumbled out of dressings every time they were opened.

There was no combating the insect horde; the prisoners gritted their teeth and tried to become used to it, but even if one could stand the pain of countless irritations, there was always the danger that any break in the skin would become infected in the disease-laden air.

The raiders, like the insects, became more aggressive as the summer advanced. Early in May, two thousand men who had surrendered to the Confederates at Plymouth, North Carolina, on condition that they be allowed to keep all their personal belongings, had been marched into the camp in shiny new uniforms. The prisoners gaped at the spruce-looking men and promptly called them "Brigadier Generals." When they found that they had brought not only their full equipment but also thousands of dollars of bounty money, a near-stampede started. Gambling joints did a roaring business; traders boosted their prices; and the raiders fattened on the proceeds.

Dozens of Plymouth blankets were used to make an enormous tent for the raiders' headquarters. Special food was cooked for their leaders, and complaisant guards brought them liquor at prices which only they could afford to pay. Six men were supposed to be at the head of the organized gangs that were terrorizing the camp, but what went on inside the big tent was so well-guarded a secret that no one was quite sure just who they were. Smith was convinced that Delaney was one of them, for the little Irishman was strutting around the camp in a fine new Plymouth uniform.

By the middle of June, the raiders had successfully plundered the Plymouth men of everything worth having, and they were hard at work robbing the traders who had benefited from the brief influx of prosperity which had hit the camp. They levied toll on their income, and they often waylaid little peddlers who had no friends to help them guard their stock. Smith's root-beer business, which had almost ceased its activities while the plot for a prison break was being hatched, was started again with capital supplied by one of the Plymouth prisoners who had been astute enough to hold on to his bounty money.

Their new partner, a husky-looking Irishman named Cassidy,

had nothing but contempt for the raiders. He had served on the New York police force, and he had already spotted several professional criminals in the camp. One day, when he saw Delaney, he promptly identified him as a petty thief who had often been arrested on minor charges. He laughed scornfully when Smith told him that he suspected the man to be one of the raiders' leaders.

"Sure, an' that dirty little bastard hasn't the guts to be the leader of a pack of sheep. He made a livin' in Noo Yark by robbin' poor boxes—an' poor boxes in Catholic churches at that. If he ever runs afoul o' me, I'll twist his scrawny little head around until his eyes pop out."

Evidently Delaney heard that Cassidy was connected with the new firm, for when the raiders sent another emissary, it was a stranger who came to wait upon the partners.

He was a tall, gangling Ohio boatman who had been trained in the rough-and-tumble school of river fighting tactics in which gouging out an opponent's eye or hitting him below the belt was part of the accepted code. A nasty-looking knife scar disfigured his face, and part of one of his ears had been bitten off. He swaggering up to the four men, who were busy preparing their root-beer mash.

"I'm told you gentlemen are thinkin' of enterin' trade again," he began amiably.

Smith immediately recognized him as one of the raiders. He stood up and signaled to his partners. "Sure. What of it?"

"Well, now, I was jest thinkin' that if you wanted to stay out of trouble this time, it 'ud be a good idea to take out one of our special insurance policies."

Smith grinned happily. "We've already got an insurance policy. Take a good look at us and you'll see it."

The Ohioan gazed at the four tall men facing him. "You look like a right husky lot," he said respectfully. "But you know these raiders've got some mighty good fighters too. You fellers don't want to spend all your time fightin'. It'll only cost you a few cents a day to carry on your business nice an' quiet."

Cassidy nudged Smith. "Would this be one o' the crew ye were tellin' me about?" he asked innocently. "One o' them bold, wicked raiders what go around mindin' other people's business?"

Their visitor made a covert signal with his left hand. Several men who had been lounging near by sauntered over. They stood facing the four partners. There were five of them, counting the Ohioan, and they were all powerfully built. One of them began edging toward the open barrel of mash.

"No, you don't!" yelled Jonathan as he saw the man make a sudden move.

In an instant the five raiders were upon them. Cathcourt picked up a mixing paddle and began to lay about with it. Cassidy waded in, scorning to use anything but his two hamlike hands, while Smith and Jonathan stuck together, fighting back to back.

In less than a minute four of the raiders had fled, but the Ohioan had knocked Cathcourt down and was sinking his teeth into his leg like a vicious terrier. Cassidy pulled him away, forcing his jaws apart with a mighty yank that almost tore his head apart.

"Ye dirty dog!" he howled. "Why don't ye fight like a man? I'll beat yer bloody brains out." He reached for Cathcourt's stick, but before his hands could close around it, the Ohioan had wrenched himself free and was running away.

Cassidy tried to follow him, but he was slower with his feet than with his fists. In a few minutes he came back, admitting that the man had escaped him. Cathcourt was sitting on the ground, trying to staunch the flow of blood running from the wound on his leg.

"A dog if ever I saw one," the ex-policeman muttered. "I need say nothin' about his ancestry—he betrays his mother with his teeth."

Jonathan tore off a strip of cloth from his shirt and applied a tourniquet to Cathcourt's leg. Everyone sat around, waiting for the bleeding to stop, but no one said anything, for they all knew

what could happen to such a wound in a place where even a scratched mosquito bite sometimes led to gangrene and death.



At first it seemed that the wound might heal; it closed over in a few days, and the torn tissue began to harden and scarify. Then an inflamed red area appeared around the edges. Cathcourt complained of pain and found it difficult to walk.

Jonathan and Smith took turns staying with him. One of them had to tend to the root-beer stand, for Cassidy spent most of his time prowling around the camp, looking for the Ohioan who had caused all the trouble.

He returned one evening with his shirt torn to tatters and his face battered and swollen. He grinned broadly as he squatted down at the entrance to Cathcourt's hut.

"If it's true what they say about the hair of the dog that bit ye curin' the wound he made, I kin give ye a fistful of it and part of his hide as well."

Cathcourt leaned on one elbow. "What did you do to him, Michael, my boy?"

Cassidy wiped a trace of blood away from a puffed underlip. "Sure, an' I had the most glorious time o' me life. Him an' two o' his friends was sittin' around a fire when I jumped with a whoosh an' a whoop right into the midst of 'em. I know how thim fine bully byes fight, so I wasted no time on rules. I sent one of 'em sprawlin' with me foot, an' I knocked the heads of the other two together with a crack like a hammer hittin' a stone. Ah, 'twas great fun while it lasted! One of 'em landed with his face in the fire, an' ran off squealin' like a pig. I fastened me ten fingers on the neck o' the dog that bit ye, an' beat his head on the ground till he couldn'a struggle no more. Here's a bit o' the hair I tore loose from his scalp. It may give ye some satisfaction to own it."

Cathcourt took the proffered scrap of hair with some embarrassment. "Thanks," he said. "I hope you're right about its curing me. I must say that the wound isn't doing well."

Jonathan angrily stirred the root-beer mash he was mixing. "We can't let these thugs go on like this. Everybody's afraid to do anything against them because they're well organized and we're not. Yet we were able to organize thousands in the stockade plot. Why can't we get the same men together to rid the camp of raiders?"

"That's a right sensible idea," Cassidy said enthusiastically. "We'll form a regular police brigade. Then we kin put the fear of God in the raiders' evil hearts and learn 'em to leave daycent men alone."



That evening, the men who had been the ringleaders of the prison-break plot were called together. No argument was needed to convince them that something had to be done to put down the raiders. It was decided that a force of one thousand "Regulators" should be formed and that recruiting should begin at once. The actual organization, however, took days, for it had to be done with great secrecy to prevent the raiders from hearing about it.

A committee was sent to Wirz to arrange with him for his co-operation in arresting the criminals. Since the commandant was eager to see order restored in the turbulent camp, there was no trouble winning him over. The addition to the stockade was almost ready, and Wirz wanted to see the raiders cleaned out before throwing the new section open.



Early on the morning of June 29, a heavily armed squad of prison guards entered the north gate and lined themselves up in front of it. The raiders and their followers hurriedly assembled in the south end near their big tent, while the Regulators formed themselves into a long line on the north slope.

Wirz, who was afraid the occasion might turn into a general prison break, had his entire force drawn up under arms outside the stockade. Artillerymen stood by their cannon, ready to fire if there was any sign of revolt, and the commandant mounted the observation platform near the star fort that served as his headquarters.

As the Regulators moved steadily forward, the raiders fell back until they were a solid group of several hundred men packed tightly around their tent. Prisoners who were neutral in the struggle scrambled out of the way.

Cassidy went ahead to address the raiders, guaranteeing them a fair trial if they would surrender. Shouts of defiance greeted him; some of the men in the front ranks began to hurl stones.

Cassidy quickly dropped his role of mediator. "Up an' at 'em, byes!" he yelled cheerfully, wading into the mass of men facing him.

The Regulators closed in. They fought grimly, pressing forward to close their long line around the tent. But before they could encircle it, the raiders saw that the battle was going against them. They broke and ran, fleeing wildly through the camp.

Small groups of Regulators pursued them and brought most of them down before they could lose themselves in the crowd. Nearly a hundred captives were brought to the guards waiting at the north gate. For hours the chase went on, until nearly all of the one hundred and twenty-five known criminals listed for arrest had been caught. A few who had taken refuge in wells and tunnels were dragged out by searching parties that methodically combed every foot of the camp.

The prisoners settled down for the first peaceful night they had had in months. Cathcourt, who had crawled out of his hut to see the excitement, was running a fever from the infected wound in his leg, but he insisted on being present at the council that was held to determine the raiders' fate. The leaders of the Regulators sat down in a big circle and began debating the question of punishment. It was quickly agreed that regular trials were to be held; professional attorneys could easily be found among the thousands of prisoners to serve for the defense as well as for the prosecution; and a jury was to be chosen from men who had recently arrived, so that no charge of prejudice against the raiders could be made.

Cassidy stood up to ask a question. "Sure, an' all this is very fine, but what are ye goin' to do with these dirty thayves and murderers now that ye have them?"

"Hang their leaders!" someone shouted.

"Now ye're talkin'," Cassidy said approvingly. "By makin' an example o' some of 'em, ye kin put fear into the hearts o' those as might like to follow in their tracks. Hang their layders an' ye'll discourage the others."

Cathcourt waved his hand for attention. "I agree that the utmost penalty must be inflicted on those who have committed murder. But how do you expect to execute them? Except for these two trees here, there isn't a twig large enough to hang a man from in the whole camp."

Cassidy looked up at the two pine trees towering over them in the darkness. "We'll have a hell of a time gettin' a rope up there," he said sadly. "'Tis more effort than 'tis worth."

A man who had been a carpenter before he entered the army stood up. "Why not ask Wirz for lumber?" he asked. "He wants these men punished just as much as we do. I know how to build a scaffold, and I can get a dozen skilled carpenters to help me if they'll let us have wood and tools. How many men do you want to hang?"

Jonathan got up to speak. "Let the trials be held fairly and justly before we decide how many men are to be hanged. We don't know yet how many of these men really are murderers—the evidence should bring that out. Meanwhile, what about the others—the lesser offenders? What's to be done with them?"

Smith made a suggestion for their punishment. "Make 'em run the gantlet," he growled. "That's what we'd do in the navy, and then everybody'll have a chance to get even with 'em. But remember that after we've let 'em into the camp again, we've got to keep a close watch on 'em, or they'll try to strike back at us."

"And the trials?" someone asked. "Who'll be in charge of them?"

"The regularly appointed attorneys and judges," Cathcourt said firmly. "We want to do everything in a strictly legal way, and I would suggest that no member of the Regulators serve in any capacity except that of witness. Then it cannot be said that there was any question of vengeance. Court records should

be kept, so the Federal military authorities will understand that we acted in good faith and did not send our fellow prisoners to their deaths without fair trials."

The trials, however, had to be postponed for a day, for Wirz was ready to open the new addition to the stockade, and eager as the prisoners were to see the raiders punished, they were even more eager to obtain some relief from the terribly overcrowded conditions in the older section of the camp.



Early the next morning the guards pulled down half a dozen logs in the north wall to make an entrance to the ten-acre addition. Before the trench left by the removal of the logs could be filled in with earth, the prisoners surged forward, fighting to be among the first to enter the new area, where good living sites and plenty of firewood were to be had. They stumbled across the trench, clutching their few belongings, and they pushed one another madly out of the way in their rush to get through before all the ground was occupied. For hours, men poured through the narrow gap, spreading out across the open space in frantic search of new quarters.

Men who had not seen a bit of green stuff for months excitedly picked grass and weeds, hoping they could be used for food. By nightfall the new section was as barren as the old; every blade of grass had been plucked or trampled upon; the last scrap of wood had been gathered; and even the scattered leaves and pine needles had been swept up for fuel. Huts and tents covered every available inch of ground; shops and service businesses sprang up; wells were started; and life took on the same pattern it had followed in the south stockade. Guards supervised the tearing down of the old wall separating the two sections, and by morning a single stockade fifteen hundred feet long was in use. Ten acres had been added to the previous seventeen, but the prisoners had spread out so evenly that there seemed to be no more room than there was before. It was like pouring a highly compressed gas from one container into a somewhat larger one—the molecules immediately expanded an infinitesimal distance

apart to fill the whole structure, but they were still so closely crowded together that the pressure was intolerable.



Wirz agreed to let the trials be held in the enclosure between the inner and outer doors of the north gate. The prisoners were given free rein to conduct the legal proceedings as they pleased, for the Confederate authorities were indifferent as to their outcome, and their only concern was to make certain that neither the culprits nor the men trying them escaped. Sentries were posted on the top of the gates, where they could look down into the roofless courtroom; a cannon was brought up to bear on the outer gate; and troops were lined up outside.

The court proceedings were held in great secrecy. The only report of what was going on came from men called upon to testify, and since most of them still feared the raiders' vengeance, they did not want to repeat what they had said or heard. After several days it was announced that six of the raiders had been convicted of murder. Delaney was among them, but the Ohioan who had attacked Cathcourt was to be sent back into camp with more than a hundred other raiders who had to be returned because Wirz refused to hold them.

L X I I

AS SOON AS it was learned that all but six of the raiders were to be turned loose in the camp, a number of prisoners under the leadership of Smith and Cassidy silently went to the north gate, where they formed themselves into two long lines. The small wicket in the high gate opened, and the first raider appeared. He almost collapsed at the sight of the hundreds of menacing figures waiting for him.

He begged and pleaded not to be the first one sent in, but

the guard prodded him with his bayonet. He bounded forward with a terrified yell, holding his arms up to protect his face. The prisoners who had suffered for months from the raiders' depredations were merciless. They struck at the running figure, raining blows on his head and shoulders until he stumbled out of the line with blood streaming down his face.

One after another, the raiders were forced through the gate and made to run the gantlet. Jonathan, who had refused to participate in the proceedings, stood watching the badly beaten men slink away to lose themselves in the crowd. They deserved their punishment, but it was sickening to see the way they were mauled.

Finally, he could stand the sight no longer. He was about to go away when excited shouts made him turn back. One of the raiders was advancing down the line waving a knife as he came. It was the Ohioan who had attacked Cathcourt.

Smith made a flying leap for his legs and succeeded in dragging him to the ground. The two men rolled over, while Smith made a desperate attempt to reach for the hand holding the knife. Before he could grasp it, the blade had sunk into his shoulder. He struggled frantically to ward off another stroke.

Jonathan snatched up a heavy piece of wood and ran to his friend's assistance. The raider was slowly forcing his knife toward the back of Smith's neck. Jonathan swung the log like a flail, hitting the raider's head a terrific blow. The man's fingers relaxed their grip, and the knife fell to the ground.

The Ohioan lay motionless. A piece of his scalp hung loose over his ear, and blood oozed out from under it. Several men stepped out of the line to drag him away.

Smith staggered to his feet. "Thanks," he said briefly to Jonathan, "I think you've done the rascal in though. You hit him an awful whack."

The men who had dragged the raider away were bending over him. "He's dead all right," one of them said.

"And small loss it is, too," the other commented. "He'd have knifed you sure."

Jonathan was still holding the heavy club. He noticed that it

was stained with blood, and he dropped it quickly. "I didn't mean to kill him," he tried to explain.

"No one'll blame you for it," one of the men said. "He damned near killed your friend."

Cassidy had left his place in the line. "Hell," he said heartily as he ran up, "don't let nothin' like that bother ye. No court of law 'ud hold ye fer it. It's practically self-defense."

But Jonathan was busy binding up the wound on Smith's shoulder, and he was trying to forget the horrible eyes of the dead man that were staring up at the sun.



Cathcourt was sarcastic. "I thought you were against individual killing, even in wartime."

"I am," Jonathan said unhappily. "But what could I do? I couldn't stand there and let Smith be knifed."

"Of course you couldn't. But you see now that it's a matter of killing or of being killed. War is a tooth-and-claw struggle for survival. Either you kill your enemy first, or he kills you."

"But this wasn't war," Jonathan objected. "The man I killed wasn't a Confederate. He was a Union soldier."

"Of course—but he was also a criminal ready to knife anyone who got in his way."

"I know I had to do it," Jonathan said. "But it makes me feel queer."

Cathcourt smiled. "Most of the men here were plain ordinary citizens before they became soldiers. Now they've been caught up in a great wave of killing. It's like being part of a huge organism. When that organism is engaged in a bitter struggle for survival, the individual loses his identity. He does things he can't understand; he acts blindly to defend the organism of which he is a part. War has no place in a truly civilized world, but our world isn't really civilized, and we have to fight to preserve the few elements of civilizations we have already established. There's no choice in the matter. It's fight and survive—or perish. It's all a horrible, messy business, but we can't help ourselves."

"I don't like it," Jonathan said bluntly.

"I don't either," Cathcourt confessed. "But what can we do? When this war is over, perhaps we can build a better world."



It soon became evident that Cathcourt was never to see that better world built. He sank lower and lower each day as the poison from the wound coursed through his body. Smith spoke to Jonathan about the necessity for amputation, but they both knew that the slaughterhouse the Confederates called a hospital could mean certain death for their comrade. It was better to let him die in peace among his friends.

By July 11, the day on which the six men who had been found guilty of murder were to be executed, Cathcourt was suffering agonies from his swollen leg, which throbbed with pain, but he was entirely conscious and free from the delirium which had troubled his nights. However, he had no desire to be moved out of his hut to witness the hanging. He was so near death himself that he dreaded seeing anyone die.

However, there was no lack of interest on the part of the other prisoners. They had seen men die in battle, and they had watched their friends slowly perish from starvation and disease, but they were filled with morbid curiosity to see six sound, healthy men swing out of existence at the end of a rope. During the morning, while the carpenters were busy erecting the scaffold, at least a dozen prisoners died throughout the camp, but no one paid any attention to them. Hundreds of men stood around gazing at the construction work while the morning's toll of corpses was carried past them, but they did not bother to turn their heads to look at a sight which had become commonplace.

The gallows was finished at ten o'clock. It towered above the miserable little shelters in the south end of the stockade, where Wirz could watch over the proceedings from his observation tower. Two strong upright posts supported a crosspiece, from which six ropes dangled; underneath them was the platform on which the condemned were to stand. When the car-

penters were ready to leave, the crowd was so thick that they had difficulty getting through it. Thirty thousand prisoners were trying to see what was going on. Troops manned the walls; cannon were wheeled up and pointed toward the south section, lest any attempt at revolt spring up there, while hundreds of civilians from neighboring towns lined the hillsides and climbed up into trees to witness the widely publicized hanging.

A thousand Regulators were grouped into a hollow square around the scaffold. A small detachment of them went to the gate to accompany the prisoners to the gallows, and while they waited there, Wirz rode in on a white horse to read an announcement. He disclaimed all responsibility for what was about to happen, saying that the six men had been tried and found guilty by their fellow prisoners and that he was turning them over to the Regulators to do as they saw fit. Then he crumpled up the paper he had just read and hurried outside.

After he had gone, there was a long wait. The crowd became impatient, but its angry growling turned into a fierce roar when the gate swung open. The six men came in with a file of guards on either side of them. Their hands were tied behind them, and they had been stripped to the waist. The guards retired as soon as the Regulators took charge; then the march toward the gallows began.

Trouble from the raiders was expected. The Regulators carried heavy clubs and kept looking around for any sudden move. But none was made, and the little group reached the scaffold, impeded in their progress only by the density of the crowd.

Cassidy, Smith, and Jonathan stood in the hollow square near the gallows. It was almost eleven o'clock, and the bright sun beat down fiercely on the open stockade, but for once no one noticed the terrible heat.

Cassidy looked on approvingly. "Sure, an' 'tis a very official lookin' affair. There's many a fine hangin' I've watched, but I've never seen a more respectable one than this. Them as murder their own kind don't deserve such consideration."

But the six raiders who were being led out on the scaffold

platform seemed to think they were being treated unfairly. They tried to appeal to the crowd, but their speeches were howled down, and when the executioner came forward with half a dozen white meal sacks to put over their heads, he had to summon two assistants to hold the struggling prisoners still.

"Let 'em swing!" someone yelled. "There's too much talkin' an' not enough hangin'." Men began to shout: "Knock the planks out!" and "Give 'em what's comin' to 'em, an' hurry up about it."

Before the executioner could adjust the ropes, one of the raiders broke the cord tying his arms, snatched off the meal sack from his head, and leaped from the platform.

Thinking that this was a signal for his fellow raiders to attack, the Regulators turned to meet them. In the confusion, the prisoner got away. They started after him, running through the crowd and knocking over huts and shelters. He fled with the desperation of a man escaping death until he reached the edge of the swamp, where he plunged into the stinking mixture of mud and ordure and struggled frantically to wade through it to the north slope. Half a dozen Regulators floundered after him and overpowered him in the slippery mud. They were all covered with it as they led him back to the gallows and thrust him up on the platform.

"Let 'em have it now!" the crowd yelled. "There's been too much waitin'!"

The executioner worked swiftly, adjusting the nooses around the men's necks and making sure that the hangman's knots came in the proper position under their ears. A sudden silence settled down on the noisy crowd as he jumped down from the platform.

"All right, boys, pull!" he shouted.

A dozen men yanked on the ropes; the posts supporting the platform came out, and the planking fell with a crash. Six bodies dropped and were brought up short by the ropes around their necks. But the man at the north end of the line was so heavy that his weight snapped the rope and he fell to the ground unconscious. Attention was distracted from the five bodies

writhing in the air as the executioner determinedly picked up the man who had fallen and called for a ladder to hoist him up again.

The crowd surged forward, and the Regulators around the scaffold had to lock arms to hold it back. Everyone was shouting at once; some wanted the raider who had fallen set free—others yelled for his blood. The executioner paid no attention. He grimly went on with his work, which was made more difficult because the man in his arms had come to life and was struggling and screaming. Several Regulators hurried forward, Cassidy among them, and they managed to drag the terrified raider up the ladder to put the rope around his neck again. His body swung away, kicking and twisting.



After half an hour, the bodies were cut down and unceremoniously dumped into a commissary wagon to be hauled to the graveyard. Carpenters began taking the scaffold apart. As they threw planks and timbers to the ground, hordes of prisoners scrambled for them. Wirz was furious; he stormed into the camp and threatened to withhold the next day's rations in retaliation for wasting good lumber.

L X I I I

CATHCOURT WAS IN a bad way. The night after the raiders were hanged, the poison from his wound suddenly hit his bloodstream, and he was seized with a violent fit of tremors which racked his whole body. Smith shook his head dismally when he examined the wound. An irregular line of inflammation ran up the leg to the groin.

During an interval of consciousness the next morning, Cathcourt called Jonathan to him. He took out a tiny parcel wrapped

up in cloth on which his family's address was picked out in indelible ink.

"Put this stuff in the fire, will you?" he said. "I want no mementos sent home."

He opened the parcel and looked for a long while at two photographs, one of an elderly woman and one of a young girl who reminded Jonathan of Lucy. There were half a dozen letters in the package, but Cathcourt did not try to re-read them. He fingered them gently for a moment and then handed the parcel to Jonathan.

"Burn everything," he said. "I want to see it all destroyed."

Reluctantly Jonathan took the objects and dropped them one by one into the fire. The little *carte-de-visite* photographs blackened and crumpled; the letters burned brightly and were gone.

"I'm going to keep your family's address," Jonathan said, folding up the piece of cloth and putting it away in his pocket. "If I ever get out of here alive, I'll go to New York to see them. Is there anything you want me to tell them?"

Cathcourt turned away, burying his head in his arms. "Nothing," he said in a choked voice. "Anything you say will only make matters worse. When a man dies in war, perhaps it's better that his folks don't hear the details. Then they can picture for themselves some heroic death. So many of us just peter out, die like a sick dog in a roadside ditch. What's the use of—— Oh, hell! Go away, will you, and leave me alone."

But Jonathan hovered near him for hours, waiting and watching, while Cathcourt grew weaker and began to babble deliriously.

Mine is a generation cursed by violence, Jonathan thought. Is any cause worth the suffering war brings upon mankind?

Cathcourt gave him the answer. Just before he died, he opened his eyes and smiled. "We were all of us born into a too-imperfect world," he said. "Perhaps someday things will be different. We have to fight to make them so. Don't let them——"

The unceasing murmur of thirty thousand voices drowned

out his words. A few minutes later, he was dead, and Jonathan covered his thin young face with the dirty blanket he had been lying under for days.



After the commissary wagons had delivered the next morning's rations, they stopped at the south gate to pick up the dead. Only two friends were permitted to accompany each corpse to the cemetery, and they had to put in a day's work digging, to pay for the privilege.

Jonathan watched Cathcourt's body as it was thrown into the cart with nineteen other almost naked corpses. Human flesh was treated with less dignity than the meat brought into camp. Smith muttered an angry curse at the guards, but they quickly silenced him by threatening to leave him behind.

The procession toward the graveyard began. Forty prisoners followed the first wagon up the road that led to the north end of the camp, where the cemetery was located on a hill beyond the stockade.

Jonathan was horrified when he caught his first glimpse of the vast field. He knew that thousands had died, but to see them carried out the gate a few score at a time was far different from coming upon acre after acre of closely crowded graves marked by long rows of wooden stakes. A shallow trench, dug on the previous day, awaited the bodies they had brought.

The dead were tumbled out of the wagon and laid out on the ground. A Union soldier, detailed for the work, asked for the name and state of origin of each corpse. When soldiers who had bid for a nameless body were questioned, they answered indifferently: "Unknown."

The clerk went along the line, putting down the names in a little book and marking a stake for each one. "J. A. Baker, Pennsylvania," he called out, and Jonathan wondered from what part of the state the dead man had come. But the clerk was passing on, recording name after name. "C. M. Knowles, Vermont; W. Davidson, Missouri; James McSorley, New York; Charles Gray, Massachusetts; James Morrison, Michigan; Un-

known; W. H. Lestar, Pennsylvania; Unknown; B. Powers, Origin unknown; Unknown; Unknown; Harvey Cathcourt, New York." And so it went, down the long line.

The bodies were placed shoulder to shoulder on the bottom of the trench, and the prisoners were told to throw in the earth. Moist red soil descended on the corpses, blotting out their shapes and shutting their distorted faces away from the sun.

It was hot, and the men sweated at their work. A pail of water was brought for them, but they were each allowed to have only a mouthful, for the water had to be carried a long distance. Then they were given a rest for lunch—which few of them ate—and after that they had to dig the next day's trench for men who were still alive, but who would be dead by morning as surely as tomorrow would come.

It was late afternoon when the work was done. Smith had been given the easy task of putting the stakes in place because his injured shoulder made it impossible for him to handle a shovel. His hands were covered with dried mud, which he tried to clean off.

"The red earth of Georgia," he growled, wiping the clinging soil from his hands. "The good red earth! Aye, it's red right enough—red with our blood. May God curse it, and never let anything but weeds and thistles grow in this Rebel soil!"



On the way back to the camp, the marching column passed earthworks and cannon, but Jonathan did not see them, nor did he hear the growing roar of thousands of prisoners all talking at once. He stumbled through the gateway and went to Cathcourt's shelter.

There he threw himself to the ground, half blinded by tears. He remembered the young artilleryman's last words: "Perhaps someday things will be different. We have to fight to make them so." But all around him the sick and the dying were groaning, and he kept thinking of the trench he had just dug.



Cathcourt's death had a profound effect on Jonathan, but it meant no more to the other prisoners than the extinction of some insect that one carelessly treads under foot. The human mind, faced with a situation that is too much for it, protects itself with a dull coating of indifference to everything except the immediate problem of personal survival. The Andersonville prisoners were more concerned about a shortage in their own daily rations than they were about the men who were dying in their midst. They had been drained of all emotion, emptied of all feeling for others. Newcomers sometimes went insane because of the sights they saw in camp, and they even sought suicide by walking past the dead-line to invite a sentry's bullet, but the old-timers grimly clung to sanity and life by concentrating all their efforts on getting food.

The prisoners who had been in camp longest made out best. They had slowly become used to the ways of Andersonville; their skin had gradually been toughened by exposure to the sun; they had apparently built up some kind of immunity to disease; and many of them were able to supplement their insufficient daily rations by secret arrangements with the guards. They jested among themselves that death had passed them over so often that they would never die.

But mortality figures rose so steadily that they worried the Confederates. Two hundred and eighty-two prisoners had died in March; 576 in April; 723 in May; 1,187 in June; and in July, 1,731 died. Wirz, appalled by the mounting death rolls, granted a petition to let a delegation of three prisoners go to Washington to plead for a renewal of the exchange agreement. Cassidy was chosen as one of them in return for what he had done in restoring order in the camp.

But nothing was heard from the delegation after it left Andersonville. The guards swore that the three men had been given safe conduct through the lines and that there was every reason to believe they had reached Washington. Distance swallowed them up, and the prisoners muttered that Grant or Stanton was probably to blame for the Government's silence.

Everyone's attention was fastened on Sherman as he hammered his way toward Atlanta. As soon as he took the city, he would surely make some effort to rescue the thousands of trained soldiers in Andersonville. Even if one discounted the sick and the weak, there were still a good many men in the camp who could shoulder a musket. Others might be rehabilitated; good food and medical care would soon cure them. Even if only half of the camp's population was fit for active service, it meant fifteen thousand additional troops for Sherman's isolated army.

Jonathan's attention was distracted from the Atlanta campaign by a notice he saw in a Washington newspaper which one of the prisoners had brought into the camp. Buried away on the inside pages was a brief paragraph of war news that meant more to him than the great battle being waged north of Andersonville.

JULY 31. Chambersburg, Pa., was occupied yesterday by a force of Rebels under McCausland. The town was defenceless. McCausland demanded \$500,000 in greenbacks or \$100,000 in gold as ransom. It being beyond the means of the inhabitants to raise such a sum, even if they had been disposed to do so, orders were given to burn the town. Houses were set on fire around the central section, and two-thirds of the town went up in flames. Various dwellings and business places were plundered by the troops. Property estimated as worth between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000 was destroyed. The number of buildings burned was 260. About noon of the same day, the Rebels retreated from the neighborhood, being pursued by Averill's cavalry.

That was all the information Jonathan could obtain. He stayed near the gate, eagerly questioning the incoming prisoners for news, but they could tell him nothing more.



The first weeks of August were a blazing hell. A hundred men were dying each day, and sickness became so widespread that the Confederate authorities were afraid the camp would become a menace to the health of the community.

Dysentery swept through the stockade; scurvy was in its

most advanced stages in men who had gone without proper food for months. Soldiers with battle wounds survived only a few days after reaching the camp, and no one with even a slight infection could hope to survive. Death hovered over the place, reaping a daily harvest that constantly grew more terrifying.

The section around the little stream was the worst, for men who were not strong enough to drag themselves any great distance for water lingered there to die in the mud. Jonathan saw one of them who was a mass of open sores in which maggots were feeding; flies settled undisturbed around his mouth and eyes; and his arms and legs had become so swollen with scurvy that the skin had burst.

Rain that fell in torrents for two days washed away a great deal of the filth accumulated in the swamp, but the sick men stranded there nearly all perished, for many of them were drowned in the rising water which flooded the whole area. When some of the logs forming the stockade were loosened and swept away, the guards had an easy time keeping the disheartened prisoners back while they repaired the damage. But the storm brought one benefit. A spring burst out of the hillside to provide a good supply of fresh water. The prisoners promptly named it Providence Spring, for the more religious among them were convinced that it had a miraculous origin.

Religious revivals sprang up all over the camp as men gathered together by the hundreds to sing hymns and pray for deliverance. Prisoners who had never been to church suddenly found their voices as preachers, and they got up to address multitudes who were seeking salvation in the face of earthly terror.

Smith gritted his teeth and said that if they could hang on for a few more weeks they would certainly be released, for it was only a matter of time before Sherman could come to their aid. But Jonathan had fallen sick. During the terrible days of the storm, he had been drenched to the skin and had had to sit around shivering before the sun came out to bake the ground dry.

At first he hardly noticed that he was ill. Then, after a few days, he suddenly felt faint and almost collapsed while waiting

in line for rations. His stomach rejected the rough corn bread. Smith took their few hard-earned dollars to buy better food.

"It's no use," Jonathan said desperately when his friend brought it to him. "No one who's sick in this accursed place ever gets well."

"That's a lot of damned nonsense!" Smith shouted. "You're not going to die just as we're about to get free. Eat this God-damned stuff and shut up! I'm tired of hearing people talk about dying. Doesn't anybody in here but me want to live?"

Jonathan munched the food mechanically. A few minutes later he vomited it up, and Smith cursed him good-humoredly for wasting expensive provisions.

"Perk up, for Christ's sake," he implored. "I can't let you die on me now. Sherman's as good as here. Do you want to be a rotting corpse when his men come swinging through that gate to set us all free?"

He tried to appear cheerful, but even those who had kept their health were worried, for a rumor had spread through the camp that the Confederates were planning a move to forestall Sherman from freeing the prisoners. It was said that a letter had been received from Winder instructing Wirz to turn the cannon on the stockade if Sherman's army came within seven miles of Andersonville. Some of the prisoners refused to believe this, but everyone noticed that a great deal of activity was taking place among the Confederate cannoneers who were drilling at their pieces every day.



August drew to a dreadful close. Three thousand prisoners had died in camp during the month, and the death rate was still rising. Jonathan was so sick that he did not know what was happening. When word came of Sherman's raid on Jonesboro, the prisoners cheered with a mighty roar, but he was too delirious to hear it. During his more lucid intervals, Smith told him that Atlanta was crumbling under Sherman's terrible blows, and it was expected that the Confederates would evacuate the city any moment.

"Hang on!" Smith told him desperately. "Hang on! It'll all be over in a few days."

Jonathan moaned and stirred restlessly. "What does it matter now? When I doze off, I forget all this. All I have to do is slip a little farther down and die. Why should anyone want to go on living here? It's better to die."

Smith shook him angrily. "God damn it! Stop talking like that. I won't let you die. I'll drag you out of here alive if I have to carry you. Wake up! Keep your eyes open. You've got to——"

But Jonathan had fallen unconscious again.

L X I V

JONATHAN WAS ASLEEP, dreaming that the prisoners were shouting the news of victory. Someone kept shaking him. He groaned and opened his eyes. The sounds he had heard in his sleep were real. The whole camp was in an uproar.

Smith was bending over him. "Try and sit up, my boy," he was saying. "This is it! Sherman has taken Atlanta. We'll be out in no time now."

All around them men were praying and singing hymns at the top of their voices. Some were laughing and crying hysterically; others were running through the narrow passages between the huts and dugouts to repeat the good news to those who had already heard it.

"You've got to get up," Smith said. "You've got to stand on your legs. They're going to ship some of us North for exchange, but they won't let anybody out of here who can't walk on his own feet."

With Smith's help Jonathan managed to sit up. A thousand tiny campfires wavered before his eyes, and his ears roared with sounds that came from within his own brain. He fought to

push back the echoes of delirium and forced himself to think of what was happening.

"Here's some hot soup," Smith said, handing him a tin pot. "Drink it down. It'll give you strength."

The hot liquid coursed down Jonathan's throat, temporarily restoring him.

"I'll be all right," he said, choking. "I'll be all right. I've got to be all right. Got to get out of here. Must get up and walk."

With Smith's arm around his shoulder, he stumbled unsteadily around the bough-covered hole in which he had been lying. The sounds of men shouting and singing became clearer, and for the first time in days he could see the tops of the two tall trees above him when he looked up at the dark sky.

"I'm all right," he kept muttering. "I can walk out of here with the best of 'em. When are they going to let us go?"



But the prisoners had to lie huddled around the gates all the next day before word came that the first detachments were to leave at midnight. The dead were dragged out of the waiting crowd, and some of the men who were trying to crawl across the enclosure died before they could reach the gates. Smith kept watch over Jonathan, somehow managing to procure food for him, and struggling to keep him conscious enough to walk to the train on his own feet.

There was a wild scramble when the first detachments were drawn up in the darkness. Smith was glad they were marching out at night, for his companion could never have passed the critical eyes of the guards in broad daylight. Even as it was, he came near having to leave him behind. A guard standing on a box waving a torch over his head saw the half-conscious man being dragged through the gate. He yelled at Smith that the prisoner was in no condition to travel. Smith ignored him and quietly asked one of the prisoners to support Jonathan on the other side. Between them they hurried him along the road before the guard could press through the crowd.

Jonathan never remembered how he got to the train. Smith

helped him climb into the car and obtained rations for them both, carefully hiding the rough corn bread in the rags of his clothing. When the train started on its midnight journey, Jonathan was asleep, and he did not awaken until the next day, when they were well beyond Macon. Three men had died during the night, but he had not seen the bodies thrown out the doorway.

"Where are they taking us?" he asked Smith.

"To Charleston, I believe. They say there's an exchange boat there. But don't worry about anything now. You've got to recover your strength or you'll never get out of this car alive. Here—eat some of this."

Jonathan munched the dry corn pone and drank some water which Smith brought him from a pail.

"You're sure we're going to be exchanged?" he asked.

"I'm not sure of anything. The Rebels made us no promises, but what would they want to be sending us to Charleston for if not to exchange us?"



Jonathan awoke some time during the following night and heard the men around him talking. They had evidently been in touch with the guards.

"I wouldn't put nothin' past 'em," one of the men was saying. "It's a dirty Rebel trick, but it's just the sort of thing they'd do."

"What are they talking about?" Jonathan asked.

"It's a lot of damned nonsense," Smith said gruffly. "Don't pay any attention to 'em."

"But what are they saying?"

"They're saying that we're being sent to Charleston to be put somewhere in reach of the Federal guns. They hope to stop the bombardment that way."

"I've been in range of the Federal guns before. They're better than Andersonville. Anything's better than Andersonville." Jonathan fell asleep again, thinking of the vast stockade where men had died all around him.



Two more men in the car died before the train reached Charleston, but by some miracle Jonathan was stronger than when he had left the prison. When they were marched across the Ashley River bridge, one of the men shouted that he could make out the masts of the Federal fleet lying outside the harbor, but Jonathan was sure he was lying, for he could see nothing but a wide expanse of muddy water and endless marshes.

They entered the city. Charlestonians of all kinds crowded around them, obviously shocked by the condition of the prisoners. Blankets and food were hurriedly brought from near-by houses, and all along the line of march, dozens of Negroes and whites kept running up to hand little parcels to the scarecrows who had once been Union soldiers.

The prisoners could walk only at a snail's pace; they were among the healthiest who had been in Andersonville, but not one in ten of them could have passed inspection as being entirely well. The stronger helped the weaker, and the pace of the quickest had to be adjusted to the progress of those who could hardly walk at all. The people lining the sidewalks seemed ashamed of what the Confederacy had done, and they expressed sympathetic comments, but most of the men in the straggling lines were past caring what anyone said. They stumbled blindly through the streets as the guards led them northwards.

"I said they were lying about putting us in range of the guns," Smith said gleefully. The houses they passed were marked with shot and shell, and sometimes the prisoners had to detour around a gaping hole in the pavement, but they kept moving toward a part of the city which had not been subjected to a heavy bombardment.

Jonathan concentrated all his efforts on walking. The grass-grown streets and half-ruined buildings were like things seen in a dream. He was almost exhausted when they reached an abandoned racecourse and were marched out into the middle of the open space around which the horses had once run for the entertainment of Charleston society. The stands were a wreckage of unpainted timber, and the fences around the fields had long ago been stolen for firewood and building repair.

One of the Confederate officers issued instructions. A little while later, a Negro appeared with a mule and a plow. Acting under the officer's orders, he proceeded to draw a single furrow in a huge circle around the field. The guards took up their positions outside this, and the prisoners were told that the dead-line they thought they had left behind them at Andersonville had come to haunt them again, for the plow furrow was to serve as a mark beyond which no prisoner could pass.

As soon as the furrow was completed, a few of the men who were strong enough to work were detailed to sink shallow wells. Eight or ten feet of digging brought in water in the low ground, and the men crowded around the pits eagerly, waiting for the water to clear.

Hardtack and a few ounces of raw beef were issued; enough firewood was obtained from the wreckage of the grandstand for the men to cook their dinners, and many a half-dead prisoner felt life creep back into his veins.

During the night the Federal guns began their usual bombardment; shells fell in the lower part of the city, but only one came anywhere near the racecourse. Jonathan lay drowsing on the ground, imagining that he was again in the Tower Jail listening to the cannon firing over the marshes. Andersonville was a bad dream, a nightmare that had no basis in reality. It was only when he turned over and felt how sick and tired he was that he knew he had lived among the dead and the dying for months and that the poison of the prison camp was still in his blood. But when he awoke in the morning, he felt stronger. With Smith, he walked to the side of the racecourse nearest the city, where hordes of Charlestonians were gathering to gaze at the prisoners.

There were many women among them, and for a while the guards let them give food to the men behind the plow furrow. Then an officer ordered them away. The women tossed their parcels across the dead-line, and the prisoners scrambled madly for them. By dint of much pushing and shoving, Smith was able to procure one of the bundles, and he and Jonathan then dined heartily on cold johnnycakes and turnips.

Jonathan felt strength returning; by nightfall he was able to walk around the confines of the camp and talk to some of the other prisoners. Soap and water, odds and ends of fresh clothing, and, above all, decent food were making well men out of what had been invalids. The guards had to be increased, for the prisoners were showing signs of becoming restless, and the Confederates knew that they could not hold back thousands of men if they made a concerted rush across the open field. Some of the prisoners, however, were too ill for food or medicine to restore them to life. Corpses were removed from the field with depressing regularity, and hardly an hour went by without a death occurring somewhere in the vast multitude. More prisoners kept coming from the railroad station; by nightfall of the second day, nearly five thousand of them were crowded together inside the ring of armed guards.

On the third day, the officially issued rations gave out. Ambulances loaded with provisions were hurriedly brought from the city; the women of Charleston were called upon to help; and Sisters of Mercy and members of the sanitary commission came to the racecourse with all kinds of food, which quickly melted away before the famished horde.

In order to facilitate their efforts, the guards finally had to permit some of the women to pass the plow furrow. Jonathan and Smith loitered near the place where they were entering the lines. White women and black filed past them with baskets of food which they had somehow procured in a city that had been under siege for years.

Smith suddenly tugged at Jonathan's arm. "By God, there's a good-looking female—the first I've seen for a hell of a long while," he said excitedly. "Over there by the entrance—the one in black with the wicker hamper. A widow, I guess—probably lost her husband in the war."

But Jonathan's face had gone white, and he stood silent, watching Caroline come toward him.

L X V

SOMEWHERE IN THE HUGE FIELD they found a place apart from others where they could talk. Smith hovered near them, wondering who the strange young woman could be, but Jonathan and Caroline did not notice him, for they were too busy reviewing the years which had separated them. So much had happened that it was impossible to tell it all, but out of the rush of words, the incoherent and unfinished sentences, Jonathan learned that Hugh Ballard was dead, shot down in the early months of the war, and he understood why charges had never been pressed against him while he remained forgotten in the Tower Jail. He learned, too, that Caroline's father and mother had died, and that she had lost everything she owned, for her property had been swept away in the chaos of war. She had been living for several years with relatives in Charleston, subsisting on what money she could raise by selling her wardrobe and her jewels.

Through everything she said came bitter disillusionment with the Confederacy. There were many who felt as she did, she told Jonathan. Soldiers were deserting the army, and women lived on in quiet despair, hating the war that had ruined their lives. Conscription was being vigorously opposed even by such high-placed men as the Governor of Georgia; the rich who had lost their fortunes were questioning the cause they had furthered; and the poor had long been calling the seemingly endless struggle "a rich man's war and a poor man's fight."

But one thing above all else Jonathan realized. His chance for escape had come. With someone to help him on the outside, he would have a good chance of reaching the Union lines.

When he broached the subject to Caroline, he found her eager to co-operate. "There's nothing I'd rather do," she said quickly. "I want to get out of this accursed place. I hate Charleston, and I've had enough of pompous talk about the glories of

the Confederacy. I'm sick to death of all the arguments about Southern supremacy. We were so busy enjoying ourselves that we didn't even have the sense to prepare ourselves properly to defend what we had. Well, we've lost it now. There's no use crying over it. I want to go away from here and start life all over again. But what about you, Jonathan? Are you sure you want me to go with you? Or do you just want me to help you get away?"

Jonathan twisted his hands together miserably. It was hard to tell a woman that you no longer loved her.

Caroline bent over and took his right hand, turning it upwards to look at the white scar on it. "You hate us, don't you? Well, I can hardly blame you."

He shook his head. "No," he said slowly, "I don't hate any of you any more. It has gone beyond that. I loathe the greed that gave root to slavery. But slavery is done for. I feel sorry for the poor fools who lost their lives defending it, for they had nothing to gain. But there will be a new world to build now—a new nation to take the place of the old sections that were always at each other's throats. There's no use going on hating. I simply want to return home and live there in peace."

"With Lucy? You see, I've remembered her name after all these years."

He nodded.

Caroline smiled ruefully. "Well, it doesn't matter now, does it? Perhaps we both made a great mistake—but no matter about that either. Let's talk about getting you away from here. I've got to take you somewhere where you can rest and receive proper treatment. Have you any idea of how we can do it?"

Jonathan hesitated a moment, then he waved to Smith. The sailor ambled toward them, grinning cheerfully when he was introduced to Caroline. But to Jonathan's dismay, he refused to consider accompanying them. The possibility of exchange was too near. However, he quickly joined their discussion of various plans for escape. With Caroline free to make any necessary arrangements in the city, a number of schemes were possible.

"The best way is for us to go in a boat straight across the

harbor," Jonathan said determinedly. "We can't go skulking in the swamps for days."

Smith agreed. With a woman along, any land route was obviously impossible. A short boat trip was more dangerous, but a few hours would decide the success or failure of the attempt. "It's pretty quiet around the harbor now," he said. "There's no reason using the big calcium lights, so a small boat might have a chance in the darkness. Looks like fog and rain coming up now. If everything can be made ready quickly, you can try it this very night. The sooner the better, for they'll get this camp organized in a few days."

Then he told Jonathan what he knew about the fortifications in the harbor, and he instructed Caroline what kind of boat to buy. "Anything that floats is going to be expensive," he warned her. "But pay every penny you have for a good seaworthy craft, for your lives will depend on it. Once you reach the Federal fleet outside the harbor, you'll be safe, but you've got to get past Sumter and Moultrie, and that's going to be quite a trick." He kept looking up at the cloudy sky. "However, it wouldn't be unusual to have a nice fog on this coast at this time of year."

The final plans were quickly made. Then Jonathan walked with Caroline to the sentry line. He agreed to meet her at midnight in a grove of trees at the edge of the racecourse.



It would be relatively easy for Jonathan to escape from the big open field. While he waited near the dead-line, Smith would go to the opposite side of the racecourse and raise a commotion among the prisoners there. The noise would draw the guards' attention, so that Jonathan could slip past them unnoticed.

Everything worked out as planned. At midnight, Jonathan bade farewell to his friend and saw him disappear into the darkness. A few minutes later, there was a far-off shout on the other side of the field. Men began running, and several shots were fired. While the guards were looking toward the scene

of excitement, Jonathan crawled past them. He stayed close to the ground for several hundred feet and then got up and ran.

It was dark under the trees, but he saw the dim form of a closed carriage waiting there. He hurried toward it. Caroline opened the door, and he climbed inside.

"I have everything arranged," she whispered. "I've purchased a rowboat from some Negroes, and I've pledged my last cent for this carriage. I'll be penniless when we arrive at wherever we're going, but I don't care. I've been poor for so long that money has ceased to have any meaning—and Confederate dollars don't seem real any more."

The carriage jogged along the rutted roads; soon the buildings on the outskirts of the city came in sight. Jonathan sat close to Caroline, breathing the well-remembered fragrance of her hair. He thought of the coach in the wagon house on her father's estate in Mobile where he had first kissed her. Events had turned full circle, and again they were together in a coach. He could see her face in the dim light. It was upturned to his, and as he bent toward her, she came to his arms gladly and returned his kisses with the passion that had always been hers. Time and danger were forgotten; the coach moved forward in the darkness with its occupants oblivious of where they were going.

Suddenly the Negro driver tapped on the roof to indicate that they were approaching a sentry post. Caroline slipped out of Jonathan's arms to put a coat over his rags.

At the guardhouse she leaned out of the carriage to speak to a solemn young sentry as gaily as if she were on her way to some great party with a fine gentleman as her escort. Jonathan sat back in the shadows, his face hidden in the darkness, and his tattered clothing concealed by the all-enveloping coat. The sentry fell back grinning, waving to the driver to pass.

Except for an occasional street lamp, the city was dark. There was a foul odor of illuminating gas from broken mains, and in one place, where a shell recently had fallen, a bright flame flared from the ground as gas rushed out of the severed pipe. Windowless houses and gutted buildings became more frequent

as they went on. Tall weeds grew in the streets; heaps of rubbish littered the sidewalks; and fallen brick walls occasionally made it necessary for them to detour. No one was in sight, for the nightly bombardment was under way, and shells were dropping on the city. Once the old horse reared and snorted when one of them exploded near by, but the driver had him under control before the dust from the ruins had settled.

Caroline nestled in Jonathan's arms, but she was not afraid of the bombardment. "I've been through this too often to mind it," she confided. "One can become used to anything, I suppose." Then she said suddenly: "But I'll be glad never to have to see it again. I've had enough of war and horror. There must be peace for me somewhere."

The horse plodded slowly along. Jonathan had a glimpse of a fire still burning in one of the buildings and of half a dozen men with a hand engine hopelessly trying to put it out. Then the darkness closed in again, and they were near the docks on the Cooper River.

Caroline leaned forward, studying the side streets they were passing, until they came to a tumble-down dock building, where she told the driver to stop. She thrust a wad of Confederate bills into his hand and followed Jonathan out of the carriage. A narrow alleyway was in front of them; Caroline picked up her skirts and started resolutely down it.

A dark figure flitted out of a doorway to speak to her and lead the way to a rotting wooden pier that hung crazily over the water. Half its roofing was shot away, and an acrid odor of burned wood still lingered about it.

A small rowboat with a single pair of oars was waiting on the water below them. Jonathan climbed down to it and helped Caroline aboard. He slipped off his coat and tore some strips from the rags of his clothing to muffle the oarlocks. The night was very still except for the occasional rumble of one of the Federal guns on Cumming's Point. There was a light mist on the face of the water, but it was not dense enough to mask the flash of fire from the distant cannon.

"I'd hoped for fog," Jonathan said disappointedly.

"There'll be a fog, darling," Caroline whispered from the stern of the little boat. "I prayed all day for one."

By the time they were out in the middle of the Cooper River, it looked as if Caroline's prayer was to be answered, for the mist was thickening. Jonathan rowed steadily, remembering the advice Smith had given him about reaching the channel. In a short time they picked up the line of piling the Confederates had driven into the bottom of the bay to make every vessel go past Sumter's guns.

As they progressed slowly across the three and a half miles of water that separated them from the entrance to the harbor, the fog rolled in from the sea in cottony waves that hung close to the water and blotted out the shores. The harbor became a vapor-shrouded place, mysterious in the darkness, and baffling to find one's way around in. Jonathan kept the boat close to the piling, for he knew that without it he would surely become lost. He heard the roar of the Cumming's Point cannon grow louder, but it was no longer possible to see the flash of its firing. The mist had shut out everything.

"I told you we'd have a good fog," Caroline said. "It's just what I prayed for."

"It's fine," Jonathan grunted, "but we can come right up to Sumter's walls without knowing it. Can you see anything?"

Caroline peered out through the blackness and the fog. Nothing was in sight but the next wooden stake, which loomed up suddenly from the water. "We'd better not talk any more," she said cautiously. "We don't know where we are, and we might be near a boat."

They went on in silence. A bell that had been tolling kept getting louder as they approached it.

Jonathan pulled the oars noiselessly through the water; the boat glided along like a ship in a dream, moving through the mists of the imagination in a world that had no connection with reality. Only the tolling bell bound them to the earth.

It was very loud now; Jonathan could hear each resounding stroke of the clapper as it struck against metal, but he could not leave the line of piling that was his only guide across the bay.

Caroline kept trying to look ahead, but the fog closed them in, and it was impossible to see anything. The bell seemed almost on top of them. Suddenly she caught a glimpse of a huge, mountainlike structure. Involuntarily she gasped, for she knew it was the cannon-battered shape of Sumter. A lone figure was standing on the nearest wall, ringing a big brass bell. The bell stopped short, and a shout drifted across the water.

Jonathan pulled hard on the oars, swinging the boat away from the shore. Before he could go more than a few feet, a shot rang out, and a bullet splashed into the water near them.

There were more shouts from the fort. Then a dozen rifles all fired at once, and the water boiled with bullets. The noise attracted the attention of the guards in Fort Moultrie, who began shooting blindly into the darkness, but they were too far away to do any damage.

Jonathan pulled madly at the oars, while the men on Sumter's walls kept emptying their guns at the unseen boat which they knew must still be somewhere near them. A bullet penetrated the planking near the water line, and seawater swirled in through the hole every time the boat sank down under the urging of the fast-driven oars.

Gradually the distance between the fort and the boat widened, and the sound of the rifle shots grew fainter. Jonathan was almost exhausted; he had to let up on the oars, although he was sure boats would be sent out from the fort.

"Are you all right?" he asked Caroline breathlessly.

There was no answer. Then he heard a queer gasping sound. He put down the oars and crawled toward her, suddenly afraid.

She was slumped down in the seat, twisted into a curiously contorted position. When he caught her in his arms, she was moaning softly.

She was trying to speak. "They've hit me," she said slowly. "They've hit me, Jonathan dearest. I won't be able to go with you." She coughed, and blood appeared on her lips.

The men on the walls of the fort were still shouting. Jonathan heard the sounds of boats being launched.

"I'm going to die, Jonathan," Caroline said, uttering the

words with difficulty. She roused herself to speak with a sudden burst of vehemence. "Save yourself. Don't let them take you again. For God's sake get away." She coughed again. Jonathan held her in his arms, but she struggled to get free. "Go on, damn you! Go on! They'll be here in a minute. Leave me here. You can swim for it now. That's better than letting them capture you. Go on, I tell you! Go on!"

She tried to beat against his chest with her hands. One of the boats from the fort was very near. Jonathan felt her stiffen and then go limp. He kissed her and put her gently down. A pistol shot sounded in his ears as he slid into the dark water of the bay, and a bullet smashed into his shoulder.



The tide rushing out of the narrow harbor entrance was sweeping him out to sea. He had found a big spar from some naval vessel which had been wrecked in those often-fought-over waters, and he had succeeded in lashing himself to it with the bit of rope he had used as a belt in Andersonville. Fog and the night blotted out Sumter's outlines, and distance soon obscured the voices of the men searching for him.

The shock of the cold water had made him forget the burning pain of the bullet, and after a while he even forgot the cold, for a wave of sickness was engulfing him. Then he must have lapsed into unconsciousness, for when he raised his head again, the light of early dawn filled the sky.

There was a long streak of red on the horizon, and he saw the masts of the Federal blockade fleet standing black against the rising sun.

Somehow he managed to raise his hand and wave, and a lookout on the decks of one of the naval vessels caught his signal. A boat put out, moving with dreadful slowness across the water. He roused himself again and shouted hoarsely.

A voice answered—a Northern voice calling out a message of cheer and encouragement.

The sailors in the longboat must have thought the man they

were rescuing was out of his mind, for he kept babbling incoherently about a woman. But he became unconscious again, and when a surgeon bent over him on the deck, he said it was a miracle that such a half-drowned, half-starved creature could still be alive.

EPILOGUE

The Drums of Morning

PENNSYLVANIA, 1865





EPILOGUE

THE PHILADELPHIA railroad station was still draped with the banners of mourning which had been hung there for the Lincoln funeral train. Tattered strips of black crepe and withered flowers were gathering dust, and the big canvas sign WE MOURN OUR LOSS had a dozen gaping holes in it. The train had passed through several days before, and Philadelphia was resuming its normal way of living again.

The war was over, but human sweepings from battlefields and hospitals still had to be cared for. Several ambulances were backed up to the platform to disgorge the sick and wounded who were being invalided home. A young woman in a nurse's uniform was helping a tall, emaciated-looking man to the Harrisburg train.

With the slow, careful steps of a person not yet recovered from long illness, he mounted the steps of one of the cars, and with the woman following anxiously behind him, he walked down the aisle to find a seat. The car was crowded, but a place was made for the newcomers, and they sat together, looking out of the window as the train pulled out of the station.

The little square brick houses of the city slipped past, their long black streamers swaying in the breeze. Jonathan gazed at them thoughtfully, reminded of the man in whose honor they had been displayed. He had misjudged Lincoln. Somehow, in

his slow deliberate way, the country lawyer from Illinois had accomplished what he had set out to do—preserve the Union; and in doing it, he had freed the slaves.

Seven months of lying in a hospital had given Jonathan an opportunity to think about many things. Slavery was as good as gone, for an amendment to the Constitution, formally abolishing it, had already been passed by Congress, and there could be no doubt that it would be soon ratified by the states. But other problems were arising—problems of reconstruction, of reconciliation with the embittered South.

So much had happened, so much was happening, that it was going to be hard to readjust oneself to the new way of living which was replacing the old. Life in Chambersburg would be especially difficult, for the town was in ruins, and the people had been impoverished by the armies that had swept through the valley.

Lucy was making her first journey home in months. She had been working in the Pennsylvania Hospital, where Jonathan had been sent after a long stay in Annapolis. For a while she had despaired of saving his life; his health had been wrecked by starvation and exposure; and the wound he had received in Charleston Harbor had slowly festered in the sick flesh until it seemed impossible that he could recover. But she had nursed him back to life, and now he was well enough to go home.

Felicity no longer stood in their way, and as soon as the necessary legal proceedings could be completed, they were to be married. It had been arranged that they were to take over the big farm, for William Moore was growing too old to manage it. Nor could he expect any help from his son. Danny had been picked up on the battlefield of Gettysburg with his mind shattered by a shell which had exploded near him. He was only the hulk of his former self, good-natured and harmless, but useless for any kind of sustained work.

Four years of war had almost ruined the once prosperous farm; the great barns stood empty; the stock had been depleted by Confederate raids; and the fields were again grown up with weeds. The backbreaking labor that had been put into the place

when they first took it over was wasted—the same long, bitter struggle would have to be gone through once more.

Jonathan knew this, and the knowledge sat heavily upon him as the train rolled through the smiling Pennsylvania countryside. The section north of Harrisburg had been untouched by the war, for the Confederate Army had never quite reached that city even at the time of its farthest penetration of the North just before the Battle of Gettysburg. But after they changed trains at the state capital, they began to see evidences of the war's havoc. On the west bank of the Susquehanna a thin line of trenches which had hastily been dug for the defense of the city straggled up the hills. And as the train steamed on, they caught occasional glimpses of the wreckage of houses and barns burned by the raiders.

It was late afternoon when they reached Chambersburg. The section around the railroad station had not been seriously damaged by the great fire, but beyond it, the center of the town was a desolate tangle of blackened ruins.

William Moore was waiting for them with a farm wagon that was sadly in need of paint and repair. Jonathan was shocked by his appearance. He had aged terribly, deep lines seamed his face, his hair was thin and white, and his figure seemed curiously shrunken and bent. But his hand was still firm when he grasped Jonathan's and welcomed him home.

He went out of his way to drive through the streets of the town so Jonathan could see the ruins. For blocks, every building was gutted and roofless; gaunt, smoke-blackened brick walls stood forlornly where shops and hotels had been; and all that remained of wooden structures were a few crazily leaning chimneys rising above a welter of charred timber. Business was being carried on in shanties and in temporarily repaired sections of burned-out stores. Some new construction work had already been started; scaffolding could be seen along the main street; and most of the debris had been carted away. But the fine old courthouse was gone forever, and so were most of the buildings around the Diamond.

"They took up contributions all over the North for us," Moore

said wryly, "but we got more promises than cash. And what cash we did get had to go for food and clothing. I guess we'll have to rebuild the town ourselves. At that, it's probably in better condition than a lot of places in the South." He looked at Jonathan for confirmation, and he, thinking of Charleston, slowly nodded agreement.

The Nortons' house was still standing, but Henrietta Norton was dead. During the raid, Confederate officers had ordered her to abandon the dwelling in which she had lived for so many years, but she had refused to be moved from her bed. They had refrained from setting the house on fire, but when the flames approached, Abigail and Rica carried her out to the street. She died there, succumbing from an overtaxed heart as she watched the huge fire devour the town she had loved. Her sister had taken Rica with her to Chester to stay with relatives, and the house was now occupied by several families, for shelter was at a premium.

Along the Gettysburg Pike were many reminders of the war's fury, but they had to turn off it before they came to the part where Lee's army, retreating after the battle, had passed on its way to the Shenandoah. Moore told them that the country lane along the base of South Mountain was still littered with the remains of broken-down army wagons, mired cannon, and wrecked caissons, all of which had long ago been stripped of their iron. In the woods, dozens of foundered or wounded cavalry horses which had been turned loose to die had left their skeletons among the trees, and the route was marked by the occasional grave of a man who had been hastily buried during that terrible retreat in the rain.

"For three days we heard the guns on the other side of the mountain," Moore said. "And sometimes we could even see a pall of smoke." Then he fell silent, thinking of the great battle which would be talked about by the valley folk for generations to come.

Jonathan kept looking for familiar landmarks; he noted that every barn was in need of paint, and that few horses and cows were to be seen. The valley had been plundered of its agri-

cultural wealth, but the inevitable cycle of farm life was beginning again. Many fields had already been plowed and harrowed, and winter wheat was six inches high, rippling softly in ever changing shades of green whenever the wind blew.

Soon I shall be behind a plow again, Jonathan thought. I wonder whether I can ever forget Andersonville? And then he heard the murmuring of the vast multitudes, and he smelled the stench of the overcrowded camp where more than twelve thousand men had died.

They came in sight of the mill, where old Solomon was waiting to greet them. Then they started toward the house. The lane was a leafy-green tunnel deep with shade; when they emerged from it, the level rays of the setting sun were dazzling. Jonathan could see his foster mother running toward them, and he shielded his eyes with one hand as he waved to her with the other. Her face looked twisted and old, and her clothing was shabbier than he had ever seen it. Beyond her, Danny was standing with a queer, silly grin on his face as if he were trying to figure out why everyone seemed so happy. He was carrying a battered army drum, and he wore his old uniform.



The supper table was not cleared until long after dark, and then the whole family sat around talking until midnight. There was so much to tell that one of them would often interrupt another, but Jonathan was called upon to do most of the speaking.

Danny sat listening with what seemed to be openmouthed attention, but after Mrs. Moore had put him to bed like a little child, she quietly told Jonathan that he had not understood a word of what was said. His wandering mind was unable to fix itself upon anything except one curious obsession. He was dominated by the idea that he had to summon up the sun each morning, waking it with a tattoo on the drum he had picked up on the field of Gettysburg and had clung to ever since. Since it was a harmless enough delusion, the local doctor encouraged him in it. There was no possible hope for his recovery, he said.

Discussion of their hopelessly invalided son gave the family's

conversation a sober turn. They began to talk about the war and the effect it would have upon the country's life.

"It's like going through a major operation," William Moore said reflectively. "It's as if we had had a cancer cut out of our system. We are still unsteady from the shock and the loss of blood. But the cancer that would have destroyed us is gone, and we can grow strong and well."

"We can live in peace now," his wife murmured. "We won't have to listen every night for the marshal and his slave hunters."

"We'll never have to drive out over the mountain with a contraband load again," Moore went on. "But this war was more than an effort to abolish Negro slavery. The whole question of human liberty was bound up in it. And although we have won victory on the battlefield, we have finished only one phase in a greater struggle. The fight for freedom is an endless battle. Its victories are never final, its defeats are never permanent. Each generation must defend its heritage, for each seeming conquest gives rise to new forces that will attempt to substitute fresh means of oppression for the old. There can be no peace in a world of life and growth—every battle the fathers thought finished will have to be fought anew by their children if they wish to preserve and extend their freedom. We have won our battle, but we shall have to begin training new fighters to carry on in our stead."

He stood up from the table and lighted a candle from the lamp. Then he paused at the doorway a moment before going up the stairs. "Our work as Abolitionists is finished. Soon Negro slavery will be extinct in this country. That phase of the battle is ended. But tomorrow will bring us new tasks and new trials. God give us the strength to meet them, for we shall need His help."



Jonathan was awake long before dawn; he heard Mrs. Moore preparing breakfast, and then he heard Lucy go down to help her. When he went downstairs, it was still dark, and lamps were burning in the kitchen.

William Moore was eating his breakfast before going out to do the milking. Solomon waited for him in the doorway, and a few minutes later, they were ready to begin the day's work.

"You stay where you are," Moore told Jonathan. "We've managed this alone for a good while now, and you're in no condition to help yet. Besides, the few cows the Confederates left us don't give us much to do."

There was a brief argument, but Jonathan found the whole family ranged against him. Reluctantly he sat down to eat the food Lucy brought. She joined him over a cup of coffee, and they both remained at the table for a long while.

Suddenly they noticed that morning had come. There was a suffused grayness outside the windows, and the room was becoming lighter. Mrs. Moore went to the window to look out across the fields. The pale daylight made her seem haggard and worn.

We have all become older, Jonathan said to himself. The years have crept up on us, molding our faces into the living images of what we actually are. In his foster mother's features he saw the record of the family's years; written on them were the long days of household toil and the endless nights of worry that are a mother's task upon this earth. He thought, too, of William Moore. There was kindness in his aged face—kindness and bright intelligence, supported by a great strength which had made his countenance into the portrait of a patriarchal leader, a man who had pondered much and struggled long for what he believed to be right. He was one of the few elderly men who could truly say: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." But it would never occur to him to make such a statement.

Then Jonathan looked at Lucy, and in her he saw the reflection of her mother's calm acceptance of life mingled with her father's readiness to take up the battle for any good cause. As he studied her features, he realized how much he loved her. The years had come between them, but now at last they would be together as long as they lived.

Danny flitted through the kitchen, carrying his drum. Lucy whispered to Jonathan; they got up and followed him out of the door.

The porch overlooked the wide valley. There was a glow of red over South Mountain, and as they watched, the sky flared with the streamers of dawn. Mist drifted across the rolling land, nestling in the waterways and clinging to the hollows. In the woods around the house, the fresh green branches of trees and bushes hung still in the morning air. From the barnyard came the familiar sounds of animal life stirring to wakefulness. Birds began their matinal songs, and on some distant farm a rooster crowed to greet the coming day.

On a stone row that ran across the crest of a near-by hill, a slight figure stood, silhouetted against the dawn. It was Danny; his shoulders were thrown back, and he looked expectantly at the top of South Mountain, the drumsticks poised in his hands.

A bead of light appeared above the trees. The drum rolled, sending its martial notes across the valley, reviving the echoes of the war that had ended but that would never have an end.

The sun rose above the mountain, flooding the countryside with its light. Farmsteads and homes, dark patches of woods, and plowed fields greening in the springtime took on shape. The sound of the drum died away, and a great silence followed it. Lucy was in Jonathan's arms, her face wet with tears, and her throat clutched with sobbing. The valley was vibrant with light now, and the air seemed suddenly warmer. Mrs. Moore was rattling breakfast dishes in the kitchen, and from the barnyard came the cries of the men as they drove the cattle into the fields.

This is my home, Jonathan said to himself. These are the people I love, and I am among them again. This valley is part of the nation I have seen reborn.

Everywhere in the wide expanse between the hills, the smoke of breakfast fires was rising from chimneys, and barn roofs were glistening in the sunlight. Far down in the valley Jonathan saw a man take up his plow to begin a new furrow in a half-finished field.



THE SOURCES OF THIS BOOK

ON THE HISTORY of the antislavery movement in America the most recent work is Henrietta Buckmaster's *Let My People Go*, New York, 1941. This, although far from complete, now supersedes the long-useful three-volume *History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America*, by Henry Wilson, Boston, 1872. Other general works on the subject are: *The History of Slavery and the Slave Trade*, by W. O. Blake, Columbus, Ohio, 1859; *The American Slave Trade*, by John R. Spears, New York, 1900; *A Political History of Slavery*, by W. H. Smith, New York, 1903; *The Antislavery Crusade*, by Jessie Macy, New Haven, 1919; *The Cotton Kingdom*, by William E. Dodd, New Haven, 1919; *Antislavery Origins of the Civil War in the United States*, by Dwight L. Dumond, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1939; *The Antislavery Impulse*, by G. H. Barnes, New York, 1933; *Slave Trading in the Old South*, by Frederic Bancroft, Baltimore, 1931; and Ulrich B. Phillips' two books, *American Negro Slavery*, New York, 1918, and *Life and Labor in the Old South*, Boston, 1929. Valuable material was found in the two modern collections of Abolitionist correspondence: *The Letters of James Gillespie Birney, 1831-1857*, edited by Dwight L. Dumond, New York, 1938, and *Letters of Theodore Dwight Weld and Angelina Grimké Weld and Sarah Grimké*, edited by G. H. Barnes and Dwight L. Dumond, New York, 1934. The two contemporary compilations of material on slavery, Theodore Weld's *American Slavery As It Is*, New York, 1839, and Harriet Beecher Stowe's *The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Boston, 1853, contain much that was of interest. Even

more useful, however, than these celebrated collections of true horror stories were the files of *DeBow's Review*. Books by white Southerners who had firsthand experience with slavery are: *Memoirs of a Southern Planter*, by S. D. Smedes, Baltimore, 1887, and *The Southern Plantation Overseer as Revealed in His Letters*, edited by John Spencer Bassett, Northampton, Massachusetts, 1925. Books by those who had personal experience with the antislavery movement are: *Recollections of the Antislavery Conflict*, by Samuel J. May, Boston, 1869; *Antislavery Days*, by James Freeman Clarke, New York, 1884; *Antislavery Reminiscences*, by Elizabeth Buffum Chace, Central Falls, Rhode Island, 1891.

A listing of the chief sources for each section of the novel follows:

BOOK ONE

The Alton Trials, from Notes Taken at the Time, by William S. Lincoln, New York, 1838; *Narrative of the Riots at Alton*, by Rev. Edward Beecher, Alton, 1838; *Memoir of the Rev. Elijah T. Lovejoy*, by Joseph C. and Owen Lovejoy, New York, 1838; and *The Martyrdom of Lovejoy*, by an Eye-Witness (Henry Tanner), Chicago, 1881. Curiously enough, the files of the Alton newspapers of the time proved disappointing and inadequate. A much more complete coverage of this outstanding news event was made a century later in the centennial edition of the *Alton Evening Telegraph* for January 15, 1936, and in a special edition published on July 20, 1937. *The Lovejoy Minutes*, reprinted in the *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, October, 1927, are more concerned with the antislavery meeting held in Alton than they are with the particulars of Lovejoy's death.

Information on the early history of Illinois College at Jacksonville was found in *Illinois College, A Centennial History*, by C. H. Rammelkamp, New Haven, 1928, and further background material was discovered in *Julian M. Sturtevant, An Autobiography*, New York, 1896. An interesting account of Illinois in the early days is given in *Illinois As It Is*, by Frederick Gerhard, Chicago, 1857.

BOOK TWO

Biographies of the Boston Abolitionists are numerous. Forrest Wilson's *Crusader in Crinoline, The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe*,

Philadelphia, 1941, is one of the most recent. Samuel Gridley Howe has been written about by his celebrated wife, Julia Ward Howe, in her *Memoir of Samuel Gridley Howe*, Boston, 1876, and there is much material about him and the Abolitionist movement in general in her *Reminiscences*. Howe's *Letters and Journals* were published in a two-volume edition in Boston in 1906, and there are biographies of him by F. B. Sanborn, published in New York in 1891, and by his daughter, Laura Richards, published in New York in 1935.

The literature about Theodore Parker is voluminous. The most recent biography is *Theodore Parker, Yankee Crusader*, by Henry Steele Commager, Boston, 1936. There are also biographies of Parker by O. B. Frothingham, Boston, 1874, and by J. W. Chadwick, Boston, 1900. The monumental two-volume *Life and Correspondence*, by John Weiss, New York, 1864, is a chaotic, ill-arranged, and badly written piece of work, but it is essential for numerous examples of Parker's correspondence.

Good descriptions of the slave states as seen through Abolitionist eyes may be found in Frederick Law Olmsted's *Journey in the Seaboard Slave States*, New York, 1856; and in *The Roving Editor*, by James Redpath, New York, 1859. The viewpoints of English visitors are expressed in *Letters from the Slave States*, by James Stirling, London, 1857; *Things As They Are*, by William Chambers, Edinburgh, 1857; and *The Slave States of America*, by James S. Buckingham, London, 1842. Other contemporary references are to be found in *Social Relations of Our Southern States*, by D. R. Hundley, New York, 1860; and in *Uncle Tom at Home*, by F. C. Adams, Philadelphia, 1853, which gives a remarkable picture of Charleston as seen from the underside. Contemporary statements in favor of slavery are presented in *The Proslavery Argument*, by various hands, Philadelphia, 1853; and in *A South-Side View of Slavery*, by Nehemiah Adams, Boston, 1855. Mrs. Virginia Clay-Clopton's *A Belle of the Fifties*, New York, 1904, portrays the women of the slaveholding South, and Minnie Clare Boyd's *Alabama in the Fifties*, New York, 1931, is a serious and scholarly study of that state in slaveholding times.

The literature on old Mobile is disappointingly small. Most useful were *Mobile of the Five Flags*, by Peter J. Hamilton, Mobile, 1913, and *Mobile, Fact and Tradition*, by Erwin Craighead, Mobile, 1930.

On dueling, the most informative book was *Notes on Duels and*

Duelling, by Lorenzo Sabine, Boston, 1855, although *The Code of Honor*, by J. L. Wilson, Charleston, 1845, contains some interesting points on local customs. *Famous American Duels*, by D. C. Seitz, New York, 1929, is a modern survey of the subject.

BOOK THREE

The branding episode was based on *The Branded Hand: The Trial and Imprisonment of Jonathan Walker at Pensacola, Florida*, Boston, 1846, and on *The Man With the Branded Hand*, by F. E. Kittredge, Rochester, New York, 1899. Slave laws of the period were found in *The Florida Law Digest for 1847*, by L. A. Thompson, Boston, 1847; *The Law of Freedom and Bondage*, by J. C. Hurd, Boston, 1858; and in *Judicial Cases Concerning American Slavery and the Negro*, by Helen T. Catterall, Washington, 1916-32. Interesting material on wrecking was obtained from *A Treatise on the Law of Wrecking and Salvage*, by William Marvin, Boston, 1858, and on slave ships from *Slave Ships and Slaving*, by George F. Dow, New York, 1927.

The literature on New Orleans is enormous. Most useful were: *New Orleans, Its Old Houses, Shops, and Public Buildings*, by Nathaniel Cortlandt Curtis, Philadelphia, 1933; *New Orleans As I Found It*, by Henry Didimier, New York, 1845; *The Manhattaner in New Orleans*, by Abner Oakley Hall, New Orleans, 1851; and the various guide books and directories of the period. The literature on the yellow fever epidemic of 1853 is also very large. The files of the *New Orleans Daily Crescent* and the *New Orleans Weekly Delta* provided most of the needed information, although the following books were helpful: *Tableau of the Yellow Fever of 1853*, by Bennett Dowler, New Orleans, 1854; *Report of the Sanitary Commission of New Orleans on the Epidemic of Yellow Fever in 1853*, issued by the City Council of New Orleans in 1854; and *The Diary of a Samaritan*, by W. L. Robinson, New York, 1860.

BOOK FOUR

For Boston in the fifties there is a useful guide book entitled *Sketches of Boston*, Boston, 1851; and the yearly issues of *The Boston Almanac* give an account of the changes that took place in the city during that decade. Two modern works on the subject are:

Boston, The Place and The People, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, New York, 1903, and *Romantic Days in Old Boston*, by M. C. Crawford, Boston, 1910.

Dartmouth is described in *A History of Dartmouth College*, by L. B. Richardson, Hanover, 1932. An account of the riotous behavior of its students toward visiting Abolitionist lecturers was found in *Acts of the Antislavery Apostles*, by Parker Pillsbury, Concord, New Hampshire, 1883.

A great deal of pertinent information is contained in the four-volume biography, *William Lloyd Garrison, the Story of His Life, Told by His Children*, New York, 1885-89; in *William Lloyd Garrison and His Times*, by Oliver Johnson, Boston, 1880; in *William Lloyd Garrison*, by A. H. Grimké, New York, 1891; and in *William Lloyd Garrison*, by John Jay Chapman, Boston, 1913.

On the Anthony Burns case, the files of *The Liberator* proved to be more useful than any other single source, although other Boston newspapers such as the *Transcript* and *The Daily Advertiser* contain extensive accounts of that celebrated event. *The Boston Slave Riot and Trial of Anthony Burns*, Boston, 1854, is a pamphlet made up largely of contemporary newspaper stories. *Anthony Burns, A History*, by C. E. Stevens, Boston, 1856, is probably the most important single volume on the case. Theodore Parker's own scrapbook on the Burns affair is in the Boston Public Library together with a large collection of Abolitionist correspondence. Various sidelights were found in *Richard Henry Dana*, by Charles Francis Adams, Boston, 1891, in *Reminiscences of Fugitive Slave-Law Days in Boston*, by Austin Bearse, Boston, 1880; in *Thomas Wentworth Higginson*, by Mary T. Higginson, Boston, 1914; in *The Letters and Journals of Thomas Wentworth Higginson*, Boston, 1921; and in Higginson's own books, *Cheerful Yesterdays*, Boston, 1898, and *Contemporaries*, Boston, 1900.

Wendell Phillips's speeches for this period are printed in *Speeches, Lectures, and Letters*, by Wendell Phillips, Boston, 1863; and there is additional material in *Wendell Phillips*, by Carlos Martyn, New York, 1890; and in *Wendell Phillips*, by Lorenzo Sears, New York, 1909. The most recent and complete biography of Henry David Thoreau is by Henry Seidel Canby, Boston, 1939. Thoreau's own speeches on slavery are reprinted in *A Yankee in Canada*, Boston, 1866.

BOOK FIVE

The local newspapers, *The Franklin Repository* and *The Valley Spirit*, give a good picture of Chambersburg and the Cumberland Valley in the fifties. Books on the subject are: *A History of the Cumberland Valley in Pennsylvania*, by George P. Donehoo, Harrisburg, 1930; *Recollections of Chambersburg, Chiefly Between 1830 and 1850*, by John M. Cooper, Chambersburg, 1900; *Old-Time Notes of Pennsylvania*, by A. K. McClure, Philadelphia, 1905; and *The Burning of Chambersburg*, by the Rev. B. S. Schneck, Philadelphia, 1865.

On the Underground Railroad, the one most important work is Wilbur H. Siebert's *The Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom*, New York, 1898. Contemporary accounts are to be found in *A History of the Underground*, by R. C. Smedley, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, 1883; *The Underground Railroad*, by William Still, Philadelphia, 1872; *Reminiscences of Levi Coffin*, Cincinnati, 1876; *Scenes in the Life of Harriet Tubman*, by Sarah H. Bradford, Auburn, New York, 1869. The part played by the Negro is described in *The Negro in the Abolitionist Movement*, by Herbert Aptheker, New York, 1941, and in the same author's *Negro Slave Revolts in the United States*, New York, 1939. J. C. Carroll's *Slave Insurrections in the United States*, Boston, 1938, contains some material of interest, and Carter Woodson's *The Negro in Our History*, Washington, 1922, is a general survey of the Negro's place in America.

The Quakers and the part they played in the Abolitionist movement are described in *Two Quaker Sisters, the Diaries of Elizabeth Buffum Chace and Lucy Buffum Lovell*, New York, 1939.

Information on Kansas and the Abolitionist emigrants who went there was found in *The Kansas Crusade*, by Eli Thayer, New York, 1889; "The Emigrant Aid Company," by S. Johnson, *The New England Quarterly*, January, 1930; "The Kansas Aid Movement," by B. V. Harlow, *The American Historical Review*, October, 1935; *Kansas*, by Leverett W. Spring, Boston, 1885; *The Conquest of Kansas*, by Sara T. L. Robinson, Boston, 1856; and in the *Report of the Special Committee Appointed to Investigate the Troubles in Kansas*, Washington, 1856.

The outstanding biography of John Brown is the one by Oswald Garrison Villard, Boston, 1910. Others consulted were: *The Public*

Life of Captain John Brown, by James Redpath, Boston, 1860; *The Life and Letters of John Brown*, by F. B. Sanborn, Boston, 1885; and *John Brown and His Men*, by Richard J. Hinton, New York, 1894.

The Abolitionist attitude toward John Brown is to be found in *The Antislavery History of the John Brown Year*, the Twenty-Seventh Annual Report of the American Antislavery Society, New York, 1861. The Southern viewpoint is given in *The End of an Era*, by John S. Wise, Boston, 1900.

The effect of John Brown's raid on Chambersburg was established from local newspaper reports and from papers published by the Kittochtinny Valley Historical Society. There is a good account by A. K. McClure entitled, "An Episode of John Brown's Raid," which is included in his *Lincoln and Men of War-Times*, Philadelphia, 1892. Other articles are Owen Brown's "Escape from Harper's Ferry," by Ralph Keeler, *The Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1874; "Recollections of the John Brown Raid," by A. R. Bottler, *Century Magazine*, July, 1883. One of Brown's followers describes his own escape in *A Voice from Harper's Ferry*, by Osborn Perry Anderson, Boston, 1861. Douglass' attitude toward Brown's attempt is taken from his autobiography, *The Life and Times of Frederick Douglass*, Boston, 1893.

BOOK SIX

The Presidential Campaign of 1860, by Emerson D. Fite, New York, 1911, gives the political background of Lincoln's election, and there is much material in Carl Sandburg's six-volume *Abraham Lincoln*, New York, 1939. The growth of secession is described in *The Secession Movement* by Dwight L. Dumond, New York, 1931. *Reminiscences of Forts Sumter and Moultrie in 1860-61*, by Abner Doubleday, New York, 1876, presents an inside view of what took place during the attack. Other material is contained in *The Outbreak of the Rebellion*, by John G. Nicolay, New York, 1882; and in *The Genesis of the Civil War*, by S. W. Crawford, New York, 1887. Horace Greeley's *The American Conflict*, Chicago, 1864-66, presents many of the documents. *Turning on the Light*, by Horatio King, Philadelphia, 1895, reveals many little-known phases of the beginning of the war.

The status of affairs in Charleston during the four years of war was established largely through files of contemporary newspapers,

especially those of the *Charleston Mercury*. *The Siege of Charleston*, by Samuel Jones, New York, 1911, and *Engineer and Artillery Operations Against the Defense of Charleston Harbor in 1863*, by Quincy Adams Gillmore, New York, 1865, present details of the military maneuvers. *The South Since the War*, by Sidney Andrews, Boston, 1866, and *A Picture of the Desolated States*, by J. T. Trowbridge, New York, 1867, give a good picture of the devastation wrought in the Confederacy.

Accounts of escaping prisoners were found in *Beyond the Lines, or a Yankee Prisoner Loose in Dixie*, by J. J. Geer, Philadelphia, 1863; in *Four Years in Seccessia, Adventures Within and Beyond the Union Lines*, by Junius Henri Browne, Hartford, Connecticut, 1865; and in *The Secret Service, the Field, the Dungeon, and the Escape*, by Albert D. Richardson, Hartford, Connecticut, 1865.

BOOK SEVEN

The military occupation of the Sea Islands of South Carolina is described in *The War of the Rebellion: Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, Washington, 1880-1901. *The Freedmen of Port Royal*, by Edwin L. Pierce, New York, 1863, gives a picture of the Negro civilians on the Islands, and the Negro troops are vividly depicted in Thomas Wentworth Higginson's *Army Life in a Black Regiment*, Boston, 1870. Other material on the Negroes was found in *A History of the Negro Troops in the War of the Rebellion*, by G. W. Williams, New York, 1888; in *The Negro in the Civil War*, by Herbert Aptheker, New York, 1938; and in *Southern Negroes, 1861-65*, by Wiley Bell, New Haven, Connecticut, 1938.

Contemporary descriptions of Andersonville are numerous. There are day-to-day accounts in *An Andersonville Diary*, by John L. Ransom, Auburn, New York, 1881, and *Chronicles from the Diary of a War Prisoner*, by John Worrell Northrup, Wichita, Kansas, 1904. The following books and articles were also consulted: *Andersonville*, by John McElroy, Washington, 1913; *Martyria, or Andersonville Prison*, by Augustus C. Hamlin, Boston, 1866; *A Narrative of Andersonville*, by Ambrose Spencer, New York, 1866; *A Soldier's Story of His Captivity at Andersonville, Belle Isle, and other Rebel Prisons*, by Warren Lee Goss, Boston, 1875; *Prison Life in the South*, by A. O. Abbott, New York, 1865; *Fourteen Months in Southern*

Prisons, by H. M. Davidson, Milwaukee, 1865; *Life and Death in Rebel Prisons*, by Robert H. Kellogg, Hartford, Connecticut, 1865; *Battlefield and Prison Pen*, by John W. Urban, n.p., 1882; *Bastilles of the Confederacy*, by Frank E. Moran, Baltimore, 1890; *The Capture, Emprisonment, Escape, and Rescue of John Harrold*, Philadelphia, 1870; *A Captive of War*, by Solon Hyde, New York, 1900; *The Smoked Yank*, by Melvin Grigsby, n.p., 1888; "A Yankee in Andersonville," by T. H. Mann, *Century Magazine*, July and August, 1890; *The Tragedy of Andersonville*, by N. P. Chipman, San Francisco, 1911; *The True Story of Andersonville Prison, A Defense of Major Henry Wirz*, by J. M. Page and M. J. Haley, New York, 1908; and the *Record of the Wirz Trial*, Executive Document Number 23, Fortieth Congress, Second Session, 1865. A brief modern survey is *Prisons and Prisoners of the Civil War*, by Richard Hemmerlein, Boston, 1934, but the most complete is William B. Hesseltine's *Civil War Prisons: A Study in War Psychology*, Columbus, Ohio, 1930.



Map
SHOWING THE TRAVELS
OF JONATHAN BRADFORD
THROUGH THE SLAVE STATES
1852-53

CANADA

MAINE

Vermont
Hanover
N.H.

Massachusetts
Boston
Worcester

Connecticut

New York
Albany
Syracuse
Rochester
Buffalo

Pennsylvania
Harrisburg

New Jersey
New York
Philadelphia

Chambersburg
Gettysburg

Harper's Ferry
MD.

Washington
Baltimore
Annapolis

Virginia
Richmond
Petersburg

Danville

NORTH CAROLINA

Wilmington

South Carolina
Columbia

Augusta

Charleston

Beaufort

Savannah

Georgia
Americus

Florida
Pensacola

Mobile

Spring Hill

New Orleans

Key West

By Steamboat to Boston

Stopped here by
FEDERAL GUNBOAT

Illinois
Chicago

Indiana
Indianapolis

Ohio
Cincinnati

Kentucky

Tennessee

Alabama
Montgomery

Mississippi

Arkansas

Missouri
St. Louis

Alton

Springfield

Jacksonville

Missouri R.

Mississippi R.

Alabama R.

Georgia R.

Florida R.

Key West

By Steamboat to Boston

Stopped here by
FEDERAL GUNBOAT

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

CANADA

MAINE

Vermont
Hanover
N.H.

Massachusetts
Boston
Worcester

Connecticut

New York
Albany
Syracuse
Rochester
Buffalo

Pennsylvania
Harrisburg

New Jersey
New York
Philadelphia

Chambersburg
Gettysburg

Harper's Ferry
MD.

Washington
Baltimore
Annapolis

Virginia
Richmond
Petersburg

Danville

NORTH CAROLINA

Wilmington

South Carolina
Columbia

Augusta

Charleston

Beaufort

Savannah

Georgia
Americus

Florida
Pensacola

Mobile

Spring Hill

New Orleans

Key West

By Steamboat to Boston

Stopped here by
FEDERAL GUNBOAT

Illinois
Chicago

Indiana
Indianapolis

Ohio
Cincinnati

Kentucky

Tennessee

Alabama
Montgomery

Mississippi

Arkansas

Missouri
St. Louis

Alton

Springfield

Jacksonville

Missouri R.

Mississippi R.

Alabama R.

Georgia R.

Florida R.

Key West

By Steamboat to Boston

Stopped here by
FEDERAL GUNBOAT

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

LD
2976